



Portrait of Ramendra Sundar Tripathi
in photograph in 1891, shortly before his appointment as College
Professor of Practical Sanskrit.

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.

AUGUST, 1915.

No. 1.

Foreword

By the Hon'ble Mr. SURENDRA NATH BANERJEA.

A college is a corporate body. It has a corporate and collective life ; and as such, it needs a collective expression. It must have a voice and organ, speaking the mind, the sense and the judgment of the college. We have indeed the College Union, but there is no permanent record of its proceedings, no formulated public expression affecting the life and interests of the College. Furthermore, college life is after all a part of the general life of the community. We have no means of placing ourselves in touch with it, helping it or being helped by it. Organised contact with the world, such as we now propose to establish through this magazine, will help us even in the pursuit of those special interests which are our own. A College Magazine, as it is the expression of the life of the College, will also help to stimulate and broaden it, and make it a fit training for that larger civic life to which all education is a preparation. We have for a long time felt the want of a College Magazine, and now we have organised the means to remove this want. It will be the function of this Magazine to record College events, and those of the University, to discuss educational and indeed all other problems affecting the interests and well-being of students. It will be our aim to cultivate a spirit of reverence for those at whose feet we sit (which indeed is the ancient cult of India), to promote good-will between students and friendliness between college and college, to liberalize and broaden student life and to cultivate the spirit of moderation and self-restraint in our utterances, as becomes the future citizens of a country where self-restraint has always been the rule of life. These objects we shall steadily keep in view. How far we succeed it will be for our readers to judge. We need not further prolong this introduction, but we embark upon our work with the blessings of the Almighty and the good wishes of our teachers and Professors whose guidance and inspiration we shall need in this new enterprise.

College Notes and Observations.

College Extension—The beginning of the new session is marked by the opening of the new B. Sc. classes in our College. In this respect we have been behindhand of all First-Grade colleges in Calcutta, but it is always better late than never. The opening of the new classes thus removes a reproach which long lay on such a prosperous and progressive college as ours. The sanction of the Government of India, however, for the affiliation of the B. Sc. classes was given as late as the 1st July and this inevitable red tape delay has apparently told on our new admissions to those classes. The new arrangements involved the extension and conversion of our old I. Sc. laboratory on the first floor into a B. Sc. Physical laboratory, a new I. Sc. laboratory being fitted up on the ground floor. For the B. Sc. Practical classes in Physics we have now three rooms with a total floor-space of 2400 sq. ft. An additional Professor of Chemistry also is shortly going to be appointed and our old Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Umapati Bajpai, too, has re-joined work after a spell of serious illness. We all congratulate him on his fortunate recovery. In this connection we are glad to state that two large halls of 1200 sq. ft. each are under construction on the third floor and a new stair-case also has been added to our buildings. These improvements will considerably ease the pressure of crowds which is such a source of inconvenience and annoyance to all of us.

Results of the Last U. Examinations—Our results at the last University Examinations—B. A., I. A., and I. Sc.—have been on the whole satisfactory. In B. A. we succeeded in annexing 14 places on the Honours List,—12 in English, 1 in Pali and 1 in Sanskrit; 13 students also passed with Distinction. Our results in English Honours have been exceptionally brilliant and, on referring to the Table of Results published in *The Collegian* (2 June, 1915), we find that no college turned out so many Honours men in English as we. Besides, the first place in Class I was taken by Kumud Bandhu Roy of our College. It may be mentioned in this connection that at the first meeting of the College Council held after the Vacation, the authorities have sanctioned the award of a Gold Medal to him worth Rs. 50 out of the College funds. Gokuldas De, also of our College, secured the first place in Class I in Pali, though, it must be admitted, he was not indebted to our College for Pali teaching. The following is a list of those who took Honours :—

English	Sanskrit	Pali
Class I		
Sumul Bandhu Roy (1st)	Class II	Class I
Class II	Arindrajit Mukhopadhyay (11th)	Gokuldas De (1st)
Barada Prasad Pramanik (10th)		
Satyendra Kumar Datta (31st)		
Bhupendralal Kanjilal (33rd)		
Bhupendra Nath Bandyopadhyay (43th)		
Sailes Chandra Sanjal (47th)		
Jaladhar Roy Chowdhury (51st)		
Kirtis Chandra Bandyopadhyay (55th)		
Dhirendra Nath Bandyopadhyay (69th)		
Jnanendra Nath Datta (74th)		
Parichanan Pal (75th)		
Tuakhari Rana (81st)		

In the I. A. Examination, 38 students passed in the First Division 36 in the Second and 16 in the Third, and in the I Sc., 24 in the First Division and 9 in the Second. Of the successful Intermediate students, we may select for special mention Badrinarayn Bhattacharya, who took the 4th place in I. A. in the First Division and who, we are glad to say, is a student of our Third year Class and is a sub-editor of our Magazine, and also Sudhindra Mohun Mukhopadhyay and Narayan Chandra Nath who took the 6th and the 13th places respectively in I. Sc.

The Library and the Common Room--The shifting of the Law Library of our College to a separate room has considerably increased accommodation in the Arts Library. Our Library Room now rejoices in a floor-space of 1200 sq. ft., fitted up with shelves, almirahs, long tables and benches, and is altogether an attractive spot in the College for the industrious student. We received a Government grant last year through the University of Rs. 4000 for the purchase of books which have already been ordered for and part of which is in the course of transport from England. In course of a fortnight at the outside we hope to see the vacant places in our shelves and almirahs well stocked with books on subjects, all and sundry. Books on the different subjects have been carefully selected by Professors in charge in consultation with the Principal and we make no doubt that students are eagerly awaiting the arrival of these books from England.

The Common Room adjacent to the Library is, we venture to say, quite worthy of our College. We hope we are not guilty of exaggeration when we say that we have the biggest Common Room among all Calcutta colleges. A special feature of our Common Room is the modest library that has been formed in connection with it. At the end of the last session,

this library contained, besides magazines and periodicals, 642 volumes, of which 83 were Bengali books and the rest English—all books of general interest and not too heavy reading. Living writers of fame—whether Indian, English or Continental—are excellently well represented in this collection. The following periodicals and magazines also are subscribed :—

Indian

1. The Modern Review.
2. The Collegian.
3. The Indian Antiquary
4. The Calcutta Gazette.
6. প্রবাসী ।
5. মণ্ডল পত্র ।
7. ভারতী ।
8. মানসী ।
9. ভাবতরঙ্গ ।
10. সাহিত্য ।
11. উদ্ভাষন ।
12. সাহিত্য পরিষৎ পত্রিকা ।

English

- 13 The Fortnightly Review.
14. The Contemporary Review.
15. The Edinburgh Review.
- 16 The Quarterly Review.
17. The Nation.
18. The Times (weekly with Literary Supplement).
- 19 The Review of Reviews.

20. The Athenæum.
21. Everyman.
22. Nature.
23. Pall Mall Magazine.
24. The Bookman.
- 25 Journal of the East Indian Association.
26. Hilbert Journal.
27. The English Review.
28. International Journal of Ethics.
29. Scientific Progress.
30. Illustrated London News.
31. Chemical News.
32. Academy.
33. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.
- 4 Journal of the Chemical Society.
35. Mind.
36. The Political Quarterly.
37. The Monist.

American

38. Literary Digest.
39. North American Review.
40. Scientific American (with Supplement).

The Staff and the Professors' Union—We have got at present 31 members on our Tutorial Staff, excepting the Principal. We have 9 Professors of English, 3 of Sanskrit, 4 of Philosophy, 2 of History, 3 of Mathematics, 1 of Economics and Political Science, 1 of Persian, 3 of Physics and 4 of Chemistry. A novel feature of our College is the Professors' Union—a literary society of all Professors of the College which holds meetings at which learned papers are read by the members. Distinguished Professors of other colleges also are privately invited to these meetings. Since the beginning of session 1914-1915, the society has been placed on an organised and stable basis with Profs Devaprasad Ghose, M.A. and Aswini Kumar Ghose, M.A. as joint-secretaries. Proceedings of the meetings are regularly kept, though we have not been able to make fixed timings. The society had a rather nebulous beginning. Our Professors had for some years past been in the habit of meeting together to discuss

matters of general interest from time to time. During the session of 1913-14, we had several meetings of this kind. We had Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi's discourses on Indian History and Culture for two days. One of these meetings was attended by many Bengali gentlemen of Calcutta interested in the subject. These discourses, recorded by Prof. Bepin Vihari Gupta, were published at that time in the Bengali monthly magazine called *Manasi*, and have subsequently been published in a book-form under the name of বিচিত্র প্রসঙ্গ। Before 1914, six meetings were held. At the third meeting the Principal again read an essay on the Organised Education of the present time, and at the fourth meeting Prof. Rabindra Narayan Ghosh, M.A., now of Presidency College, read a paper on the Fine Arts. At the last two meetings, two essays were read by Prof. Atul Chandra Sen, M.A. on Education and Journalism. An account of the proceedings of the Union during the last session is given below :—

Paper read by	Subject	Date	Remarks
Prof. Sukumar Dutt, M. A.	Specialism in University Edu- cation.	Nov. 7-1914	This paper was published in <i>The Collegian</i> , No 1, January 1915, and also read at a public meeting at the University Institute Hall with Sir Gooroodas Banerji in the chair.
Prof. Haran Chandra Chakladar, M. A. (now of B. N. College, <i>Bankipur</i> .)	শকুন্তলা।	Nov. 29-1914	This essay, translated into Sanskrit, has formed the Introduction to Jivananda Vidyasagar's edition of <i>Sakuntala</i> .
Prof. Surendra Nath Banerjee, M. A.	হুত্ব।	Dec. 8-1914	This paper is being published in the Ripon College Magazine.
Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, M.A., P.R.S.	বিজ্ঞান বিদ্যায় বাহুল্যগৎ।	Jan. 8-1915	Published in the <i>Magh</i> number of <i>Bharatvarsa</i> . Mr. Jagadish Sastri of Kashmir, who was present, discussed some of the points raised in the essay.
Prof. Bipin Vihari Gupta, M.A.	সত্যতা বনাম বর্ধিততা।	Jan. 12-1915	Published in the <i>Magh</i> number of <i>Bharatvarsa</i> .
Prof. Batuknath Bhattacharjee, M.A. <i>Kavyatirtha</i> .	কাব্যপ্রসঙ্গ— নৈমধ্য-চরিত।	Feb. 19-1915	Published in the <i>Jaistha</i> number of <i>Bharatvarsa</i> , and also read at a public meeting at the University Institute Hall with M. M. Satish Chandra Vidya-bhusan in the chair.
Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, M.A., P.R.S.	বাহুল্য তত্ত্ব।	July, 24-1915	Several outsiders were present at this meeting. Prof. Khagendra Nath Mitter, M.A., of Presidency College, presided.

The Ripon College Union—The College Union with its three sections,—Literary, Dramatic and Athletic,—is a little over one year old. It is an organisation of all the students of the College with the Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Banerjee as its general President. The annual meeting of the Union was held on 23rd July at 3 p. m. under the presidency of Prof. S. K. Gupta, M. A., B.L., B.A., B. LIT. (OXON), PH. D. (BERN), Bar-at-law. At this meeting, besides the election of office-bearers for the different sections, a Famine Relief Fund for the alleviation of distress in Eastern Bengal was started and the proposal for the organisation of a Discipline Committee was accepted. Prof. K. K. Basu was placed in charge of the Famine Relief Fund, and Profs. Surendramohan Sen-Gupta and Atindranath Mukerji were placed at the head of the Discipline Committee. Both the Relief Committee and the Discipline Committee will have on them representatives, duly elected by students, of the different classes and sections. We shall anxiously watch the work of the Discipline Committee which, it is expected, will prove to be a great power for good in our College. As the number of students in our College is very large the Discipline Committee will surely have a strenuous time of it in regulating traffic, preventing noise and disturbance, and facilitating the smooth working of the College in other ways. The following office-bearers were elected for the different sections of the College Union for the current year :—

Literary Union—Dr. S. K. Gupta, Prof. Bipin Vihari Gupta, Prof. Sukumar Dutt and Prof. Atindranath Mukerji, *Vice-presidents*; Badarikanath Bhattacharjya and Dharendra Krisna Mukerjee, *Joint-secretaries*.

Dramatic Union—Prof. Atindra Nath Mukerjee, Prof. Aswini Kumar Ghose and Prof. Deva Prasad Ghose, *Vice-presidents*; Abinash Chandra Pal and Lolit Mohan Roy, *Joint-secretaries*.

Athletic Union—Prof. Kiran Kumar Bose, Prof. Atindranath Mukerji and Dr. S. K. Gupta, *Vice-presidents*; Anath Bandhu Dutt and Khagendranath Sarkar, *Joint-secretaries*.

The Reports on last year's work of the College Union are published separately in this number of the Magazine.

The Ripon College Magazine—The College Magazine of which the first number is published to-day opens a new channel of intellectual activity in our College. The history of the growth of the Magazine is given in the Report on the Literary Section of the College Union, which, we dare say, will be read with eager interest. In Calcutta itself, there were four Magazines only connected with four colleges, viz, *The Presidency College Magazine*, *The Scottish Churches College Magazine*, *The Bangabashi College Magazine* and *The Fraternity*. To these *The Ripon College Magazine* adds a respectable fifth. We hope the other colleges of Calcutta and

elsewhere, for the matter of that, will come forward with organs of their own, and the Magazine will come to be regarded as a necessary adjunct of collegiate life. The conduct of our Magazine has been placed in the hands of a Committee (names of the members appear on the second page of the cover), elected by the students mainly. The Committee consists of two Editors, Profs. Sukumar Dutt and Kiran Kumar Bose, two student Sub-Editors, one Secretary, Prof. Atindra Nath Mukerji, who has charge of the business department, and one Assistant Secretary, besides representatives of all classes and sections. There are also two nominees of the Principal, Profs. Bipin Vihari Gupta and Atul Chandra Sen, while the Principal himself is the *ex-officio* President. Such a strongly constituted Committee as ours guarantees the permanency of this newly-established institution. The enthusiasm among students and Professors which has already been evoked bids fair to the future of the Magazine, and on one point at any rate the editors' minds are quite at ease, *viz.*, that they will never find their cupboard of manuscripts empty, for articles come pouring in, and the work of selection is often a delicately difficult task. But in this connection we are rather sorry to observe that the rules for intending contributors which we have already announced to students by notification in the College Union notice-board have not been in all cases observed. We take this opportunity to repeat that articles which are unduly long (*i.e.*, more than 7 foolscap pages), or illegibly written, or written on both sides, or without sufficient margin, as well as articles which have no pith in them, are definitely rejected. We can afford room in our Magazine only for the best of the contributions sent in, but the rejection of one article need not throw a damper on the enthusiasm of the young aspirant to the 'glory of print.' By invading (metaphorically speaking, of course) repeatedly the editorial sanctum, he may one day find the granite doors open to welcome him and his contribution. Here as elsewhere our constant advice to students is, 'Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than sitting aside.' Contributions may be sent to either of the joint-editors, but all enquiries regarding them should be made of Prof. Kiran Kumar Bose.

The motto of our Magazine which appears on the cover has been selected by Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, President of the Magazine Committee. It is a quotation from ईशोपनिषत् of the *Yajurveda*, and it is interesting to compare our motto with the mottoes of the Universities of Oxford and of Wales which are, '*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*' and '*Orietur in tenebris lux*, etc.' ('The Lord my light' and 'Light will arise in darkness, etc'), respectively.

We take this opportunity of pressing on the attention of the authorities of our College, the urgent need for a separate room which might be

utilized as an editorial office. This may be in the form of a compartment, fitted up with necessary furniture, in the Library Room which, as it is, is spacious enough. Without such a sanctum, our work, which is divided among many hands, is not likely to be efficiently carried on and we hope that the authorities will accede to this our just and modest demand.

The Ripon College Union.

LITERARY SECTION.

Session 1914-15.

In the wise dispensation of the Almighty, a year has come and gone—a year marked by considerable progress and manifold changes in the career of the Ripon College Literary Union. It now devolves upon me to give an account of the humble work that
 Good Progress. our Literary Union has done during session 1914-15, a task which I readily undertake with great delight.

The session began with a condolence meeting held under the auspices of our Union on the sad and untimely death of our beloved Prof. Khetra Mohan Banerjee. Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, President of the Union, kindly took the chair. Besides many sincere expressions of sorrow, as a result of the meeting a memorial has been raised in the shape of an oil-painting of the illustrious deceased, and a
 Condolences. collection of his philosophical writings, named *Abhayar Katha*, will soon be published at the expense of his loving friends and students. Again, at the fag-end of this session we had to mourn in a meeting of our Literary Union, largely attended by our Professors, the death of our great countryman and patriot, Gopal Krishna Gokhale.

Next we come to the topic of debates. Mr. Dharendra Nath Ghosh read a paper on "The advantages of the present system of University Education" under the presidency of Prof. Sukumar Dutt, which was criticised by Messrs. Gangesh Nath Dutt and Sitaram Sinha-Ray. In another sitting, Mr. Rajkumar Chakraverty read a paper on "Is Poverty a curse?" which was criticised by Mr. Surja Prosad Mukerjee, Prof. J. N. Das-Gupta being in the chair. The third debate meeting took place under the presidency of Prof. Atindra Nath Mukherjee when
 Debates. Mr. Sachindra Nath Roy read an essay on "The choice of a profession in these days", Mr. Anath Bandhu Dutt being the critic.

But the most notable feature of our Literary Union during the session under review is, I am glad to observe, the increasing interest and sympathy of our Professors. Some of them read learned papers in our meetings

to the great interest and benefit of the students.

Professors' Sympathy Prof. Sukumar Dutt led the way with an address on

"The Ideals of the Past and the Work for the Present" in February last under the presidency of Prof. S. K. Gupta, PH.D., Bar-at-law,—which has since been published in a pamphlet form and distributed free among the members of our Union. This was soon followed by another interesting paper on "The Basics of the Fine Arts" from the pen of Prof. Mukunda Kishore Chakraverty, when Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee once again presided over the deliberations of our Union.

But the noblest achievement of our Literary Union during the session has yet to be told. A College organ for the culture of literature has been a crying need for a very long time in such a progressive college as ours. To remove this long-felt desideratum, a meeting of our Union was held in February under the presidency of Prof. S. K. Gupta, PH.D., and a committee of the representative students of the different classes was formed, with Mr. Rajkumar Chakraverty as secretary, to approach the College

authorities and to do the needful for the sanction of a

College Magazine. College Magazine. The authorities very cordially received

our proposal and Mr. Surendranath Banerjee presided over another sitting of our Union, at which the rules for the conduct of the Magazine were adopted and the office-bearers elected. The finishing touch to the project was given by an order of the College Council, held on the 31st of March last, for which we are greatly indebted to our revered Principal R. Trivedi, Profs. B. V. Gupta, A. N. Mukerjee, K. K. Bose and S. Dutt, but for whose active support and kind co-operation, we should have had no occasion to rejoice to-day.

In our zeal for the culture of literature we have not been, however, forgetful of our duties to our King and the country. Early in December last when the present European war had not yet assumed a terrible aspect as at present, a representative meeting of the different colleges in Calcutta was held in our College premises under the presidency of Mr.

Surendranath Banerjee, "to consider the duties of students in connection with the War." The loyal enthusiasm

Our Loyalty. that the members of our Union displayed that day along

with the representatives of the different colleges cannot but alter the opinions of the most adverse critic of the Bengali student community. Students evinced a keen desire for service in an Ambulance Corps,

while our Professors and tutors have, one and all, lavishly contributed to the Imperial Relief Fund.

It is to be deeply regretted that there is no fixed time for the regular sitting of our Literary Union as in other colleges. The secretary has to ask the permission of the different Professors that they will Want of Time. be pleased to dissolve their classes at a certain time on a certain day, before he can announce a sitting of the Union. This is a very tedious and unpleasant task. The future secretaries should move the authorities for the removal of this long-felt grievance.

I cannot conclude this report without referring to the able assistance I have always received at the hands of my worthy colleagues, Messrs. Anath Bandhu Dutt and Ganges Nath Dutt in charge of the Athletic department, and my assistant secretary, Mr. Ramendra Samkar Roy. I take this opportunity of offering my best thanks to my many other friends of the different classes but for whose kind co-operation I should not have been able to discharge my duties. In fine, I wish a very long and successful career to the Ripon College Literary Union.

Raj Kumar Chakravarty,
Secretary.

DRAMATIC SECTION.

Session 1914-15.

We, in charge of the Dramatic Section, have not a very long tale to tell as our friends of the Literary and the Athletic Sections, -because it is only once a year on the eve of the Pujah Holidays that a 'dramatic' representation is held under the auspices of the Union. It was at first decided not to hold any dramatic representation this year in view of the sad demise of our beloved Professor, Khetra Mohan Banerjee, just on the eve of the Pujah Holidays. But the loyal desire on the part of our students to render some help, pecuniary or otherwise, in the present war was too strong to be checked. Accordingly with the permission of the College authorities, we staged Dr R. N. Tagore's *Rajah-o-Rani* and *Bisarjana* on the boards of the Alfred Theatre on the 22nd September—in aid of the Imperial Relief Fund. There was a distinguished gathering of gentlemen of all professions, among whom we were glad to notice Sir Gurudas Banerjee, Dewan Bahadoor Dr. H. L. Bose, and many of our Professors. The performance was very successful on the whole, which greatly redounds to the credit of

our actors and the Executive Committee. Mr. Jitendra Nath Chakravarty as 'Jaysingha' in *Visarjan* and Mr. Panna Lal Chatterjee as 'Sumitra' in *Rajah o-Rani* deserve honourable mention for successfully rendering their parts. In this connection, we desire to express our thanks to the Secretary of Calcutta University Institute for kindly lending to us some of the theatrical dresses and other necessities from the Institute store. Professor Atindra Nath Mukerji, our popular Dramatic Director, also deserves a word of praise, for he has been the soul of this successful organisation.

Now, a word needs be said as regards our total receipts and expenses. Rs. 300 in all was obtained from the sale of tickets, of which about Rs. 160 was spent in hiring the stage, Rs. 50 for the scenes, another Rs. 50 sent to the Imperial Relief Fund, Rs. 10 handed over to the Secretary of Students' Fund, Calcutta University Institute, and Rs. 80 spent in miscellaneous expenses. We are thankful to our Director, Prof. Atindra Nath Mukerjee, for his bearing the entire expenses of our refreshments on the evening of the performance. Our hearty thanks are also due to our worthy colleagues in charge of the Athletic and Literary Sections and our many other friends who kindly co-operated with us for the success of the performance.

• Abijnash Chandra Pal.

• Shasthi Das Kundu.

Secretaries.

ATHLETIC SECTION.

Session 1914-15.

The Executive Committee met 18 times during the year under review and transacted a considerable amount of business. The meetings were fairly attended and the members took an active part in the affairs of the department.

The Football season proved a very successful one and altogether more matches were played during this session than in any previous one. The College Team entered six competitions and though in some of these competitions it was seen to great advantage in the first and second rounds, yet owing to bad luck, the College XI failed to annex a single trophy. The College Team also suffered much from absentees owing to some of the College classes being held up to a late hour in the afternoon. However, players were not wanting and everyday a good side was got up. Some of the competitions being played very late in the season when the College had already closed for the Pujah holidays, they had to be abandoned. Altogether 17 matches were played, out of which the College won 6, drew 3 and lost 8 games. The competitions entered were :—(1) Elliot Challenge

Shield (2) Indian Daily News Cup (3) Nasker Challenge Shield (4) Bankim Behary Shield (5) Kalighat Cup and (6) Laksmibilas Shield.

The Elliot Shield competition began in the middle of July when some of the best players had not yet returned from home and consequently we lost the game by the narrow margin of one goal. In the I.D.N. Cup and Nasker Challenge Shield (of which Ripon College F.C. was the first holder), we were beaten in the first round. The College Team however showed better form when some fresh blood was infused into it by the inclusion of some good players. It had by the middle of the season become a very strong combination and creditably defeated the Presidency College F. C., Jupiter F. C., Greer F. C., Burma Students F. C., and Kilburn F. C.

The Cricket season was barren of any noteworthy event. Owing to the Test Examination being held early in December, the players, most of whom were second-year and fourth-year students, were busy preparing themselves for the ensuing examination and the Athletic Section did not think it quite proper to disturb them in the course of their preparation by arranging a cricket fixture for the season 1914-15. However, with the kind permission of the Vice-presidents, organised a few friendly matches.

It is a matter of sincere regret that the College Club possesses no ground of its own. However, it is hoped that the College authorities will try to secure one in the near future. A share of dates in the Marcus Square will be very convenient for the students.

In conclusion, the Athletic Section feels that it would be wanting in its duty, if it failed to put on record its heart-felt gratitude and sincere thanks to the members of the Executive Committee and specially to Prof. Kiran Kumar Basu M. A., the popular vice-president, who took such a keen interest in the various competitions. Its thanks are also due to Messrs. Promotha Nath Basu, and Raj Kumar Chuckerburty, the worthy secretary in charge of the Literary Section, Nogendro Nath Chuckerburty B. A. and Satya Priya Mukherji, the former secretaries, and some of the regular players, of whom special mention may be made of Messrs. Manindranath Basu, Abinash Chandra Paul, Ashutosh Mukherji, Bankim Chandra Bose, Chandranath Banerji and Kumud Bandhu Dutt, who spared no pains to help the College Club in all possible ways and make the young Athletic Section a thorough success.

Ripon College.
10th July, 1915.

} Ganesh Nath Dutt,
Anath Bandhu Dutt,
Secretaries.

On Our Common-Room Table.

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

By Bipin Vohari Gupta, M. A.

Professor of History, Ripon College.

The English Review. May, 1915 :—Mr. Maurice Helweg writes *A Short History of Man* in verse. The poet winds up with a diatribe against the Kaiser :—

“What do you think of this for epitaph :

With this man even Satan cared not laugh ?”

The Darling is a short realistic story by the brilliant Russian writer Anton Tchekhov. *Prussianised History* by Mr. Richard Whiteing is a remarkable article. Referring to the eighties of the last century he says “The German was now to realise himself in a sort of ecstasy of patriotic brag. The first essay in modernity originated with the cult of Zola, and a band of precocious lads, who, in the 'sixties had been spoon-fed on his writings and began to feel the longing for a new departure for its own sake.... ‘Down with tradition’ was the cry. The topsy-turvy was to be absolute and not only in the arts, but in education, psychology, morals and politics. All instruction that was not based on the intensive culture of the will was to die the death..... Turgeneff, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Bjornson and Ibsen were claimed as patrons of the new thought..... When beaten by Napoleon, the Germans turned to history to learn what they had done in the past for national regeneration and what they might hope to do again. The mighty Niebuhr was the founder of the Science of History in its dignity of wisdom, justice and power. His thesis was the evolution of freedom in human institutions..... Nationalism and the dread of revolution were the dominant principles of his political philosophy. Eichhorn, the most important, of his immediate successors, went beyond this in his resolution to dedicate himself to history as a labour of constructive patriotism. Then came the Grimms, especially Jacob, with their glorious anthology of the old German literature, for the discovery of the Folk-Soul. With Ranke, history was simply a great object-lesson in ethics and religion. The Prussian School began with Dahlmann.” Then the writer notices the general glorification of the military caste and the military statesmen by Droysen and refers to Von Sybel as ‘Bismark’s man, body and soul’ ; points to Treitschke’s life-motto—‘In the dust with all the energies of the Brandenburgs

speaks of Nietzsche as a 'Prophet of wrath, a man-hater at war with his age'; and comes down on Bernhardt who 'stands for nothing but a pedantic scheme for the subjugation of the whole earth.' *The War of Liberation* by May Sinclair is a diary of the War. *The Price of Nationality* by Mr. W. L. George is an answer to Mr. H. G. Wells who wrote as follows in the March number of the *English Review*: "When at the outbreak of the War I published an article, 'The War that will end War', at once Mr. W. L. George hastened to reprove my dreaming impracticability. It is not I who dream, but Mr. George and his like who are not yet fully awake." Mr. George returns to the charge with the bold assertion—"The price of nationality is war". This War will not end war, and no war can end war, because war does not ingeminate the spirit of peace but the spirit of revenge. Nationality means separation. Separation means ignorance. Ignorance means fear. Fear means hatred and striking lest you should be struck." In *The Clash of Ideals* the anonymous writer discusses the mental attitude of the belligerents in respect of the War. Mr. H. M. Hyndman makes a fierce attack upon the British Cabinet in *Cromwellism without a Cromwell*. Sir T. Barclay discusses the bombardment of London from the standpoint of international law. *For the Unborn* is a vigorous protest by the Editor against the English law of bastardy. "There are many shortly to come into the world, the fruit of joy and circumstances—war-babies, numbers of whom will know no father, no guardian, and, as likely as not, not even home, hardly indeed a mother. Indeed, in the larger and higher sense these children are Nature's answer to slaughter." Sir William Ramsay's *Use of Cotton in War* is wonderfully illuminating.

The Edinburgh Review. April, 1915.—The neutrality of Sweden is exhaustively discussed by the Editor. "The main cause of any want of sympathy with England and France", we are told, "which is to be detected to-day in the attitude of Sweden is due to her ancient haunting fear of the aggressiveness of Russia. Again, we find that for many years Germany has done everything in her power not only to foster sympathetic relations with Sweden and Norway, but also to develop in a thousand ingenious ways material and intellectual intercourse between herself and them." *Magna Carta* by the Dean of Durham is a new reading of the Great Charter from an angle of vision different from that of Bishop Stubbs who looked upon the charter as the act of the united nation, the Church, the Barons and the Commons, for the first time thoroughly at one. The Dean looks upon it as "the achievement not of a united nation, for nationality was yet embryonic, but of an organised and unanimous class supported by the general sympathy of the non-feudal sections of the people." The Great Charter was essentially a document of feudal law." *England's Tradition of*

Sea-power is refreshing in its bold presentment of a chapter of history generally darkened by obscurantist apologists of England's mercantile policy. In discussing *The National Ideals, English and German*, Mr A D. Hall says,—“The principle of nationality is rapidly becoming the curse of Europe, the factor that will eventually prostrate it economically before America....” “There is no limit to the fissiparous tendency of nationalism.” “The German ideal,” we learn, “is one of a community responsive to orders, directed by the available wisdom to act with full economy of all its resources for the welfare of the State as a whole. The function of the rulers of Germany is to co-ordinate and set in motion the forces possessed by the people. The English are labouring to construct a society that works on a basis of participation : we will have no Government that does not at bottom proceed by consent.” *Some Aspects of Emile Verhaeren* is an appreciation of the great national poet of Belgium from the early eighties of the last century when in ‘Les Flamendes’ he was a ‘deliberately led to emphasise the brutal and unxsthetic elements of life’ to the present day when he ‘does not stand for any particular set of ideas. He is a world-poet and a life-poet.’ But when the writer asks, ‘Who can doubt that the future of our race is not with autocracy, militarism and feudalism, but rather with *industrialism*, science and peace?’ we turn to the Hibbert Journal (April, 1915) where a concentrated broadside is hurled against industrialism by Professor Jacks, Count Keyserling, Maud Egerton King and others. In *the Middle East* Mr. Sidney Low discusses the possible displacement of the Islamic balance, political and moral, as a result of the war. *Mexico* and *The Problem of Poland* are two historical articles throwing a flood of light upon the past, remote and recent. *The New Mechanism of War*, *The Rules of Maritime Warfare* and *Emergency Measures* are topical articles. In the last article the Editor says—“The idea which so many socialists appear to hold—that the mere fact of transferring an industry from private control to state control will alter the whole moral outlook of the persons employed—is contradicted by the experience of every government in the world. Government servants are not a whit more self-sacrificing than private servants ; they are almost invariably less industrious. Indeed it would be nearer the truth to say that the transference from private service to government service, so far from moralising the workman tends to demoralise him by removing the vigilant control which the private employer in his own interest is bound to exercise.”

The Quarterly Review : April, 1915—The four articles on *German Kultur* throw a flood a light on the cultural develment of Germany in Science, Art and Literature, Scholarship and History. In discussings ‘German Kultur, as illustrated by German Science,’ Sir William Ramsay

disposes of India in the following sentence : "Everyone is agreed that it is desirable that the human race should progress—that is, everyone of the Western nations,—*for the natives of India have not this ideal ; that people is, as a whole, content to live as of old.*" What share Germans have had in scientific discovery and invention during the last 400 years ? In the 16th century, 39 German names are mentioned out of a total of 176 or 22 per cent. In the 17th century, 48 out of 312 or 15 p. c. ; in the 18th, 72 out of 517 or 14 p. c. ; between 1800 and 1850 Germans and Austrians total 25 p. c. ; between 1850 and 1900, 46 p. c. ; Nobel-Prize winners between 1901 and 1912, 30 p. c. Sir Willam thinks that 'with some brilliant exceptions, their scientific men have rather amplified in detail the work of the inventors of other nations. Mr. T. W. Rolleston notices the growing dominance of a note of revolt in German literature which strikes about it, 'often recklessly enough, to shape for itself a space in which it can breathe more freely. In the plastic arts the same trait is to be observed. Curiously similar is the tale which is told by modern German architecture. The best analogy for this new German style was furnished since the war broke out, when our newspapers began to publish illustrations of the enormous German guns with their muzzles pointing skyward. The German buildings I refer to give exactly the same impressiou of a blunt, truncated strength, aggressive and domineering,—it is the howitzer style of architecture' 'In sheer straightforward professional erudition', says another writer, Germany easily leads the way.' Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's article on *Modern German Historians* may be profitably read with the article on the same subject in the May number of the *English Review*. Mr. Laurence Binyon's article on *Indian Art* has freshness and originality. He passes in review Indian sculpture, Indian architecture and painting. He says—"It is an art of the people, with an immense power of tradition supporting it—the art of a race rather than of individuals."

SELECTIONS.

Rabindranath Tagore in Foreign Periodicals.

"Rabindranath Tagore : —A Biographical Study." by Ernest Rhys.

The Nation.

May 8, 1915.

It is a bold undertaking to write a book in these times. If ever there was a man whose life and work stood in direct opposition to the one absorbing interest which occupies all minds in Europe and this country, it is Rabindranath Tagore. All who care for genuine poetry and a deep purity of thought have known him since he suddenly became famous some two years ago. They have known him as a contemplative poet of very attractive personality—all the more attractive because he brought with him a quality of peace and restful harmony for which, even in peace time, one may search through Europe in vain. It is a quality that belongs to the *Sanyasis* or devout ascetics of Hindustan, and has its dwelling in cities beside holy rivers or in remote valleys of the Himalayas. But what place has it among the smoke and turmoil of our manufacturing towns, among the self-seeking ambitions of Parliamentary and professional careers, or in the bloody entrenchments of international hate?

After reading that characteristic European book, 'Jean Christophe', we are told that Rabindranath observed :—

"You people over here seem to me to be all in a state of continual strife. It is all struggling, hard, striving to live. There is no place for rest or peace of mind, or that meditative relief which in our country we feel to be needed for the health of our spirits."

Equally at variance with the spirit which now rages through Western civilization is a passage in the "*Sadhana*", his book of more directly religious meditation :—

"Whenever some ancient civilization fell into decay and died, it was owing to causes which produced callousness of heart, and led to the cheapening of man's worth,—when either the state or some powerful group of men began to look upon the people as a mere instrument of their power; when by compelling weaker races to slavery and trying to keep them down by every means, man struck at the foundation of his greatness. Civilization can never sustain itself upon cannibalism of any form."

In those sentences the perils surrounding, not only German, but all Imperial and exploiting systems, are revealed and this defiance of our current conceptions as to material wealth and progress is implied in the very spirit of Rabindranath's view of life. That is why we think Mr. Rhys bold in his undertaking, specially in these times when every motive which Rabindranath defies may seem to triumph. He is bold, but for that reason the more to be praised : for he has excellently accomplished the task, and there will be some who will fly to these aspects of lasting truth and spiritual peace as to a city of refuge.

The Athênæum.

May 8, 1915.

Mr. Rhys gives us a charming, but again a very slight picture of the famous school (at Bolpur), and of the atmosphere thrown about it by Mr. Tagore's presence and influence : but he is really occupied not with a biographical, but with a literary estimate. The beauty and surprise of the *Gitanjali* made a deep impression upon him as upon many other Englishmen, and he subsequently felt more immediately, as well he might, the great spell of its author's personality. But the effect was, if he will pardon our saying so, a certain loss of proportion, a certain paralysis of judgment before the trance, the mirage of the East. His desire to acknowledge fully the virtues and beauty of the revelation Mr. Tagore brings has led him to forget much which, in our view, it specially behoves a Western critic to remember. He moralises, in a short preface, upon the disaster of war by which Europe is shaken, and intimates that if we could throw off materialism and live with the contemplative and poetic Brahmins, such tragedies might be avoidable. No one can be more anxious than ourselves to see such a development of human civilization as may leave war among the hideous nightmares of the past, but, for that reason we must deplore facile misapprehension of the issue like this which Mr. Rhys's attitude implies. It is not a difficult matter for a few thousand persons in a population of two hundred and fifty millions to wash their hands of material care, to be superior to the claims of the finite, and to live a Tolstoyan life oblivious of earthly ties. It is as easy to do this as to write a biographical study of a married man without mentioning his wife and children ; and it is the same sort of achievement. Such a life has many beautiful aspects : it admits of a refinement, stillness and intensification, seldom compassed under the stirring and conflicting influences of the West. But Western civilization is based upon the admitted evidence of wife and child ; and the history of the East shows conclusively that affected unawareness of these factors always fails even in what it sets out to accomplish. The material world breaks in, with

dire consequences, upon those who would attempt to banish it. The strength of the West lies in its recognition of the primary fact that the human spirit, as we know it here, is wedded to the clay and advances only by accepting all the terms of the bond. Thus war is, indeed, terrible and grievous; but it is nobler to acknowledge your wife and fight for her than to ignore her in the mistaken hope that she will leave you in peace.

We venture upon these remarks because we are anxious that the great and deserved influence which the beauty of Mr. Tagore's writing has given him in this country should not lead to misunderstanding and the inevitable reaction consequent upon it. He has done more than anyone else in his generation to awaken in England the wide-spread interest in Indian life which is indispensable to us if we are to fulfil our growing responsibilities to that great Empire. Yet our responsibilities do not really demand from us the worship of India's saints, or even of her poets, so much as the rescuing and redeeming of the great mass of her population, with provision for them, in the first place, of the material framework essential to civilized life. Before the colossal problem the wisdom of the East has been proved powerless; and we can only brace ourselves to our task so long as we remember that our own civilization, patent as its defects may be, is an advance on theirs. That we are attempting to do for ourselves and for them, also what they can only not be said to have failed in, because they have, in fact, not seen so much as the possibility of attempting it. We admire Mr. Tagore greatly as an artist to whose voice the world listens, and as one who is already bringing to his fellow countrymen, as none but a great poet can do, the seeds of certain ideas on which Western life is founded and which Eastern life has on the whole overlooked. It is because he is nearer to ourselves than other Indian poets are that he has so deeply touched us, and we have the right to say that, if he is nearer to us, it is because he has, by conscious and unconscious processes assimilated something of our standard and of the spirit of our literature.

Many of his readers, even of his English readers, are probably unaware that the essence of what he has to say has been said, and more fruitfully said, by Wordsworth,—more fruitfully because in wider and more worldly contexts, with less mystification and more of easy humanity. The province of the English critic in regard to Mr. Tagore's work is, we fancy, to explain this, to recognise also and guard against the lure of apparent simplicity, of the mysterious and the unknown, and to lay a solid basis for intelligent lasting appreciation.

Mr. Rhys sees to us to have preferred to heighten the lustre of the

halo which has been cast about Mr. Tagore by English sentimentalists, and which, though it does not exaggerate, distorts and obscures true proportions.

The Bookman.

July, 1915.

This short but enthusiastic study of the life and writings of the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore comes rather late into the field. Quite apart from the war, interest in his writings is not what it was. The charming grace and fancy of "Gitanjali" was not caught so happily in "The Garden-er" and "The Crescent Moon" and we suspect that neither "Sadhana" nor his plays has made any great impression on the public mind. The fact is that Tagore was overestimated in the first flush of enthusiasm. His reputation is finding a saner level. But even in the perspective in which we now see him he shows up as a remarkable figure. A sane mystic, a dreamer with his feet on earth, a poet and a practical man—the combination is sufficiently rare. And the quality of his work in every direction is on a distinguished level. Something Western has touched his Eastern intelligence. His poems show that in their curious mixture of modern romanticism and Indian imagery. He is, apparently, no believer in creeds. His God has the pantheistic qualities which would have appealed to Shelley. There is wisdom, gentle irony, and beauty in Tagore's verse. And perhaps there is genius. It is difficult to say, specially as we read it only in translations. He is not (as we know his works) a creative or original artist of the highest rank, and, therefore, outside his own country, he can never expect the widest recognition. His sudden European popularity was not, strictly, a literary popularity, it was the popularity of the new moralist. His simple and soothing philosophy impressed the Occidental mind as a pearly, country dawn impresses the mind of the town-dweller. It was the spell of something that, in a moment, seemed to simplify life and to make plain the dark places of the heart. The reaction comes when we find that only for the chosen few is there this "open sesame" to existence. Tagore's philosophy is all right for a Tagore.

In regard to Mr. Rhys's book it is difficult to make any comment. It is one long hymn of praise. Such enthusiasm is refreshing but uncritical. The whole book is written upon a note of laudation; but it is written, obviously, in the most perfect sincerity and with the only purpose of presenting a new genius, one might almost say a new saint, to the world. Fortunately, the collective mind is more cautious than the individual. It takes a terrific blow to convert the world. All the same, Mr. Rhys

has much to say that will attract readers of Tagore's works, more especially on the biographical side. His wide knowledge of the literatures of two continents has helped him in his comparative estimations, and his idealism has enabled him to write confidently of the idealism of his subject.

The Times.

June 4, 1915.

While the world is filled with the noise of war, there is still in far Bengal a place which bears the name, "Abode of Peace." There the man, whom London knew two years ago as a quietly observant stranger, a figure dignified and long-bearded, more like the ancient sages of Greece, as the monuments show them, than anything we know in the modern world, still presides over his little company of white-robed boys and makes new songs for them to sing in the shadow of the garden trees or first light of an Indian dawn. Two years ago in this Europe, which is now convulsed in internecine strife, the name of Rabindranath Tagore was on the lips of many—in Germany, one hears, no less than in England. And even now the name may come up in our minds as a memorial of things that remain, quiet and lovely and eternal, through all the shattering tumult. Sooner or later, no doubt, our European world will want to know more of this man who has touched its soul with a new note in poetry—a note at any rate, which broke as something novel and unfamiliar upon our literary tradition. The man's own books will always be the best and real revelation of what he is; perhaps there are few poets of whom it is more difficult to speak without doing injustice to his personality, since it is almost inevitable that in trying to speak of him we steep his figure in a literary atmosphere, whilst it is the childlike unself-consciousness, the simplicity and freshness and directness, which are part of the essential quality of his poetry. Yet, with all this, the public is no doubt right in desiring to learn what relation a poet's poetry bears to the whole context of his human life, and those who write *Lives of the Poets* are doing a service for which we ought to be grateful.

In his treatment of Rabindranath's works and philosophy of life Mr. Rhys says a large number of the obvious things, but he says them gracefully enough. What determines his point of view is, one gathers, the common and somewhat superficial idea which contrasts the West as a world unrestfully struggling for material riches, with an East conceived as having inherited an unchanging secret of peace. What such an idea fails to comprehend is that the unrest and struggle in the West is due to its having a much harder spiritual problem before it. The struggle to attain that peace, which in the harmonious co-ordination of all the elements in

life is harder according as the elements dealt with are richer and more complex ; and in the West the advances of Rationalistic Science with the consequent increased command over all materials means and a more realistic intellectual grasp of human history and human nature have thrown upon us a mass of problems which lay outside the horizon of the East till modern times. It was easier in the ancient East to harmonize the elements of life, when the elements were fewer and poorer and simpler. The West has a harder problem, but its success, in so far as it succeeds, is proportionately richer. Again, when we turn to the East it is far from true that it has reached a finally satisfactory solution of the problem of life. Through Mr. Rhys's pages one can only faintly perceive the spiritual struggle and travail going on in India to-day. And yet this is what largely gives its significance to the figure of Rabindranath Tagore. The atmosphere of the home in which he grew up was a reforming one. His father, the Maharshi, represented a movement of strong ethical protest against elements in the current tradition, against the Pantheism which tends inevitably to moral softness, and against Hindu image-worship, with all that it implies. And yet in the fervent Vaishnavite religion, with its passionate devotion to an incarnate God, however much in some of its forms it might become morally confused and degraded, there seemed to be something which the severer Unitarian Brahmo religion tended to lose. Through such oppositions modern India is feeling its way. And to understand Rabindranath in his historical context one must see him as one whose aim is to combine the Vaishnavite fervour with the moral strength and reforming zeal of the Maharshi. Whether his philosophy of life offers a finally adequate basis for the reconciliation of these diverse elements may be questioned. But meantime the quest of modern India is of profound human interest, and the figure of Rabindranath stands there as that of a man who with the noble simplicity and humility of genius speaks of that which he knows and testifies that which he has seen.

In the Mood of Levity.

THE UTILITY OF A COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

By Es-de.

The best method of considering the utility of a college magazine is a method of entirely new discovery by me though of very old invention. Like the famous Inductive Method of Bacon, it is daily employed (*vide* Macaulay on Bacon) and yet little known in its scientific aspect. It may be styled the Metaphorical Method—the method ('method in madness') of all poetry, juvenile composition, platform oratory and cheap journalism. Falling thus into the hands of persons who are generally 'of imagination all compact,' it has fallen somewhat into disrepute with logicians, and has not received due recognition (unless perhaps under the disreputable head of Fallacies of Confusion in Mill's *System of Logic*) in our Logic text-books. But the convincing power of this method is well established and it is too late in the day to call its validity in question. Its chief virtue consists in the combination, it implies, of poetry and philosophy, of the emotive parts of the human mind with the intellectual. Though not recognised in formal logic, it includes many of the established logical processes, *e.g.*, Comparison, Analogy, etc. It is therefore according to this method that I shall proceed to a consideration of the subject. My treatment will thus have a two-fold value—first, it will have the practical effect of demonstrating the utility of a college magazine, and secondly, it will serve as an exemplification of a *novum organum*.

● **The College and the Locomotive**—The college may fitly be compared to a locomotive engine. The points of comparison indeed are so numerous that an enumeration of them will occupy pages and pages of this magazine and still remain inexhaustive. The most important and convincing point however is often overlooked,—which is, to put it briefly, the similarity between the action of fire in a locomotive and the action of the fiery lectures of Professors in a college. The fire, as is well known, heats up to the boiling point the many gallons of water in the engine-boiler, and Professors' lectures act similarly on the students' brains. It is rather uncomplimentary, I admit, to compare the brains of our students to water in a boiler; yet in the interest of the Metaphorical Method, courteous considerations may be put aside for the nonce, and we may at once proceed to note the effect. The effect in the case of the locomotive is the evolution of volumes of steam,—restless, volatile, powerful and expansive; in the other case too, thoughts and fancies as restless, volatile, powerful and expansive are continually evolved. [The effect in both cases

is entirely desirable up to a certain degree. But when the Professor, lecturing on *Paradise Lost* or *Coverley Papers* finds the eyes of his students seeking the mysteries of the ceiling or glazed with the balmy dew of sleep or fixed in a vacant far-away gaze, he may well conclude that the safety-limit is about to be exceeded, and the pressure of the stray thoughts and fancies that his lecture has evolved requires to be eased. Now, how to ease this pressure? The locomotive has a strong arrangement of valves by which the pressure of steam in the boiler may be relieved after it has reached a certain degree of intensity. A similar arrangement of safety-valve is necessary in a college. This safety-valve is the **College Magazine**—for through this leak out the stray fancies, light thoughts, gentle dreams, passionate ambitions (often in the poetic line), argumentative tendencies, leisure-hour lucubrations which are apt to set going at high pressure the student's mind within the grimly white-washed walls of the lecture-room. *Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*

The College and the Garden—This metaphor, which was elaborated by DeRozio in a poem on the now defunct Hindu College, is also excellent for the purpose of our demonstration. Experts in gardening are aware that flowers in a garden at night remain in various states of bloom. But touched by the rays of the golden morning, they all spread out to the full,—the bud, the half-bloom and the already blown flower. The lily is as gay as the rose, the celandine as gay as the lily. Now the metaphor of a garden may fitly be applied to a college, and has already once been so applied, as evidenced by DeRozio's poem, with profound poetic effect. For during lecture-hours—often as dull and dark and profitless as the night-hours in a garden—the minds of students remain open in remarkably various degrees, not at all sometimes, half at other times, and very rarely, we must admit the melancholy fact, fully open. But lo, the Magazine, like the golden day-spring in a garden, dawns on their mental horizon, and the flowers spring at once into glorious full bloom—in lyric outbursts, epic fragments, descriptive sketches, reflective pieces and rhetorical flourishes. *Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*

The above treatment will well illustrate the value of the Metaphorical Method as applied to the consideration of the subject of a College Magazine. The culmination of the Metaphorical Method is always in poetry, whether epic, elegiac or dramatic. Hence a strain or two of elegiac poetry will not be inapt to clinch the argument thus metaphorically elaborated :

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The crowded Lecture-Halls of College bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance, hearing Lectures there ;
But here the hidden gem will shine serene
And desert flowers blush no more unseen.*

—With many apologies to Thomas Gray for slight verbal alterations and the addition of a closing couplet, (retaining however the poet's rhymes), for the sake of sense which, I am sorry to observe, has somewhat lamed the effect of the stanza.

English Articles.

A UNIVERSITY-TOWN OF ANCIENT INDIA.

By Sukumar Dutt, M.A.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

India is studded with ruined cities and towns which date back to far antiquity. They often lie quite away from beaten tracks and escape the notice of guide-book travellers. But to the student of ancient Indian history, they possess a surpassing interest. In the moss-grown *debris* of fallen walls and shattered floors, he often lights upon historical materials of inestimable value. The exploration of these ruins is the special business of an important department of the Government of India, the Department of Archaeological Survey. One of these ruined cities, near Rawalpindi, is at present under exploration by Sir John Marshall, the head of the Department, and his work has already yielded results which bid fair to throw light on many a dark corner of ancient Indian chronology.

From many points of view, this buried ancient city, called Taxila in Greek, Takkasila in Pali, and Takshasila in Sanskrit, is one of the most interesting of its kind. It was one of the earliest settlements of the Aryans in India, and references to it are found in the traditions preserved in the *Mahavarata*, in the folklore of the Buddhist *Jutakas*, in the historical accounts of the Macedonian writers under Alexander, and in the contemporary records by Hiouen Tshang and Fa-hian. Numerous other chance references to it are scattered not only in Indian literatures and lithic inscriptions, but also in the derivative literatures of Nepal, Tibet and China. But what makes this once-magnificent city the most interesting of all from our point of view is that it was the seat of an ancient Aryan university. This feature of the life of Takkasila is repeatedly dwelt on in the folk-tales of the *Jutakas*.

The reconstruction of the past life of a ruined city is a task that possesses all the interest and glamour of romance. But in the absence of authentic records,—the besetting vice of Indian history,—the task becomes a delicately difficult one. One result of the peculiar mentality of the Indian people has been an indifference to the preservation of authentic records of historical events. In our ancient literature such records suffer a curious 'sea-change into something rich and strange,' and history is transformed into a jumble of highly-coloured legends. Yet from such legends it is possible to gather some account, however imperfect, of the old-world life of the university-town of Takkasila.

Thus there is a curious tradition in the *Mahabharata* of a famous snake-sacrifice performed here by Janmejaya which may contain the nucleus of an historical fact, *viz.*, that the city was won by the Aryans from a non-Aryan tribe named Takshaka or a tribe that worshipped the snake or had the snake for its totem. There is also a Nepalese tradition, the antiquity of which however we have no means of judging, that Takkasila covered the site of a still more ancient city named Bhadrasila. The very remote antiquity of the city of Takkasila, however, is undoubted, and the beauty of its surroundings, its natural advantages, being situated in a valley and watered by the Beas, and the fertility of its soil must have attracted the attention of the primitive Aryan settlers.

These Aryans, as is well known, entered India through the north-west passes of the Punjab. In their progress from mid-Asia, they must have left behind them along the route settlements and colonies beyond the boundary of what we know as India to-day. On the other hand, their progress within the borders of India herself could not far extend eastwards beyond the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna and southwards beyond the Vindyas. On this point evidence both of historical traditions and ethnology is daily accumulating. Thus the true *Aravarta* in India, it is presumed, did but touch the border line of Magadha and Kosala even perhaps as late as in the 6th century, B. C. The site of Takkasila therefore marked almost the centre of the Aryan country, both inside and outside of India; and the sphere of its influence must have extended from Persia in the west to Magadha in the east. Takkasila was thus a cosmopolitan Asiatic city, situated at the very centre-point of Aryan culture.

Before we came to consider its university life, presenting so many curious features, it is necessary to realise the ages of culture that preceded it. The period that intervened between the age of the *Vedas* and that of the *Upanishads* must have been a period of surprising intellectual growth. Academies and schools of a permanent character as well as occasional assemblies of philosophers existed during this period. The labours of such intellectual centres appear to have resulted in the development of a vast body of miscellaneous learning, various classifications of which are met with in the literature of the *Upanishads*. On one of these classifications, *viz.*, the Eighteen Branches of learning, probably the traditional classification of *Vidyas* in the *Vishnu-saṁhitā*, a very much later production, a university system seems to have grown up at Takkasila. These eighteen branches, taught at Takkasila as the *Jatakas* tell us, probably were the four well-known Vedas, the six *Angas* or subsidiary studies related to them, embracing Phonetics, Ceremonials, Etymology, Prosody, Astronomy and Grammar, the *Mimamsā* or the Philosophy of Exegesis, Dialectics, the

Law, the *Puranas* or Cosmogony, Medicine, Archery, Magic and Politics. The study of this classification, which reflects something of the primitive modes of life, thought and belief of the Aryans, is in itself highly curious and instructive ; but we have no place here for such advanced enquiries.

I have already referred to the *Jatakas* as the main source of our knowledge about the university system of Takkasila, and a few words on this ancient collection, perhaps the oldest in the world, of folk-tales would not be out of place. The collection in the form in which it has come down to us is comparatively modern, probably not older than the 5th century, A. D. But the tales themselves were current in Northern India even as early as the 3rd century, B. C., as the evidence of certain lithic inscriptions tells us. These tales were taken up later on by some pious Buddhist monk, re-handled and re-conceived from a didactic point of view and infused with a somewhat foreign Buddhist colouring. Now students of folk-lore are aware that folk-tales rarely reflect present conditions of life and society, but an old broken up order of things which has become traditionary, as conceived by the experience of the present. Folklore is thus an image of the past, passing through the medium of of the mentality of a later age with its changed outlook, different conditions and more developed culture. A familiar illustration will occur to the readers of Lal Vchhari Dey's *Folk-Tales of Bengal* which invariably presumes the condition of things in our country that obtained during the Hindu period of our history. The *Jataka* stories which were current in Northern India in the 3rd century, B. C., similarly point back to an even earlier period. Two eminent Indianists, Dr. Bühler and Dr. Rhys Davids have, upon a very careful analysis of the *Jataka*-book, independently come to the conclusion that the social and political conditions depicted in it belong "to the state of things that existed in Northern India in and about Buddha's time." From the scattered references to the Takkasila University in the *Jatakas*, therefore, we may reconstruct its condition in the 6th century, B. C., but we cast about in vain for materials for the history of its gradual growth, development and decay. This university-town in that century was a wonderfully flourishing seat of learning, attracting students from far and near, from all grades of society, from princes of blood royal like Prasenajit of Kosala to veritable waifs and strays like Jivaka.

The university of Takkasila was only an organisation of the traditionary and time-honoured relationship between a teacher and his pupils which we find as a settled institution in all Hindu literature and which is still the basis of the archaic educational system of Nagia, Mithila and

Benares. This union of the teacher and resident pupils was the essential feature of the Takkasila University also. Students at the age of sixteen came here to learn all the liberal sciences and arts at the feet of a *Guru* who stood to them *in loco parentis*, and sometimes, it appears, specialised teaching also was imparted. The Jataka-book gives us stories of many princes who specially learnt and attained proficiency in Archery; the use of charms (गान्धर्व), which must have been a handmaid of the healing art, is also referred to, and we have the interesting story of one student of this science who, having learnt it at Takkasila, turned it to monetary account by an exhibition of snake-charming; state-craft also, it seems, received its due share of importance in the native city of Chanakya, and there are reasons to believe, although it cannot be definitely proved, that this great Taxilan Brahmin in his comprehensive अर्थशास्त्र, boiled down mostly the current learning of his time consolidated in the university of Takkasila. But the science which received special cultivation here was the science of medicine and it was as a centre of medical learning that the university seems to have enjoyed an Asiatic reputation. We have thus the corroborative story of a Chinese prince who went all the way to Takkasila in search of a remedy for ophthalmia. Jivaka, the famous friend and right-handman of Buddha and the house-physician, so to speak, of his monastic community, studied medicine here for a period of full seven years under a teacher who is named in a Tibetan tradition as Aitreya. One Aitreya indeed figures as an authority on the science of medicine in Indian medical lore, and it is possible that it was this Aitreya who was the teacher of Jivaka. The famous body of medical lore known as the Bower Manuscripts discovered in Yarkand about a quarter of a century ago by Dr. Hoernle has been pronounced by competent scholars to have been "more the result of the seat of Sanskrit learning of Gandhara than of Magadha", and various considerations lead us to refer it to the time when the university of Takkasila in the 6th century B. C. was the centre of medical lore.

But the system of teaching here was far different from what prevailed in the later colleges of India with their wealth of manuscript libraries. The pretty numerous subjects taught at Takkasila, which had emerged from ages of intellectual culture, were hardly embodied in text-books. Hence it is that many of these subjects were afterwards lost and forgotten without leaving a trace to indicate that they were ever cultivated in our country. A knowledge of the subjects was imparted to students chiefly by oral instruction, the systematisation being left to the intelligence of the teacher. The scientific principles of systematisation however were

very remarkably well-known to our forebears even in the earliest period of education in India, as the wonderfully scientific distribution of the work of *Panini* alone written probably many years even before the rise of Takkasila as a university-town, is sufficient to prove. Books in the 6th century, B.C., however, though not entirely unknown as certain *Sutras* of Panini attest, were hardly in common use, students being taught through the medium of *memoria technica* of which the *Sutra* form of writing in Sanskrit literature is a curious survival.

An interesting feature of the university of Takkasila which appears constantly in the *Jatakas* is its comparatively aristocratic character. Though it did not close its doors to merit in low life, its educational advantages, it seems, were availed of chiefly by scions of noble families. The *Jataka* book is replete with stories of princes of royal houses going to Takkasila to receive education and in one *Jataka*, a hundred and one princes are said to have been receiving education at Takkasila at the time of the story. The salutary effects of a course of training for a prince at Takkasila are set out in the introduction of another story: "Kings of former times, though there might be a famous teacher living in their own city, often used to send their sons to foreign countries afar off to complete their education, that by this means they might quell their pride and high-mindedness and endure heat and cold, and be acquainted with the ways of the world." The story, from which I shall quote an extract later on, then goes on to tell how the King of Benares sent his son to Takkasila to enable him to obtain these benefits from a course of training there. In a very curious story, the five *Pandavas* of *Mahavarata* fame are represented as having studied at Takkasila and married *Kanha* (*Droupadi*) at her *Swayamvara* (self-choosing of husband) ceremony on their way from Takkasila back home. A much garbled version is given of the *Mahavarata* legend, and *Droupadi* is there represented not as one of the five women of legendary chastity, but as a plotting adulteress. This university, the resort of student-princes, was therefore, as may naturally be expected, a little aristocratic in character—an Indian Oxford, as a modern might say, of the 6th century, B.C. No wonder that the charge for a whole course of training at this university was no less than 1,000 *Kahapanakas* or gold coins. But the custom of 'sizarship' also obtained and personal services to the teacher were accepted in lieu of monetary payment. Thus poor and self-sacrificing students, desirous of learning, were enabled to prosecute their studies here. We have also indication of the very salutary custom, of which there is a close parallel in the English universities of to-day, of students completing their education by a continental (*i. e.*, Indian) tour. We are also told that science students

took this opportunity of learning the practical uses of science as well as gaining experience by observing the customs and manners of different localities. All this is a remarkable instance of how modern ideas were often anticipated in our hoary civilization.

A very interesting picture of the academic life of Takkasila occurs as an inset in the *Tilamutthi Jataka* which I reproduce below :

"Brahmadatta, the King of Benares, calling his boy to him,—now the lad was sixteen years old—gave him one-soled sandals, a sun-shade of leaves and a thousand pieces of money with these words :

'My son, get you to Takkasila and study there.'

The boy obeyed. He bade his parents farewell and in due course arrived at Takkasila. There he enquired for the teacher's dwelling, and reached at the time when the teacher had finished his lecture, and was walking up and down at the door of his house. When the lad set eyes upon the teacher, he put off his shoes, closed his sun-shade, and with respectful greeting stood still where he was. The teacher saw that he was weary and welcomed the new-comer. The lad ate and rested a little. Then he returned to the teacher and stood respectfully by him.

'Where have you-come from ?'

'From Benares.'

'Whose son are you ?'

'I am the son of the king of Benares.'

'What brings you here ?'

'I come to learn,' replied the lad.

'Well, have you brought a teacher's fee, or do you wish to attend on me in return for teaching you ?'

'I have brought a fee with me,' and with this, he laid at the teacher's feet his purse of a thousand pieces. The resident pupils attend on their teacher by day, and at night they learn of him : but they who bring a fee are treated like the eldest sons in this house, and thus they learn. And this teacher like the rest gave schooling to the prince on every lucky day. Thus the young prince was taught."

As we have said already, our account of the university of Takkasila must necessarily be imperfect in the absence of more abundant and reliable materials. It is not even possible to determine exactly or even roughly when this university started or when it closed its glorious career. But it must have been a very slow growth and an equally slow decay, and we shall not probably be far out if we conjecture the limits to be *circa*. 700 B. C. to 100 B. C. But the exploration now in progress on the site

of Takkasila may bring forward some new discovery which may upset our conjecture. The field of Indian archæology indeed is a vast and almost boundless one. "Yet," to quote the happy words of Macaulay, "the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf." *

* I have refrained from burdening this article with footnotes for obvious reasons. The curious reader is referred to the English translation of the Jataka Book made by different hands under the editorship of Cowell, published at Oxford in 1893 in 6 vols. The story of Jivaka in the **Mahavagga** in the Vinaya Texts (Pt. II) of the S. B. E. series may also be read in this connection.

THE BASES OF THE FINE ARTS. *

By **Mukunda Kishore Chakravarty, M.A.,**

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

The subject on which I am going to read this short paper has been announced to be "The Bases of the Fine Arts"—a very pretentious subject indeed, and, perhaps, one which had better be left to an artist to do justice to. My purpose, however, is not as ambitious as the subject : it is but to speak to my students a few simple words about the fundamental principles upon which the Fine Arts, as distinguished from the useful arts, are based.

No one will deny that it is important for the undergraduates of a university to be acquainted with the elementary principles of the Fine Arts, with at least one of which they are directly concerned, viz, Poetry, and to two others of which they are very often indirectly referred, I mean, Painting and Music.

What, then, are these Fine Arts ? I need hardly say that we understand Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music and Poetry as the principal arts which concern themselves with the beautiful ; in other words, as the principal Fine Arts. But before proceeding to discuss the nature of the fine arts, let us first consider what we understand by the term 'art' as distinguished from the term 'science.' It is a commonplace of logic that Science aims at knowing and teaches how to know, Art aims at doing and teaches how to do. Now let us look into this distinction a little more closely. According to John Stuart Mill, "Science takes cognisance of a phenomenon, and endeavours to ascertain its law ; Art proposes to itself an end, and looks out for means to effect it." So exposition or revelation of what was hitherto concealed from knowledge, but what has all the same been existing from before—this is the distinguishing mark of science. Whereas creation or bringing into existence something which did not exist before, is the distinguishing mark of the arts. The scientist merely discovers, formulates, generalises, brings many under the operation of one law, but gives nothing of his own and leaves no mark of his personality on the results that he obtains. The artist, on the other hand, groups, arranges and combines things which or whose models had, of course, been existing from before, but fuses them together in the furnace of his own genius, casts them into a new mould,

* Paper read at a meeting of the Ripon College Literary Union, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Banerjee.

and ultimately produces something which is peculiarly his own, and the exact like of which is not to be found anywhere else. To take a popular, if not a very scientific parallel,—the scientist is like the sun whose light is colourless and which simply reveals things in their true colours but adds to them no colour of its own. The artist, on the other hand, is like a coloured glass-lamp whose light, coming as it does through rosy, green or yellow glasses, throws a corresponding colour on the objects it lights up. This roughly is the way in which an artist stamps his creations with the mark of his own personality. The light in which he shows things is, in the words of Wordsworth,—

“The light that never was on land or sea,
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

In other words, this is the light of imagination which takes its colour from the mind wherein it is born.

We have now arrived at one point of distinction between science and art, *viz.*, that while science reveals, art creates. This is a difference of functions. But there is an equally essential difference of aims also. We may indicate this difference by stating that while science is utilitarian, art is spontaneous. The scientist discloses secrets of Nature with a view to bringing her forces under the yoke of man and her wealth into his coffers, so as to make her obey his dictates and minister to his needs. The artist, on the other hand, creates out of the spontaneous desire of his soul to produce the beautiful, by representing his ideals of things through the medium of his art, and in order to give pleasure.

Now just as there is a difference of functions and a difference of aims between science and art, so there is also a difference of *modus operandi* or method in which each proceeds to realise its aim. Science appeals solely to the intellect of man, to his understanding; whereas art appeals mainly to the emotion of man, to his feeling, and subordinately to his intellect also. Looked at from this point of view, the scope of art is larger than the scope of science, for while science appeals only to our understanding, art appeals to our feeling as well as to our understanding.

To sum up, art then is distinguished from science by its power of creation, its spontaneity, its power of giving pleasure and its appeal to our feelings. Let us now try to understand what art is in itself. It is the operation of the will and imagination of man on matter with the object of representing the real as conceived by the mind. So art is founded on the two-fold basis of an actuating mind and an obedient material.

It is possible to classify the Fine Arts according to the varying proportions in which these elements of mind and matter are combined in them.

Classified on this principle architecture lies lowest, and poetry highest, in order of rank. Architecture is lowest because in it the material basis of stone, brick and wood is most prominent. The architect can only arrange the existing materials after his own purpose, but he has no hand in their production. Moreover its object is chiefly utilitarian, *viz.*, to provide shelter for man,—in other words, to supply one of the bare necessities of animal life.

Next above architecture is sculpture. Here also the basis is wholly material, but the sculptor gives to his marble or metal a significance, a semblance of life or feeling which is altogether foreign to the material itself. For out of a block of dead stone he hews out the semblance of living beings.

Next higher in dignity is painting in which the material basis is reduced by the omission of one of the three dimensions of matter, *viz.*, thickness. Upon a surface of length and breadth the painter produces semblances of objects possessing the qualities of substance, form and colour.

Then comes music whose material basis is very slight, *viz.*, the volume of sound which is necessary for its production. But this volume of sound is so handled by the musician as not only to *represent* distinct emotions to the mind of the audience, but also to *produce* the same emotions in their minds.

Lastly comes poetry from which the material element is altogether eliminated, save the little of music due to the elements of metre and rhythm. Poetry (and poetry here stands for creative literature generally) deals entirely with words which are symbols of ideas and recall ideas to the mind. Thus we see that architecture is the most materialistic and poetry the most idealistic of the Fine Arts. (*To be concluded*).



'PHYSICAL SCIENCE & THE OBJECTIVE WORLD'—A REVIEW.

By Pramathanath Mukherji, M.A.,

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

This is a serial article in Bengali which is being produced in instalments by Principal Ramendrasundar Trivedi who is admittedly one of the master-minds of modern Bengal. With the impact of Western culture, the genius of the Bengali race has given forth a few striking and characteristic responses. Bankimchandra, Rabindranath, Jagadishchandra and Ramendrasundar represent most powerfully one aspect of this new life and awakening. Each of the types that I have taken embodies a unique

force. Men of genius cannot indeed be labelled and stowed apart into clearly independent classes; nevertheless, there is a habitual place of emphasis in every form of life that has at all risen above the dull level of the average and the common place. In Ramendrasundar I find this place of emphasis in penetrating, illuminating and co-ordinating brain-power. The border-land between Science and Metaphysics is uncertain and elusive. We cannot think of any definite partition of problems of life and existence between the two; in the pursuit of every problem they sooner or later accost each other and pass into each other's domains. The special *forte* of Ramendrasundar is the handling of the fundamental conceptions of science which are also the fundamental conceptions of metaphysics. At the foundations all the tributaries of human curiosity mingle and blend into one insatiable and persistent enquiry after How and Why. The essay that we propose to study is such an enquiry. Its scope, therefore, is not restricted to the ordinary work of the scientist or to the official duty of the philosopher.

In the West, men of science, who have done a good deal of spade-work in their respective peculiar provinces, come often at last to face the profounder How and Why. A Huxley or a Haeckel or a Romanes cannot exhaust himself in biology; a purely physical science proves to be too small a vessel to contain the rich and overflowing plenitude of a Tyndall, a Vuchow, a Helmholtz or a DuBois-Reymond's mind. There are a good many instances of eminent men of science overflowing the rigid technical boundaries of their respective spheres and illuminating by the rays of their genius many dark and cheerless vistas of philosophy. But the most striking example of such men of whom I am reminded in connection with my study of the work of Ramendrasundar is W. K. Clifford. Like that remarkable man, Ramendrasundar brings a mathematical and original brain to bear upon the work that he undertakes, and like him also he does it with a thoroughness and clearness such as no mere scientist or mere philosopher could show. New horizons of alluring thought loom before us as we go through Clifford; we gain new insight, fresh inspiration and unsuspected suggestion as we go through Ramendrasundar. The problems are old; we have been introduced to them by many striking authors already. But they emerge out of the hands of Ramendrasundar with a wholesome freshness: his touch is the touch of life. When we receive the problems and their solutions at his hands we feel the delight and warmth of a virgin possession; we are introduced to them in a manner in which we were never introduced to them before. The cardinal principles of Vedantism fall out of his hands as if they are jumping out from the knees of their creator; we get an

Vedantism which bids, as it were, the heavily-hanging mist about our eye-brows rise, and gives us definite and symmetrical outlines where we had before hazy touches only. The same clearness and penetration characterize his presentation of the elements of Buddhistic thought and the essentials of modern Empiricism. In his writings we feel how natural and easy would it be if the Bengali mind could be introduced to the problems of Science and Philosophy through its own mother tongue by a leading and kindly light like Ramendrasundar.

On the other hand, the soul of this ancient and mystical race is behind the thoughts and utterances of this remarkably gifted man. Like Clifford whom he so closely resembles, he is not utterly lost and expended in a blind world of unconscious Mind-dust. He is a Darwinian and a pragmatist, but he is a Darwinian under a protest and a pragmatist with a reservation. Natural Selection works, but Life need not be conceived as a resultant and product only. Ramendrasundar has not turned away from the sources of a deeper and truer life which a Bergson or a Eucken has been tapping already. He recognises the pragmatic world like James, Schiller and others, but it need not be the *only* world for us to live in: the pragmatic fact is after all only a cross-section of experience. In these, his Indian phylogeny, the germ-plasm of the *Rishis* which has continued down into ourselves, has corrected, supplemented and enlivened his European epigenesis under the influences of Hume and Huxley, Mach and Maxwell.

But we propose to summarise in its essential features this essay in the following issues of this magazine adding comments such as may be called for.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON LIFE.

By Lal Mohan Ray.

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

"I sleep and dream that life is beauty,
I wake and find that life is duty."

Certainly it is very difficult to realise the true aspect of life. To the sluggard this life is nothing but a thing of beauty to be cherished and nourished with all care, but to the others, to the active and wakeful, this life is a bundle of duties and necessities. Curiously enough, in spite of the tangible duties that life presents to us, some still indulge in the fond idea that life is but a thing of beauty.

But however full of duties life may be, it is an intricate problem to many to find out the true course of life. In this world some flourish and

rise with all grandeur and dignity, while others pine and perish ignobly. What is the cause of this difference when all are descended from the same stock? Some people attribute the cause of this mysterious difference to Providence and Fate, and satisfy themselves with the belief, "There's a divinity that shapes our end." But the influence of Fate notwithstanding, the influence of work and industry is not to be slighted. As a matter of fact the latter shapes our ends far more than the former, and above all, "man is the architect of his own fortune." If we draw up a list of the great minds who have excelled in their respective vocations, of great souls who have raised the level of mankind, of charitable hearts whose memory is cherished with warm gratitude, we shall find that all of them forged their precious lives through the developing force of activity, the perennial source of nobleness and purity. Activity is the touch-stone of life. Human life must not be estimated by the length of years but by its activities. It has been fully and rightly said, "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

Some people take a very dark view of life and think that everything is ordered for evil and "man is born to be ploughed with years and sown with cares," and thus they pine in useless remorse and unavailing misery. They point out the futility and transitoriness of our life by comparing it to the dew on the mountain and the bubble on the fountain, and such other epithets and comparisons which destroy all the stimulus to action and thus sap the very vitality of our life. It is a curious thing that some men wish to get rid of life, 'this intellectual being, these thoughts that wander through eternity'. But the love of and attachment to life is best proved by the tenacity with which men cling to it even at the last moment. But however uncertain that life may be, and whatever the different views of philosophy may assert, we can not but nod assent to the poet who declares,

"Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal."

To be a *man* in this world, we should shake off these ideas and always bear in mind that "this world is vain but only to the vain". This world is not an airy nothing, but a solid and substantial place where substantial work should be done. There are diverse impediments to progress in life. But they are easily surmountable. There must be dangers, there must be misfortunes, but "out of the nettle, danger, we should pluck the flower," and then and then only can we hope to succeed in this world.

But for work we should not make our life a continual grind, because rest is equally necessary for the sake of peace and happiness, the true

We should not make our life a bustle. There are many, in Keble's words,

"Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

We should have occasional respite from work and devote ourselves to divine contemplation when 'the mind should soar high and be inspired'. Thus a harmonious blending of worldly success with mental and moral peace will make of life a tranquil flow and in this way we may win the approbation of men below and the grace of Heaven above and thus reap the full benefit of this human life which has been entrusted to us by our Heavenly Father.

POETRY & NOVEL.

By Surja Prasad Mukerji,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

"When the thought and passion of a people seek a channel of expression, it seems naturally to assume the poetic form, probably because that form is agreeable to the ear and convenient for the memory". Metrical composition is the clearest mirror on which is reflected truly the image of these mental feelings. And the art of expressing them is somewhat of an innate acquirement, though not impossible to be learnt by practice. The man who can use his skill of expressing these feelings in a natural fashion and the product of whose art looks like a gay creature of Nature, is entitled to win the name of a poet. The mere adroit utilisation of rhythm and metre and the capability of throwing them in the form of 'rule and compass' do not buy for the artist the name of a poet. Like all other children of imagination and fancy, the poet is an artist, falling in the category of those who use words and language as their tools, just as the sculptor uses the chisel and the painter the canvas, the brush and the pencil. Leaving aside all these workmen, we shall launch into a process of considering two of them who use language and words as their tools.

When a poem is taken up for study, a feeling of solemnity pre-occupies the heart. As if the feelings and emotions of the heart are arranged to a point of attention, ready to receive some noble information. Whereas in studying a novel, we do not feel as if we were arranging ourselves inwardly, or consider that we are going to handle something which is of an extraordinary nature. Such a divergence of feeling is explained by the fact that novel and poetry are brought forth out of different mental dispositions.

Both poetry and novel are issue of one and the same mother—Imagination. Notwithstanding that they are so related to each other, they are fostered and reared up in different manners. With their growth and development, they evince dissimilar inclinations.

Poetry does not undertake to depict the bare outlines and lineaments of things as they are, but goes on to delineate and put together the feelings and emotions that arise in the heart of their seer, in rhythmical metres, “running with dulcet symphonies.” Poetry does not show the object in a direct fashion. It is characterised by the independence of the dramatic interest of the plot. While on the other hand, objects described by a novelist, however subtly it might have been done, are *prima facie* capable of being perceived and identified. Thus far a novel goes, but for the faithful delineation and exhibition of human feelings or of the significances and beauties of Nature we must call at the gate of poetry. The perfection of poetry lies not in the mere consistency of description but in its success in depicting in true light the mental states of men and extra-mental Natural beauties.

The difference distinguishing a novel from poetry lies in its orderly and coherent setting forth of facts, but poetry is not at all studious in this matter.

Notwithstanding that we may sometimes feel the inexplicable interest and enjoyment of a poem in a fine novel, there is still a wide difference between poetry and a novel. Poetry is the innate effusion of the heart while a novel is a studiously arranged object. But poetry is the natural outburst of feelings from the secret of hearts the wicket-gate of which is often closed, but closed with a tender bolt. The slightest stroke of pathos and affecting impression from outside knocking at it, makes poetic thoughts and ideas gush out in legion; the heart of a poet is a rich mine of such suggestive and invaluable thoughts. The veins of the mine are innumerable. As in an earthly mine, at the opening of one vein the inlet to another is of itself perceived, so one particular idea of the poet brings up in association similar and often contradictory ideas in immense multitude. The poet harmonises them and unravels the inner significance in the midst of multiplicity and diversity which are otherwise beyond reconciliation. Thus the aspect of the world is exhibited in newer and newer lights and, striking from it happy and correlative suggestions, the poet unscrolls the obscure perspective of the universe. He pushes on his abstraction beyond human conceptions and weaves out a ‘fabric of ethereal texture.’ The poet, who can dive immensely deep and also soar immeasurably high, throws on the work of the best novelist the gloom of literary eclipse.

Poetry is the soliloquising of a meditative man. His poetry is speech to himself. He, unlike the novelist, is not a mere observer of events and actions of the members of an imaginative household. He, unlike the novelist, does not simply spend his time in association with all the different kinds of men and taking part in their weal and woe. But his poetry is the sum of spontaneously outspoken ideas and sentiments. The poet is absolutely lost in his own thoughts and the reproduction of them is somewhat unconscious action due "to the momentary oblivion of personal identity."

Novels are the mere products of unreal fiction. In poetry is imbedded much truth, and the work of an author like Shelly or Wordsworth investigates the mystery of things. In such an inquiry, the author does not stop short with only the knowledge of earth and the objects thereof, but extends his investigation over the inexplicable secrets of things, earthly and divine, and the "shrouded enigma of the universe." From this it is obvious that the poet is a philosopher—a seeker after knowledge, endowed with a heart which is a nurse of sentiments and emotions. His theme is Nature, Man and God. Starting with actual entities, poetry often ends in idealism. Nature of herself is imperfect and necessitates being supplemented with abstract ideas to be painted perfect and beautiful. Just as the simple sight of a branch of a tree, stooping down with the full weight of fruits, rouses no very great interest and admiration, but when the idea of bowing down before the Almighty by way of recognition of gratefulness is associated with its drooping, an exquisite conception is brought forth.

Therefore, it would not be going a long way out when it is remarked that to make up a complete whole, idealism and realism should be brought in unison, and this the poet undertakes to do.

Lastly, another excellence of poetry, which keeps novels at bay, is its world-wide comprehensiveness. A novel has somewhat of a provincial or rather a national admiration and can be understood and read with adequate interest by a reader belonging to the country of its origin. But genuine poetry, whose theme is lofty and which describes real human feelings or the beauties of Nature, meets with world-wide sympathy.

DECAY OF VILLAGES.

By Abaninath Roy,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

I am a born villager. Those who are born and bred up in towns do not know the internal condition of villages. There was a time when many used to look down upon village-life. But those days are gone. Now the importance of villages as a contributory factor to the world's civilization

has been recognised : the simplicity and healthfulness of village-life cannot also be denied.

Those who love their country will hardly be able to help shedding tears at the sight of a modern village. There is no need of recalling our past days of glory. There is no need of remembering a time when our 'villages teemed with healthy, happy and robust people who spent their time in manly sports-- in wrestling and playing *lathi's* and swords."

Malaria has quite ruined the health and happiness of our villages. This dreadful pestilence has carried away millions of people from Bengal during about the last 60 years. Those who are attacked are more dead than alive and they cannot do any work with energy and zeal. Their belly is swollen with the enlargement of the spleen ; their ribs can be severally counted ; their eyes grow yellow ; they never feel good appetite, and if they feel any at all, they can not digest what they eat. The victims despair of their life and the few days that are allowed to them, their life becomes a burden to them as well as to their parents and relatives. These days are passed with occasional relapses of the old malady until death gathers them and they at last enjoy peaceful sleep and rest.

Such is the horrible picture and fatal end of a malaria-stricken man. Many prosperous villages have been utterly ruined by this epidemic. Birnagar in the district of Nadia and Galkhali in Jessore are the examples. Almost all the old villages are now decaying and deteriorating through this horrible disease. Many palatial buildings have been turned into the abode of beasts and reptiles, overgrown with weeds and jungles. Many edifices are untenanted and forlorn and haunted. "The latest official estimate of average annual deaths from malaria in India in ordinary years is 1300,000. It has been officially admitted that even in some of the foremost districts of Bengal as Jessore, Barhampur, Nadia, etc., not only has the population decreased, but *as a rule* the death-rate is above the birth-rate."

These things bepeak a horrible condition of things. The Government has tried and is still trying to avert this epidemic by occasional free distributions of quinine. A Board or corporation has also been started for the investigation of the causes of malaria. But the sufferings of the people have not been much diminished.

Another want is that of pure drinking water. There was a time when every village was supplied with pure drinking water by a transparent river, wide or narrow, running by. There were also ponds and pools and lakes. But these are now things of the past. Infundation is the life of small rivers. But the passage of water from wide to small rivers has been

blocked owing to the construction of railway bridges. Arable lands are turning waste with the diminution of cess-pools and streamlets.

The crying necessity of our villages is for more money. There is hardly a village the general public of which is not poor. There are, of course, a few substantial men, but the generality are steeped in poverty. There are very few educated men in a small village,—this small number is also decreased when those few leave their native hamlet for Calcutta or some such town for advantages of communication and professional practice. These men have no love or gratitude for their village. They will quit it as soon as they are in a position to do so. Want of educated men is thus one of the primary causes of the poverty of our villages.

Apart from the material point of view, the villages lack morally too. Jealousy and party-spirit always play an important part among the villagers. The cause of this seems to be want of education among the masses. Jealousy naturally takes possession of an uncultured mind. If Gokhale's Compulsory Education Bill had been passed, much could have been expected in this direction. Pray to the Almighty that He may grant health, wealth and wisdom unto our villages.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

By Satischandra Banerji,

Second Year class, Ripon College.

It is said that adversity is a blessing in disguise. Or, to put it more pointedly, poverty is a spur to the intellect. Many instances may be cited in support of this proposition. Of the great geniuses who had shone on this earth, a good number emerged from misery. Many of them had to struggle with unfavourable circumstances and more perhaps had to feel the painful pinch of poverty. But they rose for all that, and left such "foot-prints on the sands of time" as may well be followed with advantage by even the favourites of fortune. Wealth and fortune, in spite of the numberless opportunities they offer for improvement in life, seem to possess an encumbering influence at times which tends to retard the speed of their votaries; while privations tend to lighten the weight and to accelerate the speed of those who bear them. It is the clouds and storms, the trials and tribulations of life that make a man steady and firm.

Contrast enhances beauty; so does humility glorify greatness. Poverty is the foil which increases the lustre of genius. Let us consider whether those who rise to prominence from obscurity have their life's career ad-

vanced by it. When a man can struggle out of all the besetting difficulties of life, he wins applause ; but one, who might have fought more manfully, deserves only indifference, if he should fail. We estimate men by the results, not by the inherent qualities they possess. We worship accidental success, but spurn heroic failures. A man, when he has risen to distinction, has the minutest daily acts of his trumpeted forth as if they were most necessary for the welfare of the world, while the noble deeds of one who has got no charter of fame are allowed to go without recognition. He, who has risen to a prominent position, becomes always "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," while the others below in obscurity struggle perhaps in vain. When one has attained to fame, his low and miserable origin reflects glory on him, but misery, so long as it lasts, becomes the mark of scoff and scorn. A Roman satirist says that the sting of poverty lies in the fact that it makes men ridiculous. Smiles says that poverty is to be blamed more on account of the want of opportunity given for doing good to others. Surely, then, a poor man's self-denying efforts to relieve the pain of others are more admirable than the indifferent efforts of his wealthier fellow-man. Which is the nobler—a poor peasant's hard-earned but sincere contribution to his neighbour in the midst of difficulties, or a millionaire's careless donation with thousands of opportunities before him ? • The former, for certain. But the world cares more for advertising blasts than for silent work. Adversity has no trumpeters, but prosperity has many.

Late News.

Elliot Shield Competition—In the semi-final of the above competition the College XI after a contested drawn game for three days, beat the Presidency College F. C. by a goal to love. The final game came off on the Mohun Bagan ground on 5th August against the Medical College F. C. After a keenly-contested, vigorous and interesting game had been played, the College Team had to admit defeat by two goals to nil. Mr. C. R. Clayton supervised the game. The following represented our team :—

Goal—Dhirendra Mitter.

Backs—Provash Ray, Nirmal Mitter.

Halves—Kiran Kar, Rajen Roy (Captain), Kumud Datta.

Forwards—Moni Bose, Bankim Bose, Satyen Maitra, Himansu Chakravarty, Ashutosh Mukerjee.

New Appointment—We are glad to announce the appointment of Mr. Dhirendanath Bhattacharya, M.Sc. (Calcutta), Ph. D. (Berlin) as Professor of Chemistry in our College. The appointment has given universal satisfaction.

The Professors' Union—Two meetings of the Union have been held since the beginning of the current session. Pundit Satkari Adhikari, M. A. read a paper on 6th August in Bengali on the subject of the Four Schools of Vedic Interpretation. The essay was highly technical in character, but the essayist took care to explain the technical points in a *resume* which interested the audience very much. On 12th August again Prof. Gangadhar Banerji, M. A. read a paper on **আনন্দ** which was a popular exposition of the conception of *Ananda* in Indian philosophy. On both occasions the Principal presided.

The Professorial Sanctum—We understand that the Principal is taking active steps to carry into effect our proposal of having a sanctum for Professors in the form of a compartment in the Library Room.

বাজাল-বচনা

কবি : ৩ কল্পনা-জগৎ ।

কদি আমি গিরি কঙ্ক-ভুবনে খেলি',
নব নব নগরে আশ্রয় আশ্রয়ে কোণ !
পাতত গাহি' উচ্ছ্বাস-ছন্দ-হানে
পুনঃকৈ গিরি কঙ্ক আকর প্রাণে !
সলিলের ভরে টপা'য়ে উপল-রাশি
বার-বার-বারে নির্যাস নেমে আসি !
তটিনা সলিলে তাণে তালে আমি ছুটি
কাননে কাননে কুসুম হস্তেরা ফুটি !
রম্য নদুর নঙ্গ কৃষ্ণ-মাগে
হর্ষে বিভোর গিরি নব নব মাজে !
গোপনে পাশিয়া-কোকিল-কণ্ঠে থাকি'
'উচ্ছ্বাস-ভরে গাহি' অন্তর মাগি',
ভুবনে ঢালি যে সম্মিত-সুধা-ধার,
জগতে বহাই উল্লাস-পারাবার !
নবীন-মুকুল পুঙ্খিত তরু-শিরে,
জোছনা-ধৌত তটিনীর তীরে তীরে,
কুসুম-কাননে গন্ধ-পাগল-হিয়া
পবনে পবনে পড়ি আমি মুরছিয়া !
সুনীল-গগনে শুভ-জলদোপরি
আকুল জোছনা-আবেশে লুঠিয়া পড়ি !
পূর্ণিমা-রাতে আমি পূর্ণিমা-চাঁদ
ভুবনে ভুবনে পাতি' যে জোছনা-ফ
পাতার অড়ালে শুভ হাসিটি রাখি'
নিখিল-জনেই নীরব নয়নে ডাকি,
আকাশে বাতাসে শুনি' ইঙ্গিত মম
ছুটে আসে ধরা উতলা-আকুল-সম !

ধরণী আবারি' সন্ধ্যা-ধূসর-বাসে
 অঁধার যখন নীরবে নামিয়া আসে
 গগনের কোণে স্নিগ্ধ করুণ অঁখি
 সন্ধ্যা তারাটা নিয়ে চাহিয়া থাকি !
 মেঘশিরে বসি কবরী থসা'য়ে দিয়া
 রূপসী বরষা সজল-আকুল হিয়া,—
 ধরণীর তৃষা নিমেষে হরিয়া নিই.
 নবীন-শ্যামল ভূষণে সাজা'য়ে দিই !
 গগনে গগনে নব নব শত রূপে
 বিহার করিয়া ফিরি আমি চুপে চুপে !
 মত্ত অধীর নব-যৌবন-মদে
 ছালোকে ভুলোকে ফিরি চঞ্চল-পদে !
 ধরি যে শক্তি তুলনা নাহিক তা'র,
 স্বর্গে মর্ত্যে করি আমি একাকার !

শ্রীযুক্ত গণেশচন্দ্র রায় ।

প্রথমবার্ষিক শ্রেণী । রিপন কলেজ

কালীশের কপাল

(আনুপ্রাসিক প্রবন্ধ—‘ক,কার’ ।)

কলিকাতার কাছে কালীপুরের কৈলাস কাব্যতীর্থের কনিষ্ঠা কন্যা কামিনী । কালীশ কবিরাজ কামিনীর কাকা । কাকিমা কমলেশ্বরী । কপালবশে কালদোষে কালীশের কন্যায় কুম্ম ও কালী, কৈলাসকন্যা কন্দমা, কামিনী-জননী কোশলা কালকবলিতা । কামিনীকে কেহ কখন কটুকথা কহে না । কামিনীকে কোলে কঁকে করিয়া কালীশের কস্তাশোক কতক কমিয়াছে, ক্রমশঃ কমিতেছে । কামিনী কোমলস্বভাব, কমনীয়তায় কন্দর্প-কন্যা, কিস্করপ্রায় কাকার কণ্ঠে কাতরা কামিনীর কাজকর্মে, কথার কোশলে কস্তাশোক কখন কালীশকে কাতর করে নাই ; কথার কথায় কামিনী কালীশেরই কন্যা ।

কৈলাস কাব্যতীর্থ কলিকাতার কোনও কলেজে কাজ করেন । কালীশ কালীপুরে কোষ্ঠী করিয়া, কালী-কমলা-পার্বতীকপূজা করিয়া কিছু কিছু কামাই করেন । কামিনী কাকিমার কাছে কাজকর্ম করে, কাৰ্য্যান্তে কখন কখন কাকার কাছে কলাপ ৬৪ করে, কাঙ্ক্ষা-কাৰ্য্যাদিও করে ; কঠরবও কোমল, কর্তৃত্বপ্রিয় । কৈলাস ও কালীশের

কত কামনা ! কমনীয় কণা কণা কামিনীর কুলনে কাজ করিবেন, কান্তিকবরের করে কতাদান করিয়া, কামিনীর কণাপুঞ্জের কাতর কোমল ক্রন্দনে কর্ণপাত করিয়া কত কোতুক করিবেন । কতই কহিলেন, কতই কল্পনা করিলেন ! কিন্তু কৈ কাল কি কামনায় কর্ণপাত করিবে ? কে কহিবে কাল কাহার কেশাকর্ষণ করিবে ?

কলিকাতার কলেজস্কোয়ারে কৈলাসের কুটীর । কোনদিন কলেজের কার্যকালেই কৈলাসের কলেয়া । কলেজের কর্তৃপক্ষের কার্যমনোগত্রে কতক কমিল । কালীশ, কামিনী, কমলিনী কলিকাতায় । কিন্তু কমিলে কি হয়, কালের কে কি করিবে ? কান্তিকের কুড়িদিনে কৈলাস ক্রন্দনই কমন কাতরতর কোলাহল করিলেন । কত কস্তুরী, কত কি, কিছুতেই কিছু করিল না । কলেজকে, কলেজের কর্তৃপক্ষকে, কালীপুরকে, কালীশ কামিনী কমলিনীকে কাদাইয়া ‘কাল’ কৈলাসকে কবলিত করিল । কোথায় কৈলাস, কোথায় কাহার কামনা ! কৈলাস কাহাকেও কিছু কহিলেন না ।

কালীশেরই কষ্ট ! কি করিবেন,—কামিনী কিশোরী, কোথায় কাজ করিবেন ? কৈলাসের কার্যক্ষেত্রে কালীপুরে কালীশ কত কষ্টে কাল কাটাইতেছেন ! কামিনী কাতরা, কখন কখন কাদে ; কিন্তু কাকা কাকিমাকে কখন কাতর করে না । কালীশ কত কি করিতেছেন ! কখন কোথায় কি করেন কাহাকেও কহেন না । কামিনীর কাজের কথা কুটুম্বদের কত কহিলেন, কেহই কিছু কর্ণপাত করিল না । কালে কি না করে ? কবি কহিয়াছেন “কালস্ত কুটীলা গতি ।”

কত কষ্টে কালীশ কলিকাতারই কুমারটুলীতে কামিনীর কাজ করিতেছেন ! কমলিনী কেবলই কোথায় কুমুম-কালী, কদম্বা, কোথায় কে, কহিয়া কাদিতেন । কালীশ কিছু কর্জ করিয়া কামিনীর কার্য করিলেন, কিছুকাল কাতরতা কতক কমিল । কিন্তু কপালের, কন্দলের কে কি করিবে ? কামিনীর কষ্টের কপাল ; কোমলতা, কমনীয়তায় কি করিবে ? কুঁজী-ননদের কৈকেয়ীখণ্ডের কোন্দলে কৌশল্যাতনয়া কামিনীকে কতই কাদাইত । কামিনী কিন্তু কিছুকাল কাহাকেও কিছু কহিল না । ক্রন্দনই কোন্দল করিতেছে, কখন কখন কেহ কামিনীর কেশাকর্ষণ করিতেছে, কিন্তু ‘কাল’ নহে । কামিনী কি করিবে ? কাতর কাকা কাকিমাকে কিছু কহিয়া কাদাইল না । কিন্তু কোন্দল কলহ কমিল কি ? “কাল” ও করাল কটাক্ষপাত করিল । কিংকর্তব্যবিমূঢ় কামিনী কি করিল ? কাপড় কেরোসিনতৈলাক্ত করিয়া কায়াত্যাগ করিল ।

কাদ ! কালীশ, কমলিনী, কাদ ! কাদিবার কপাল করিয়াছিলে, কাদিয়াই কাল কাটাও !

শ্রীযুক্ত স্বধীরকুমার দাসগুপ্ত ।

* দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী । রিপন কলেজ ।

সুভদ্রা । *

কবি নবীনচন্দ্র জীবনের এক শুভমুহুর্তে অসামান্য প্রতিভাবলে বলীয়ান হইয়া ভারত-মহাকাব্য অবলম্বন পূর্বক “সুভদ্রা”-চরিত্র অঙ্কিত করিয়া গিয়াছেন। মহাভারতে সুভদ্রার জীবন-কাহিনী জানিবার অসম্ভব বোধ হয় বেশী গাওয়া যায় না, তবে কল্পনা-সাহায্যে কতকটা গড়িয়া লওয়া যায়। সুভদ্রার বৈবচক ও কুরুক্ষেত্রের সুভদ্রা-চরিত্র কবি নবীনচন্দ্রের অভিনব সৃষ্টি বলিবে বিশেষ অত্যাঙ্কিত হইবে না। এই চরিত্র-অঙ্কন করিতে গিয়া কবি স্থানে স্থানে বৈদেশিক নায়িকার আদর্শ গ্রহণ করিয়াছেন, ইহা যদি বলা যায়, তাহা হইলে বোধ হয় সত্যের অবন্যাস করা হইবে না। কিন্তু যেন কি অপূর্ণ নম্রশক্তিবলে কবি পূর্ণাঙ্গী কুরুক্ষেত্রের ভয়স্বপ্ন হইতে সেই চির-পুরাতনের স্মৃতিটুকু উদ্ধার করিয়া লইয়া, তাহাকে আবার নূন-চরিত্রা পরিণত, আমাদের শ্রামা বঙ্গজননী ক্রোড়ে এক অপরূপ মোহিনীমূর্তি স্থাপিত করিয়া দিয়াছেন। ইহা এদেশের প্রাচীন আদর্শের সহিত এমনি সুন্দর মিশিয়া গিয়াছে যে ইহার বৈদেশিক স্বাতন্ত্র্যটুকু সহজে বিশ্লেষণ করা যায় না। ভবিষ্যতের আদর্শ যাত্রাতে প্রাচীন ও বর্তমানের আদর্শ-সংশ্লিষ্ট গঠিত হয়, বোধ হয় ইহাই কবির অভিপ্রায় ও ইচ্ছিত।—এই আদর্শ আমাদের বর্তমান যুগের পক্ষে বা সমাজের পক্ষে ঠিক উপযোগী কি না তদ্বিষয়ে মতভেদ থাকিতে পারে। কিন্তু ইহা আগারমণী-চরিত্রের চিত্রাভাস্ত গণে বিচরণ করিয়াছে তদ্বিষয়ে সন্দেহ নাই।

বীরত্বে প্রদীপ্তা, দয়া ও করুণায় বিগনিতা, তেজেতে রঞ্জিতা, জ্ঞানে চির-প্রসন্ন ও শান্তস্বভাবা, প্রেমেতে প্রাবিতা, ভক্তিতে উচ্ছ্বসিতা, কক্ষে চিরদক্ষা অথচ “চির-উদাসিনী” ভদ্রা, তাগের (self-sacrifice) ও প্রাণের অনাবিল নিঃসরণী হায় গীতা-প্রচারিত নিষ্কাম-ধর্মের জীবন্ত প্রতিমাস্বরূপিনী। অথ ভক্তি-প্রণয়-চিত্তে আমি এই গরীয়সী দেবী প্রতিমার নিকটে যে সনাতনোচিত-যুগ আনিতে সমুৎসুক হইয়াছি তাহার কারণ এই যে, আশা করি আমাদের কোন বোগ্যের স্মরণে চিত্তবিরত এই মনোরম নারী-চরিত্রের সম্যক চিত্রাঙ্কন করিতে সমর্থ হইবেন। আমার ক্রটির সীমা নাই তাহা আমি জানি; “বামনের ঐদ পরা লাভ উপহাস” এহাও জানি—কিন্তু তাহাতে আমার দুঃখ নাই, কারণ এবধি বিধৎ সমাজে এই আলোচন্যর অবতারণা-টুকু করাই আমার মুখ্য উদ্দেশ্য। সিদ্ধির প্রতি আমার লক্ষ্য নাই।—

* এই প্রবন্ধটি রিপন মজুমদারের অধ্যাপক দায়ের অবসরকালে উপলক্ষে গঠিত হয় এবং তাহার সাহিত্যরচনা পরমশ্রদ্ধাপাশে জড়িত রা.মজুমদারের ত্রিবেদী মহাশয় সঙ্গীত ছিলেন।—বহুপূর্বে (বোধহয় ১৯১০ সালে) লাহোরে বাঙ্গালী ব্যাংকের রায়চন্দ্রকর অধিবেশনে ইহা প্রথম পঠিত হয়। পঞ্চাব চিফ কোর্টের অজ্ঞতম বিচারক মাননীয় দারাপ, সি, চাঁটার্জি মহোদয় তথায় সভাপতি ছিলেন।

ভারত মহা-সমুদ্রের অন্তঃস্থল হইতে ডুবুরির ত্রায় বহুযত্নে কবি নানাবিধ মরকত-মণি-মুক্তা প্রভৃতি উত্তোলন করিয়া বঙ্গসাহিত্য-ভাণ্ডারকে সাজাইয়া গিয়াছেন। অতীত কাল-সাগরে ডুবিয়া তিনি যে “মোতিনী-প্রতিমা” উদ্ধার করিয়াছেন, মনে হয় তাহার নিখল-জ্যোতি বর্তমানের তমসা ভেদ করিয়া ভবিষ্যতে বঙ্গরমণীর জীবন-তরীকে জাতীয়-জীবনের গন্তব্য-পথ প্রদর্শন করিবে। কেহ বেন এ কথায় একপ মনে না করেন যে গ্রামে গ্রামে, পথে পথে এই ধরণের নান্দিকার সৃষ্টি হউক এমন আকাঙ্ক্ষা আমি করিতেছি। অথবা তাহা যদি বা করি, প্রাকৃতিক নিয়মে তাহা কখন সম্ভব হইবে না। জল সহজে নিয়গামী, কিন্তু তাহাকে উচ্চে তুলিতে গেলে বিশেষ যত্ন ও কৌশল অবলম্বন করিতে হয়। সেইরূপ একপ মহৎ-আদর্শে নিজ নিজ চরিত্র গঠিত করা বঙ্গের প্রত্যেক নারীর পক্ষে কখন সম্ভব হইতে পারে না। তবে তাঁহারা যদি এই চরিত্র-গৌরবে মুগ্ধ হন বা ইহার সৌন্দর্য্যে আকৃষ্ট হন, তাহা হইলেই যথেষ্ট মনে করিব।

আমাদের দেশে Raphael-প্রমুখ প্রতিভাবিত চিত্রকরের অভাবে অনেক সময় কাব্য-সৌন্দর্য্যের সম্যক উপভোগ হয় না। চিত্রশিল্পের দিকে বাঙ্গালীর দৃষ্টি অধুনা আকর্ষিত হইয়াছে—ইহা একটা বিশেষ শুভদক্ষণ বলিয়া মনে হয়। রৈবতকের দ্বিতীয় সর্গে কবি কু নিপুণতার সহিত প্রাকৃতিক সৌন্দর্য্য লীলাভূমির মধ্যে তাঁহার নান্দিক-নান্দিকার প্রথম পরিচয় করাইয়া দিয়াছেন। ইচ্ছা হয়, তাহার একটা আলোচ্য আপনাদের সমক্ষে ধারণ করি, তদুভাবে এই কয় লাইন উদ্ধৃত করিলাম।

বহুতীর্থ পর্য্যটন করিয়া বীরবর অজুন বাসাস্রমে আসিয়াছেন—

“ভারতের তপোবন ছিদ্র একদিন
কড়ি পূর্ণ জগতের শান্তির নিবাস !
সংসার সমুদ্রে তীর ! আকাঙ্ক্ষা-লহরী
অনন্ত, অসংখ্য, নাহি প্রবেশে তেথায় !
নাহি তেথা স্তম্ভে ছুৎ, শান্তিতে বিষাদ,
প্রেমেতে স্বর্ণের ছায়া, দারিদ্র্যে দাহন।

• নারব নিজ্জন

এই তপোবন হতে যখন যে জ্যোতি,
পার্শ্ব ! হয় বিনির্গত, সমস্ত ভারত
দীপ দেয় তাহে, ক্ষুণ্ণ পতঙ্গের মত।

লেখ ভারত-যাত্রাত মহাযোগেশ্বরে—

মহর্ষি বসিদ্ধা যথা সাধ্যাক্ষে প্রভাতে,
নন্ত সমুদ্রশোভা দেখিতে দেখিতে
জলন্ত স্রাবের দিক্ত বয়েন মনন।”

যেখানে নানাজাতীয় পশুপক্ষী আশ্রম-মাঠাওয়া নিজ নিজ পশু প্রকৃতি ভুলিয়া নির্ভয়ে বিচরণ করিতেছে * এবং পখিকের প্রতি গ্রীবা হেলাইয়া প্রীতিপূর্ণ নেত্রে চাহিয়া রহিয়াছে, যেখানে শুকুমার ঋষিশিশুগণ নানা-জলচর-সহ কত আনন্দে খেলা করিতেছে, যেখানে পুষ্পবনে পুষ্পময়ী ঋষিকন্তাগণ—“ততোদিক মনোহরা”—বক্সে আবৃত হইয়া কেহ ফুল তুলিতেছে, কেহ মালা গাথিতেছে, কেহ বা পুষ্প-মূলে জল-শেচন করিতেছে,

“———কেহ বা কেমন
সরল নয়নে দেখ, রয়েছে চাহিয়া
আমাদের মুখপানে, কি দৃষ্টি ঐ তল।
পূর্ণিমা-গগন যেন চেয়ে দরাতল।”

যেখানে প্রাঙ্গণের কোণে কোণে ঋষি-পত্নীগণ নানা কার্যে ব্যাপ্তা, যেখানে স্থানে স্থানে তরুতলে ঋষিগণ কেহ ধ্যান-মগ্ন, কেহ বা স্নানোত্ত শাশ্বতলাপে কাল অতিবাহিত করিতেছেন, সেইখানে, সেই মনোরম স্থানে, বীরশ্রেষ্ঠ অজ্ঞান ব্রহ্মচারী বেশে বাণিত-হৃদয়ে উপনীত হইয়াছেন।

আশ্রমের সরল শিশুগণ শ্রীকৃষ্ণজ্ঞানকে দেখিতে পাইয়া আশ্চর্যে আশ্রম মনে কত ব্যাখ্যা করিতেছে। একটা পিতৃমাতৃহীন বালিকা অজ্ঞানের গলা জড়াইয়া ধরিয়া স্নতদ্রার প্রথম পরিচয় যাহা দিতেছে, তাহা বড় স্বাভাবিক, স্নন্দর ও সরলতাপূর্ণ, যথা—

“দেখ, স্নতদ্রা জননী—
কেমন স্নন্দর বস্ত্র, কুণ্ডল, বলয়
দিয়াছেন;—‘আমার যে নাহি পিতামহ।’”

শেষোক্ত লাইনের সাক্ষর ভাবার মধ্যে বেদনার যে মর্ম্মহৃদ বাক্যের ও কৃতজ্ঞ-হৃদয়ের যে প্রতিধ্বনি শুনিতে পাই, তাহাতে স্বভাবতঃই সেই নিরাশ্রয়া বালিকার অল্পগ্রহ-কারিণী রমণীর প্রতি আমাদের হৃদয় আবৃত্ত না হইয়া যায় না। তাঁহাকে সহসা যেন কত আপনার লোক বলিয়া মনে হয়। স্নতরাং এই রমণী যন্ত্রকে অজ্ঞানের অল্পসন্ধিৎসা—সহসা বুদ্ধি পাইবে তাহার আর বিচিত্রতা কি? সরলা বালিকার মুখে জননীতুল্যা স্নতদ্রার স্নেহের পরিচয় পাইয়া বীর-হৃদয় দ্রবীভূত হইতেই পারে। সহসা তাঁহার বেদনা-বিধুর চিত্তে সমবেদনার স্নিগ্ধ ধারা অলক্ষিতে ছুটিতে লাগিল। নৃশংস বৃত্তির অল্পসরণ করিতে গিয়া হয়তঃ তিনিও একটা বালকের ঐরূপ দশা বর্ণিয়াছেন অরণ

* Indian “Kultur” বা আর্থ-সভ্যতার শিক্ষা ও দীক্ষার এইরূপ প্রতি। হার! German Kultur যদি সংস্কৃত-সাহিত্যের ভিতরে লেশ কণ্ঠিত পারিত, তাহা হইল আজ কথিত-বহুদর্শী হইতে অগণিত মরনারীর আত্মনাশ ভগবৎ-চরণে অহোরহঃ বোধহয় পোষিত না।

করিয়া আয়তন উপস্থিত হইল, এবং সুভদ্রার এই চরিত-মাধুরী তাঁহার অবশ্য-প্রোতব্য বিষয় বলিয়া মনে হইল। সেই জন্ত বন্ধুবর শ্রীকৃষ্ণকে চিহ্নিত করিলেন—“কে সেই সুভদ্রা ?”

শ্রীকৃষ্ণ তৎক্ষণে বলিলেন :—

“সাবনের সুছোদরা,
প্রাণের অধিক আমি ভালবাসি তারে।
স্নেহে ভরা মুখ
তার, স্নেহে ভরা বুক ; স্নেহ-সুধারামি
ভদ্রার স্নেহে তাগে পড়ে ছড়াইয়া।
পরিবাসে, পরিচিত, সবত্র সমান
পালিত বনের পশু, বিহঙ্গ-নিচয়,
উদ্যানে—কস্মিনে—সদা সেই স্নেহামৃত
ববসে আমার ভদ্রা অজস্র পারায়।
সেই থানে যোগী, শোকী, ভদ্রা সেইখানে
মুহুর্তি শান্তিরূপা। অশ্রু সেই থানে
সেখানে ভদ্রার কর। যেখানে শুক্ল
পুষ্পবৃক্ষ পুষ্পলতা, আছে সেই থানে
সলিল-রূপিনী ভদ্রা। ডাকিছে যেখানে
অনাহারে পশু, পক্ষী, দরিদ্র, ভিক্ষুক,
সেই থানে অগ্নিপূর্ণী সুভদ্রা আমার।
যথায় পুষ্পিত তরু, বল্লরী উদ্যানে,
প্রকৃতির উপাসিকা সুভদ্রা তথায়।”

যিনি ভবিষ্য-কালে ভারত-সম্রাজ্ঞীর পদমৰ্য্যাদার অধিকার পাইবার জন্ত স্রষ্টা হইয়াছিলেন, তাঁহার হৃদয় করুণার চির-প্রস্রবণ না হইলে চলিবে কেন ? দরিদ্র, নিরাশ্রয়, আতুর অসংখ্য প্রজাবৃন্দ ভারত-সম্রাজ্ঞীকে যে “জননী” বলিয়া ডাকিত—তিনি এই সকল মধুর-গুণ-নিচয়ের আধার যদি না হইতেন, তাহা হইলে উহা কেবল “কথার কথা” থাকিয়া যাইত। এই মাতৃত্বের পূর্ণ বিকাশ ভদ্রা-জীবনে কবি নিপুণ ভাবে দেখাইবার অবসর দিয়াছেন—আমরা ক্রমশঃ তাহা উপলব্ধি করিব।

(ক্রমশঃ)

শ্রীযুক্ত সুরেন্দ্রনাথ বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, এম্. এ ।

সাহিত্য ও সমাজ।

পরিবর্তনই সংসারের নিয়ম। পুরাতনের জীর্ণ কঙ্কাল ভাঙ্গিয়া গিয়া নবীনের সরসতা ফুটিয়া উঠিতেছে। কিছুই এ জগতে ধ্বংস হয় না—পরিবর্তন হয় মাত্র। জড়-জগতে এই পরিবর্তন আমরা সকলেই লক্ষ্য করি। প্রাণী জগতের পরিবর্তন আরও সুস্বরূপে আমাদের দৃষ্টিপথে পতিত হয়। এই পরিবর্তনশীল সংসারের অন্তরালে ধীরে ধীরে যে মানবভাবরাশি সজীব হইয়া, সতেজ হইয়া, পূর্ণ হইতে পূর্ণতর হইয়া ফুটিয়া উঠে তাহাই মানব-সাহিত্যের প্রতিষ্ঠা।

সমাজের পরিবর্তন প্রতিমূহুর্তেই হইতেছে। এই পরিবর্তনের সহিত সামঞ্জস্য রক্ষা করিয়া সাহিত্য গড়িয়া উঠিতেছে। পরিবর্তনের অনন্তস্রোতে চাপা পড়িয়া সমাজ বিকাশের বিভিন্ন অবস্থাগুলি লুপ্ত হইয়া যায়। আমরা প্রাচীন সমাজের সহিত বর্তমান সমাজের তুলনা করিলেই ইহা স্পষ্ট দেখিতে পাইব। সাহিত্য এই বিভিন্ন অবস্থাকে সরস করিয়া সজীব করিয়া যুগযুগান্তরের জন্য বাঁচাইয়া রাখে। ভারতসভ্যতার প্রথম ভূপোকনের প্রথম সমাজবন্ধন কতদিন অন্তরিত হইয়া গিয়াছে, এত কালের ব্যবধানের মধ্যে কত যুগের সামর্থ্য মিলাইয়া গিয়াছে, তাহাদের কিছুইত সাক্ষ্য দিতে নাই। আছে সেই বৈদিক সাহিত্য—প্রথম প্রভাতের প্রধান স্মৃতি বক্ষে ধারণ করিয়া! সেই ধ্বনির মধ্যে এতদিন পরেও আমরা আদিম সভ্যতার মাধুর্য্য অনুভব করি। মানব-চিন্তার ক্রমবিকাশ মানব-সমাজের ক্রমপরিবর্তনের সঙ্গেই হইয়াছে। আর এই চিন্তার ক্রমবিকাশই সাহিত্য-বৈচিত্র্যের প্রতিষ্ঠা করিয়াছে। যদি জগতে সাহিত্য না থাকিত তবে আজ আমরা চেষ্টা করিয়াও এই ক্রমবিকাশের অর্থৎ সামাজিক ক্রমবিকাশের ধারা খুঁজিয়া পাইতাম না। আর সামাজিক পরিবর্তন না হইলে সাহিত্য বৈচিত্র্যের মধ্যে আপন ঐক্য বজায় রাখিতে পারিত না সন্দেহ।

সাহিত্য যদি শুধু সামাজিক অবস্থা ও ভাবের প্রতিবিম্ব মাত্র হয় তবে সে সাহিত্য বিশ্ব-সাহিত্যের দরবারে স্থান পাইবার যোগ্য নয়। বর্তমানকে সে ত প্রতিকলিত করিবেই, ভবিষ্যৎও তাহার বক্ষে ফুটিয়া উঠিবে। বর্তমান সমাজ যেমন সমসাময়িক সাহিত্যের উপর প্রভাব বিস্তার করে, সমসাময়িক সাহিত্যও তেমনি সমাজকে ভবিষ্যতের পরিবর্তন ও পরিবর্তনের জন্য সংক্রামিত করে। ভুলটোয়ার ও রুসো যে সাহিত্যের স্রষ্টা করিয়াছিলেন তাহা শুধু সমসাময়িক চিন্তার আদর্শের জ্ঞাপক নহে, ভবিষ্যদ্বাণীর বজ্রগম্ভীর নিনাদ। এই জন্য সাহিত্যজগতের সর্বার্থিগণের সাধনায় আমরা ভবিষ্যদ্নিরূপে প্রয়াস দেখিতে পাই।

ভাষা মরিয়া যায় কিন্তু ভাব চিরকাল বাঁচিয়া থাকে। সংস্কৃত, গ্রীক ও লাতিনে

আর কেহ কথা কহে না, কিন্তু তাই বলিয়া এই সমস্ত প্রাচীন ভাষা যে নিগূঢ় ভাব সকল বহন করিয়া আনিয়াছে তাহা দেশ হইতে দেশান্তরে, ভাষা হইতে ভাষান্তরে ছড়াইয়া পড়িতে বিলম্ব হইতেছে না । এই ভাবরাশি মানব চিন্তার ক্রমবিকাশের ফল, ইহাকে ত্যাগ করিয়া সাহিত্য এক মূর্ত্তও বাঁচিয়া থাকিতে পারেনা ।

এক্ষণে আমরা বঙ্গসাহিত্যের দিক হইতে বঙ্গীয়সমাজ দেখিব ও বঙ্গীয়সমাজের দিক হইতে বঙ্গসাহিত্য দেখিব । • এই দুইএর একতায় যে মহাজাতি জন্মলাভ করিয়াছে তাঁহারা বাঙ্গালী বলিয়া গৌরবান্বিত ।

বঙ্গদেশের প্রত্যেক যুগের সামাজিক পরিবর্তন আমরা বঙ্গসাহিত্যের বিকাশের মধ্যে দেখিতে পাই । যে বৌদ্ধ যুগের স্তম্ভ চিত্র চট্টগ্রাম বাতীত বাঙ্গালা দেশের আর কোথাও দৃষ্ট হয় না, তাহার চিত্র বঙ্গসাহিত্যে বিরল নহে । কেমন করিয়া ‘মঙ্গল’ বৌদ্ধগণ ক্রমে ক্রমে হিন্দুত্বের ক্রম বিকাশের মধ্যে আপনাদিগকে হারাইয়া ফেলিল তাহারও দৃষ্টান্ত প্রাচীন বঙ্গসাহিত্যে দৃষ্ট হয় । তাহার পর যখন বঙ্গসমাজের ভাবগঙ্গায় বৈষ্ণব-প্রেমের বান উঁকিল তখন বঙ্গসাহিত্য সে প্রেমে এতটা অভিভূত হইয়া পড়িয়াছিল যে আজও তাহার প্রভাব অতিক্রম করিতে পারে নাই । পাশ্চাত্য সভ্যতার প্রথম সংঘাতে বঙ্গীয়সমাজ যে সাড়া দিল তাহা আমরা মহাত্মা রাজা রামমোহনের সাহিত্য-সাধনায় দেখিতে পাই । বঙ্গীয়সমাজ পাশ্চাত্য-মোহে কতটা অভিভূত হইয়াছিল তাহাও সে কালের ও পরবর্তী সময়ের মনীষিবৃন্দের কার্যকলাপ ও মতামতের মধ্যে সজীব হইয়া রহিয়াছে । স্বাদেশিকতার যুগে এই সকল বিভিন্নমুখী ধারার সমন্বয় হইয়াছে । এই যুগে আমরা রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঙ্গেজুলাল সকলকে একই ভাবে অনুপ্রাণিত দেখিতে পাইতেছি । দেশবাসী সকলে যাহা চাহিতেছিল তাঁহাদের ভাষায় তাহা ফুটিয়া উঠিয়াছে । ‘বাঙ্গালার মাটি’ বাঙ্গালী ভাল বাসিতে চাহিয়াছিল, তবে রবীন্দ্রনাথ বাঙ্গালার মাটি গাহিয়াছেন, দেশকে লইয়া বাঙ্গালী গৌরব করিতে চাহিয়াছিল, তাই ‘আমার দেশ’ রচিত হইয়াছে ।

সমাজে যখন দুর্দ্দিন আসে তখন জাতি একবার অতীতের পানে তাকাইয়া লয় । তাহার সাহিত্যের মধ্যদিয়া সে অতীত উন্নতির ছায়াপথের গুল আলোক দেখিতে পায় । জন্মান জাতি জাতীয় দুর্দ্দিনে এমন করিয়া অতীত ইতিহাসের পাতা উন্টাইয়া স্বাধীন গৌরব লক্ষ্য করিয়াছিল । এমন করিয়া জাতি মাত্রেই দেখিয়া লয় । প্রাণহীন সাহিত্য অবাস্তবিকের আশ্রয়ে বেশী দিন বাঁচিতে পারেনা । প্রাণবান্ সাহিত্য চিরকালের জ্ঞানমানবেতিহাসে জাগ্রত থাকে, সমাজের দুর্দ্দিন তাহার দেহে প্রাণের সঞ্চায় করে ।

জ্যৈষ্ঠ অনাথবন্ধু দত্ত ।

চতুর্থ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী । রিপন কলেজ ।

বর্ষা-মুখর শ্রাবণ-সাঁজে,
 ভুবন ভরিয়া বিরহ বাজে,
 উঠে কল্লোলি' বাথা কানন-মাঝে,—
 বরষা নামিল আজ ।
 মোর সকল ব্যথার মাঝারে এসে
 দাড়াও হে রাজ-রাজ !

• ১

ছায়ায় শিরে জলদ-জটা,
 উড়ায় বঙ্কা-উত্তরীয়,
 হানিয়ে বজ্র বিরাট শূল
 গঞ্জে রুদ্ধ অর্চনীয় ।
 শোভে বারি-ধারা যেন হাড়-মালা,
 নয়ন আলোক যেন গো চপলা,
 স্রষ্টি পালিতে বৃষ্টিরূপে যেন ।
 বর্ষা নামিল আজ !
 মোর হৃদয়-রাজ্যে প্রেমময় রূপে
 বিরাজ হে মহারাজ !

সলিল-সিক্ত নীবিড় কুঞ্জে
 ফুটিল যুথিকা রাশি,
 নিভৃত মন্ডে উঠিল জাগিয়া
 সুপ্ত বেদনা, হাসি !
 হৃদয়ের যত গোপন গীতি,
 ধ্বনিল মুগ্ধ শ্রাবণ-রাতি,
 লভিল প্রাণ-পুঞ্জ অশ্রু
 বর্ষা নামিল আজ ।
 মোর সকল গর্ব হরিয়া আজিকে
 এলো রাজ-অধিরাজ !

শ্রীননী গোপাল ঘোষ ।

(রিপন কলেজের ভূতপূর্ব ছাত্র ।)



Ripon College Athletic Club. 1915.

(President Hon'ble Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee.)

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1. .

OCTOBER, 1915.

No. 2.

College Notes and Observations

This number of the Magazine comes out on the eve of the Pujah holidays and adds one more item of joy to the general hilarity of the season. The Pujahs are hailed in joyful anticipation by the Hindu student not only as a welcome relief from routine, but also as the national festival of Bengal. Most of our students and Professors, we dare say, will take this opportunity to leave the dust and turmoil of the city for the rural 'haunts of ancient peace', and there will soon come an ebb in our city's roaring life. The Pujah break-up and the general exodus of students and teachers into villages seem to us to offer a splendid opportunity for a kind of work which, though not strictly included in our University programme, is yet intimately connected with it. The holidays are regarded as days of rest and idling, and our students could certainly put forward better and more convincing arguments for idling, specially during holidays, than the author of *Virginibus Puerisque* ever did in his *Apology for Idlers*. Many would fain turn 'compleat anglers' with Izaak Walton; others would spend all their time like Milton's *L'Allegro* in

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,

* * *

Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.'

Others would as surely drift towards Thomson's Castle of Indolence. But though the convincing force of the good old saying, 'All work and no play makes Jack a bad boy' is quite irresistible, we have never been able to strike any hard and fast dividing-line between work and play, for it seems to us that the one may easily shade off into the other. We therefore suggest a refreshing and a very useful kind of work for the student who goes into the village during the ensuing holidays—to start schools on a small scale for the free instruction and primary education of little boys who belong to the depressed classes of our society. Since the late lamented Mr. Gokhale introduced the Free Primary Education Bill in the Imperial Legislative Council, a movement in this direction has been set on foot in our country and to-day no one doubts the wisdom of the measure that Mr. Gokhale proposed. Though

Mr. Gokhale's ideas went a-begging in the Legislative Council, they have found warm acceptance in the country, and could not our students help a little towards the realisation of Mr. Gokhale's ideas? We have a few schools already working in Calcutta for the free primary education of ragged boys, and such schools ought to be started in every part of our country and it is a work which specially behoves our students to take up and carry on.

* * * *

The Professors' Union and the Students' Union of our College have shown a remarkable degree of activity since the beginning of the present session. A meeting of the Professors' Union was held on 26th August under the presidency of Principal Trivedi at which Prof. Someswar Mukerji, M.A. read a paper on *The Function of Poetry*. This paper is published in the present number of the Magazine. The reports of the three Sections of the Ripon College Union are given below :

Literary Section—The first meeting of this section in the session 1915-16, came off on Friday, the 3rd Sept., under the presidency of Prof. A. N. Mukherjee, M.A., B.L. The meeting was not so largely attended as expected. The Secretary, Badarika Nath Bhattacharyya, first accorded a hearty welcome to the students and craved their co-operation and sympathy for the furtherance of the cause of this section of the Union. He then read an interesting essay on 'The Dual Self of Man.' An animated debate ensued. Messrs. Nurul-Islam Choudhury, Jitendra Nath Ray, Anath Bandhu Dutta and Rajkumar Chakravarty expressed their views on the subject which were all in support of the essayist. Then an interesting and erudite speech from the president clinched the discussion. With a hearty vote of thanks to the chair, the meeting separated.

BADARIKA NATH BHATTACHARYYA,
Secretary.

Dramatic Section—A meeting of the Dramatic Section was held on the 21st August last under the presidency of our popular Professor, Mr. Atindra Nath Mukherji. Professor Someswar Mukherji also was present at the meeting which was fairly attended. It was at first suggested that there should be no dramatic representation this year in view of the dire calamity that has befallen our fellow-countrymen in East Bengal and that all subscriptions which would have been realised for holding the performance should be directed to the Famine Relief Fund which has been started in our College since the very beginning of the session under the direction of Professor Kiran Kumar Bose. But the majority of the students were for holding a dramatic representation in aid of the Famine Relief Fund with a view to keeping up the prestige and showing due regard to the time-honoured custom of this College. This proposal was unanimously carried. But the Principal has requested the students to drop it this year. It would not, we are sure, throw a damper on the future activities of the members of the Dramatic Union.

ABINASH CHANDRA PAUL,
LALIT MOHAN RAY,
Secretaries.

Athletic Section.—At the annual general meeting of the Ripon College Union the following were elected members of the Executive Committee:—

Mr. Bankim Chandra Bose	(4th year 'A')
Promotha Nath Bose	(" 'B')
Abinash Chandra Pal	(" 'C')
Nirendra Lal Ray	(3rd year 'A')
Samanta Kumar Ghose	(" 'B')
Sirish Chandra Ghose	(2nd year 'A')
Gopalhari Sen Gupta	(" 'B')
Kinnud Bandhu Dutta	(" 'C')
Nagendra Nath Gupta	(1st year 'A')
Sukumar Ghose	(" 'B')
Makhan Lal Bose	(" 'C')

In addition to the above eleven members, the Captain and the Secretaries are also *ex-officio* members of the Committee.

We had a brilliant foot ball season this year. The number of matches played outnumbered those played during the previous sessions. The results of the matches on the whole are satisfactory.

The College F. C. in all entered seven competitions. They were, *viz.*, Elliot Challenge Shield, Hardinge Birthday Shield, Indian Daily News Cup, Bankim Challenge Shield, Vivekananda Cup, Lakshminilas Shield, and Banerjee Fancy Cup. Our 'B' team entered the last three competitions. Out of 23 matches which were played this year, we won 7, drew 9 and lost 7.

The Executive Committee met ten times during this season to discuss various matters and questions concerning our Athletic grievances. The question of a play-ground often led to hot discussions. The play-ground is an urgent need for our club. In a fairly attended meeting, it was unanimously settled to approach the Chairman of Calcutta Corporation for a share of dates in Marcus Square with a strong recommendation from the Hon'ble Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee, President of our Union.

We had two friendly matches during this season—one with Campbell Medical F. C., the other with City College F. C.

The Ripon College eleven were invited to play a friendly foot-ball match by the Krishna Nath College Athletic Club. The team under the leadership of Prof. Somshekar Mukerjee left Calcutta on the evening of September 25, for Berhampore. The first match was played on the 26th *ultimo*, when our College Team lost by a goal due to a 'penalty.' In the return match our boys showed great spirits and the game throughout was an exciting one. Ultimately the Ripon College Team won by a goal to love. The team then left Berhampore. We hereby convey our best thanks to the K. N. C. Athletic Club for the hospitality shown to us.

ANANTH BANDHU DUTTA,
KHAGENDRA NATH SARKAR,
Secretaries.

The following representatives were elected to the College Union and other Societies from the Third Year B.Sc. Class:—

Jyotish Chandra Basu (*Magazine Committee*).
Upendra Nath Banerji (*Literary Section*).
Sankarnath Datta (*Dramatic Section*).
Ananta Kumar Mukerji (*Athletic Section*).
Amulya Charan Sen-Gupta (*Discipline Committee*).

We have much pleasure in publishing below a report on the Students' Messes attached to Ripon College, kindly supplied to us by Rajkumar Chakravarty of the Fourth Year Class:—

"Like other colleges, we regret to note, we have no College Hostel in the common acceptation of the word. We have, however, six Recognised University Messes attached to our College, accommodating no less than 232 students who are mostly Mafussilites. The mess at 60, Mirzapur Street accommodates 67 boarders; at 41, Mirzapur 46; at 127 A, Bowbazaar Street 45; at 14, Harrison Road 36; at 105, Baitakkhana Road (Mohammedan mess) 22; and at 269, Harrison Road 16 boarders. The grouping of our resident boys in such different centres has put us to some disadvantage in fostering a healthy corporate life which it has been always our aim to do. This grievance we hope to remove soon by the erection of a big College Hostel accommodating a large number of students which is now in the way of construction just to the north of our College buildings. In this connection we desire to accord our most hearty thanks to Government for its kind donation of Rs. 20,000 for the purpose.

Some of our messes however have all the paraphernalia of a Hostel. The one at 60, Mirzapur Street at the old College buildings, with its big well-ventilated premises and nice court-yard serving the purpose of a small play-ground, may almost be termed a hostel in the modern sense of the word. In consequence of the long lease of the house, the building has become a part and parcel of the Ripon College for a quarter of a century. Hence the fond epithet of a Hostel is sometimes applied to it. Unlike other college messes in Calcutta, it has a Common Room, maintained chiefly by a small compulsory subscription from the students, both annual and monthly, and provided with many of the best periodicals of the day. Among the dailies, *The Bengalee*, *The Statesman*, *The A. B. Patrika* and *Nayak* are subscribed. Many periodicals, viz., *The Indian Review*, *The Modern Review*, *The Hindu Patriot*, प्रवासी, भारतवर्ष, मानसी, मर्मदायी, नारायण, सुप्रभात, विज्ञा, are also kept, some being kindly supplied by our boarders and ex boarders and the rest being subscribed from our Common Room Fund. There are a good many college magazines besides.

The Hostel Literary Club which meets every Sunday at noon in the Common Room, generally for debate, has on record seven sittings by this time in the session. The following subjects were discussed:—(1) Choice of a Profession in these days (2) Female Education (3) Early Marriage (4) Caste-system (5) Oriental and Occidental Education (6) Is Luxury Justified? Under the auspices of our Literary Club another meeting was held on the 4th of August last to pray for the success of the allies in the present War. The Hostel Magazine, कविता, in which contributions from the boarders are published, though all written by hand, is another pleasant feature of our mess-life and is a sign of our healthy literary activities. We are glad to note that the magazine has entered on the third year of its existence this session.

In their zeal for literature, our boarders have not however been forgetful of their athletic interests. There are arrangements for Football and Badminton in our Hostel. But for the want of a play-ground, which our Collège has none, we might have brought up some good foot-ballers from among the boarders. The boarders however played two Football matches, one with the Deaf and Dumb School F. C., ending in a draw of one to one, and the other between Second Year Students and others of the Hostel resulting in a victory for the former by one goal to nil.

∴ The success of these various activities, literary and athletic, is

largely due to the efforts of Sj. Dharendra Prosad Singha, Secretary of the Common Room, Sj. Prokas Ch. Chowdhury, Secretary of the Literary Club, Sj. Bikesh Lobhan Sen, Editor of the *Kantika*, Sj. Akshay Kr. Kundu, Secretary of the Athletic Club and lastly, Sj. Raj Kumar Chakravarti, the Ex-secretary of the Common Room, the Literary Club and the Magazine."

* * * * *

The new volumes in the College Library will naturally attract the attention of students by the glossy freshness of their bindings as well as by their intrinsic readable quality. The arrangement and cataloguing of these new books which have been ordered out of England is going forward vigorously and we have no doubt that students will not be slow to utilize them. Among these new acquisitions, the set of War-books, of which we have now about thirty, is an item of interest. These War-books, great and small, all bear on the various aspects of the War and they will amply meet the student's desire to know something about the great struggle that is going forward in Europe and the nations engaged therein. To those who have not the time and energy to read the bigger volumes, we recommend Mr. Redmond Howard's *The Nations of the War Series* which contains popular, comprehensive and up-to-date accounts in cheap and concise handbooks of the great belligerent powers of Europe and Asia. Some books of this series are reviewed in the present number of the Magazine. Our Laboratories too have gained fresh accessions of strength, and in spite of the War, we were fortunate enough to get from British firms Physical Apparatus of the value of over Rs. 3,300 from the beginning of session up to date. We could thus go on with our Practical B. Sc. classes without any let or hindrance. We expect further consignments during the next few months. A healthy development of the Science Department of the College has been the growing desire among science students to have a Science Union of their own. The students approached for this purpose Prof. N. N. Dey of the Science Department who has earnestly taken the project in hand and has been settling details of the proposed scheme in consultation with Principal Trivedi who is the Senior Professor of Physical Science. Popular scientific lectures by Professors illustrated with lantern slides would, according to Prof. Dey's scheme, form an important part of the work of the Union. Our science students with Profs. S. N. Banerji and U. Bajpay visited the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works at 90, Manicktollah Main Road on 30th September. They were received with great cordiality by Mr. S.C. Das-Gupta, the Factory Superintendent, and his staff. We offer our sincerest thanks to these gentlemen for their cordial reception of our students and for the facilities afforded to them for seeing the works thoroughly.

* * * * *

A strong and lovable soul who was long associated with Ripon College was late lamented Prof. Khetra Mohun Banerji. The older students of the College have known him and some of them have had the privilege of sitting at his feet, and they remember how his presence among us served to diffuse a glow of sweetness and light. The tragic suddenness with which he was called away from our midst has served only to intensify in our minds the blessed memory of this silent worker and genial soul. About the beginning of session 1914-15, a crowded meeting of students and Professors was held in the College Common Room under the presidency of Mr. Surendranath Banerji, to mourn his untimely death and raise a suitable memorial to him. It was

1

decided to have an oil-painting of the illustrious deceased and to publish at the expense of his loving friends and students a collection of his philosophical writings, called *Abhayar Katha*. The oil-painting was executed within a short time after the said condolence meeting and *Abhayar Katha* is coming out of the press shortly just on the eve of this Puja Vacation. The book is a popular exposition of the philosophy of *Vedanta* and *Vaisnavism*, in which Prof. Banerji had got keenly interested shortly before his death.

* * * * *

The Magazine gains steadily in popularity with our students and Professors and the enthusiasm which the issue of our first number has evoked shows no symptom of abatement. We are glad to notice that in the reviews that have appeared of our Magazine in the periodical press, the note of praise is distinctly struck. *The Bengalee* published one of the articles that appeared in our last number. We have also received several College Magazines of Calcutta and Muffasil in exchange, and we take this opportunity of repeating that one of the aims of our Magazine is to foster a spirit of intellectual fellowship among the colleges and academics of Bengal. The editors boasted in the last number of the Magazine that they had no apprehension of any paucity of contributions and their boast has been entirely justified by the great number of articles that they had to edit for the present number. They had to choose with great care and discrimination out of 56 English prose articles (8 by Professors), 23 Bengali prose articles (2 by Professors), and 75 poetry pieces (3 in Sanskrit and a few in English, the rest in Bengali).

We do not know how the following list of subjects suggested by our Principal, the President of the Magazine Committee, with appeal to our intending contributors. It is not intended that the subjects should be exhaustively treated of, but the student might take up part of a subject or suggest thoughts or lines of study in any one :—

1. On VILLAGE LIFE in Modern Bengal, under the following heads: Village Gods, Religious and Other Festivals, Tree and Serpent Worship, Folk Literature, Educational Institutions (*Tols*, *Mukhtabs*, *Pathsalas*, etc.), Games and Amusements, Sanitation, Rural Arts and Industries, and Domestic Arts.

2. On BENGALI LITERATURE.

(a) Legends of Rajasthan in Bengali Literature from Rangalal Banerji to D. L. Roy.

(b) Krittivas's *Ramayana*.

(c) Blank verse in Bengali poetry.

(d) English Translations of Rabindranath's poetry as compared with their originals.

3. On SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

(a) Delineation of Animal Life in Kalidas's epics and dramas.

(b) Kalidas Apocrypha.

4. On ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(a) Conceptions of Heaven, Christian, Teutonic and Celtic,—as set forth in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Matthew Arnold's *Balder Dead* and W. B. Yeats's *The Wanderings of Ushen*.

(b) The *Coverley Papers* as a study in English social life of early 18th century.

(c) The Gods of Scandinavian mythology as described by Matthew Arnold.

MISCELLANEOUS—

(a) The method of Subhankar in mental arithmetic.

(b) The Periodical Press in Bengal and its influence on Mass Education.

(c) College Magazines in Bengal and their relation to academic life.

(d) How can a student best help his country?

On Our Common-Room Table

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

By Bipin Vihari Gupta, M.A.,

Professor of History, Ripon College.

The North American Review : July, 1915—A careful perusal of this number will enable the advanced college student to judge the ways of a cowardly political apostate. *England* from the pen of Houston Stewart Chamberlain ought not to be lightly dismissed with contempt. Of Mr. Chamberlain we are told elsewhere in this very number of the Review that 'He was born a son of England—his father was an English Admiral and his grandfather a Captain in the English Navy ; but England is no longer beloved of this her son. He lives now under the protection of the German flag. He is married to a daughter of Richard Wagner and has become so completely a child of Deutschland that when he spits his abuse in the face of his mother country, his tongue utters the speech of the treasured land of his adoption and he requires the services of a translator.' Obsessed by German Kultur, he scatters dirt and mud right and left,—occasionally straying into by-ways to have a fling at the Jew or the Hindoo. He plunges into a vague disquisition on the 'character' of a nation ; makes the portentous announcement that the term 'nobility' does not possess the same significance in England as in other lands ; gives us the choice bit of historical information that 'William the Conqueror endeavoured to learn Anglo-Saxon, but in vain' ; becomes very serious about 'one of the main pillars of modern Germany entirely lacking in England—the all-uniting common and higher schools whose influence penetrates the national life by a thousand channels and elevates it into a cultural unity' ; refers rapturously to the German army of the people, that tremendous ethical creation of modern Germany, which is nothing more nor less than its very spine ; quotes Seeley in attacking the myth that Englishmen are by nature a race of adventurous sea-rovers ; goes into statistics to show the gradual ruin of England's agricultural life ; and winds up with a violent onslaught upon Sir Edward Grey. 'For years he has assumed', we are told, 'the chair at conferences for the preservation of peace—in order that the well-planned war might find no obstacle in its way,' and so on. The beauty of the thing is that this blessed article is sandwiched in between articles by pure-blooded American writers—The

Impassable Chasm by Mr. W. MacVeagh and *The Dangers of Pacifism* by Mr. P. M. Brown—emphasising the imperturbable pacifism of Sir Edward ; Mr. MacVeagh going so far as to say that 'one of the most distressing features of the present war is the shameless and persistent use of sheer falsehoods by the apologists for Germany.' *The Man Jesus* by Miss Austin is the second instalment of a series begun in June last. Students are invited to read the article on *The Greek Testament* in the June number of the 'Fortnightly Review'; also two articles on the Higher Criticism of the Bible in 'The Monist' of January and April, 1915.

The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society : July, 1915—

The concluding portion of the article on *The Zoroastrian Period of Indian History* begun in January, 1915, by the excavator of the ruins of Pataliputra throws a flood of light upon some obscure passages of the history of India. The curiosity of any student of Indian History will be roused when his attention is drawn to the following points :—

(i) The rows of columns in the palace at Pataliputra resemble those of the palace at Persepolis. At Pataliputra the columns are ten Mauryan cubits apart ; the Persepolis columns are ten Persian cubits apart. The architectural craft-mark is the same.

(ii) The magnificent palaces mentioned the Mahabharata were not built by an Indian master-builder, but by Maya Danava. Danava or Daswava corresponds to Asura or Persian Ahura. Maya Danava is evidently Ahura Majda.

(iii) The Puranic story of the invitation to the Magi or Maga Brahmins to come over and build a Kanarka temple to the Sun.

(iv) The Maurya Dynasty might have derived its name not from a low-caste woman Mura, but from Merv or Meru near Persepolis.

(v) Mr. Kashiprasad Jayaswal holds that *Nava Nandas* does not mean Nine Nandas, but New Nandas.

(vi) We first come across Chandragupta Maurya near Taxila in Alexander's camp. Did he come over from Persia with the Greeks ?

(vii) Was Chanakya a Maga Brahmin ? Why did he dedicate his *Arthashastra* to two planets—Sukra and Vrihaspati ? In his scheme of education why did वाचस्पिकी precede तथै विद्या ? Would any Vedic Brahman have done it ?

(viii) The hitherto obscure passage following Panini's sutra जीविकायै चापश्ये can be interpreted from the Zoroastrian stand-point.

(ix) Many of the Buddha stories are evidently Zarathustra stories in an Indian garb.

(x) The Buddha's connection with Gya can only be satisfactorily explained from the Zoroastrian stand-point.

All these and many more points are discussed by the writer in the light of recent discoveries.

The Nation : July 24, 1915—Referring to 'the crude vision of society which inspired the English upper class during the Industrial Revolution' in the 19th century, a writer says: 'Capital was the great magician, and the nation that would really prosper and progress was the nation that handed men and women over to its mercies without the least compunction. Life had no value or meaning except in relation to this sovereign power. The state had no responsibilities except the responsibility to give capital the fullest play. How men and women lived, what happened to their minds or bodies, whether they had any pleasure or sunshine in their lives,—these questions were of no importance. Capital provided the treadmill, and the way in which work-people were to help civilisation was by doing their daily round. Men like Whitbread who wanted them to be educated, men like Fielden or Shaftesbury who wanted them to have a little leisure, men like Chadwick who wanted them to have habitable cities, not to speak of the Chartists who dared to think of them as citizens,—all reformers alike had to struggle against this settled view that the working classes were merely the servants of the industrial system, that their homes were its barracks, and that the main purpose they fulfilled under God's sun was to fill the pockets of their masters.'

The Quarterly Review : July, 1915—To be able to see ourselves as others see us and to discuss the darker features of our patriotism and racial pride would require splendid moral courage. Mr. W. R. Inge shows it in a remarkable article on *Patriotism*. This is how he writes:—'Admiration for ourselves and our institutions is too often measured by our contempt and dislike for foreigners. Our own nation has a peculiarly bad record in this respect. In the reign of James I, the Spanish ambassador was frequently insulted by the London crowd, as was the Russian ambassador in 1662; not, apparently, because we had a burning grievance against either of these nations, but because Spaniards and Russians are very unlike Englishmen. That at least is the opinion of the sagacious Pepys on the latter of these incidents. 'Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that can not forbear laughing and jeering at any thing that looks strange.' Defoe says that the English are 'the most churlish people alive' to foreigners, with the result that 'all men think an Englishman the devil.' In the 17th and 18th centuries, Scotland seems to have ranked as a foreign country, and the presence of Scots in London was much resented. * * * British patriotic arrogance culminated in the 18th and in the first half of the 19th century; in Lord Palmerston it found a champion at the head of the Government. * * Michelet found in

England 'human pride personified in a people,' at a time when the character of Germany was 'a profound impersonality.' It may be doubted whether even the arrogant brutality of the modern Prussian is more offensive to foreigners than was the calm and haughty assumption of superiority by our countrymen at this time. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were quite of Milton's opinion, that, when the Almighty wishes something unusually great and difficult, to be done, He entrusts it to His Englishmen. This unamiable characteristic was probably much more the result of an insular ignorance than of a deep-seated pride. 'A generation or two ago,' said Mr. Asquith lately, 'patriotism was largely fed and fostered upon reciprocal ignorance and contempt.' The Englishman seriously believed that the French subsisted mainly upon frogs, while the Frenchman was equally convinced that the sale of wives at Smithfield was one of our national institutions. This fruitful source of international misunderstanding has become less dangerous since the facilities of foreign travel have been increased. But in the relations of Europe with alien and independent civilisations, such as that of China, we still see brutal arrogance and vulgar ignorance producing their natural results."—This long quotation is made with a purpose. I should like to ask the Bengalee students of our College to indulge in an occasional searching of the heart honestly, after the manner of Mr. W. R. Inge. Is it true that 'admiration for ourselves and our institutions is too often measured by our contempt and dislike for foreigners'? Further on, the Dean of St. Paul's expresses a hope that in the distant future 'patriotism will be a sentiment like the loyalty which binds a man to his public school and University—an affection purged of all rancour and jealousy, a stimulus to all honourable conduct and noble effort, a part of the poetry of life.'

REVIEWS.

'The Nations of the War' Series—Edited by L. G.
Redmond Howard.

By Profs. Batuknath Bhattacharjee, M.A., and Anand Krishna Sinha, M.A.

Literary students are apt to be rather hypercritical towards all that looks like the journeyman-work of literature, and they would hold with Ruskin that, though bound in decent volumes, books which concern the merely passing events of the world are not books in the truest sense of the word and cannot merit our careful perusal and serious attention. But it is well to realize that the immutable and permanent concerns of humanity are obtained by abstraction and generalization from the bewildering diversity of the actual living Present. The present is the

Eternal in the making, and is our only means of getting into any intimate and vivid sense of these unchanging facts and interests concerning our human life and destiny. 'The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power', says Emerson. Where action is denied to us, vigorous imaginative *living* remains—no mean substitute, considering the merely physical limitations of human existence. Therefore it is that the large number of books which are being turned out every month and which bear on the parties, progress, significance and possible results of the Great War invite our attention. We should be wanting in our duty to ourselves as human beings if we allowed this colossal world-drama got up at such enormous cost by the belligerent powers to pass by altogether unheeded. A great civilization is at stake—a civilization reared by centuries of industry and the intelligence of nations. Moreover ours is not a purely speculative concern. We are directly involved in the issue. The great principles for which Indian civilization stands in this age will receive their confirmation or refutation from the turn which this struggle takes in the end. These reflections lead us to notice some volumes of this war-literature, which the College authorities have placed in the Common Room.

• ***Germany and the German People***

The most noticeable feature of the book is its tone of sympathy with the art and literature, cult and culture, progress and industry of the dogged German nation. Facts are presented with impartiality and marshalled with great skill and truth,—there is no gloss, no colouring. The motive which led Germany to enter into this great struggle is clearly analysed, and the merits and defects in the constitution and character of the State, which seem to have made the war inevitable, are clearly set down. The book opens with a rapid tracing of the history of the rise of Germany, which may be divided into two periods. The first epoch saw the gradual progress of a barbarous tribe dwelling the central forests of Europe, frequently carrying on incursions on the Roman frontier, but slowly becoming settled and civilised through centuries of bloodshed, oppression, dismemberment, and political and religious upheaval. The second period dates from the Franco-Prussian War and reveals that wonderful and almost superhuman progress and achievements in all directions which made Germany one of the greatest of world-powers. The chapter on religion and politics is closely connected with the two chapters on German ideals and ambition and German composition and character. Here we find that Germany, though apparently a democracy, is in reality an autocracy exercising an enormous influence on the life and character of her citizens. That

insatiable ambition, that thirst for what they call *welt-politik* or world-policy, which is the ultimate cause of the present war, was ingrained in their minds by this autocracy.* But the greatest hindrance to the realisation of this world-policy is the physical position of Germany. They thought that in order to develop their ever-increasing commerce and industries and to establish their position as the greatest world-power, as a *super-nation*, the ocean was indispensable. But how to attain this position? The party, advocating peace as the medium through which Germany had progressed in the past and through which her final path to glory also lies, was overruled by the advocates of force and war—the powerful exponents of this cult being Bernhardi, Treitschke and Nietzsche.

The chapter dealing with German character and composition shows rare psychological analysis. The German is a peculiar blending of pedantry and simplicity, of seriousness and pleasure, of orderliness and easy abandon. Two forces mould his character—one, the simple attractive atmosphere of home-life, the other, the hard and fast discipline of school fostered under the direct care of the State. His whole life is one 'conscious effort,' and his motto seems to be, 'Be successful and you will be happy, and be ambitious and you will be successful.'

But no account of Germany is complete without a notice of her wonderful language and literature. A literature which has produced philosophers like Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Schopenhauer, poets like Lessing, Goethe, Schiller and Heine, historians like Mommsen, and philologists like Max Muller, Humbolt and Behler, is a legacy to the world which the Germans may well be proud of. But the literature of Germany was essentially a literature of idealism which unfortunately received a rude shock at the hands of realists like Ludwig and Hebbel—the forerunners of Ibsen. But the man who most embodies the German spirit of aggression in thought—the Bernhardi of religion, advocating the sword of individualism against the reign of democracy—is Friedrich Nietzsche.

The chapter on war is a vivid picture of the stupendous preparation, the seething infernal design and the fatal miscalculations of the Germans in the present war.

Austria and the Austrians

This book in the 'Nations of the War' series is delightfully illuminative. It is a compendium of multifarious information on a State that is proverbial for the heterogeneity of races, creeds, languages and traditions that it holds together in an unstable equilibrium under a scheming autocracy whose security rests on the maxim of *Divide et impera*. The treatise is a model of clear exposition. The author is not content to give us bare facts and figures regarding the religion and politics, commerce

and industry, language and literature, manners and customs of the country, but he tries within the limited scope of his work to interpret the inner being and meaning of this huge organization of the Dual Monarchy. He also enters into the extent and justifiability or otherwise of Austro-Hungary's liability for this war, and has got certain suggestive things to say on the issue of this world-conflagration. In discussing the merits of the conflicting claims of Austria and Russia to be the arbiter of the Balkan question, he says :—"Economically, Pan-Germanism seems the more advantageous ; democratically, Pan-Slavism seems the more secure. Meanwhile, the main point remains unsettled, which is,—whether democracy is economic or economics democratic, which after all is the main issue of the war."

And again passing into the wider considerations involved, he adds :—

"Europe, therefore, is now settling the main problem, not only of Austro-Hungarian politics but of the politics of civilization. If economics are to rule at the expense of democracy, then democracy has every right to revolt even at the cost of economics."

The chapter on the language and literature of this 'modern Tower of Babel' gives us a concise and orderly view of its intricacies. The Court language is German. Next in importance is the Magyar language, spoken by the Hungarians, "who inspite of their numerical insignificance have always conceived their historical 'mission' to be that of a ruling race."

Austrian literature is particularly rich in dramas and the Viennese *walkstheater* has never lacked popular actors. In fiction the name of Father Benson-Sienkiewier, the famous author of *Quo Vadis*, would sound familiar to many of us. Again 'Austrian journalism is peculiarly virile and literary.' The account of Hungarian literature is distinctly sympathetic in tone. There was a time when it appeared as if Hungary was to have taken a leading part in the literature of the world. "Like Russian, Magyar or Hungarian literature is one of the modern discoveries of thought ; it shows mankind fresh and vigorous, as he is in his primitive instincts." * * * * "Hungary was not, but shall be : let us not weep over the past, let us only labour for the future"—this is the spirit which now animates Hungarian writers.

Famous Fights of Indian Native Regiments

This modest volume gives us a record of the various units of the Indian army and their achievements in the past under the British banner. The book is full of spirited descriptions of the battles in which the martial races of India—the Sikh, the Rajput, the Mahratta, the Gurkha, the Dogra and the Baluchi—distinguished themselves and helped to consolidate the British empire in India and to uphold the *Iszat* of the British Raj.

Altogether a martial air pervades the work, and it should stir the Bengali brain, nourished on enervating dishes of philosophy and theology, religion and polite literature, into a lively consciousness of other and harder realities that have been faced times without number by those sturdier sons of Hindustan in whose brave achievements we take a sort of borrowed pride.

The Slav Nations

It is impossible to espy the secret working of the laws of filtration that obtain in the world of letters or to enumerate exhaustively or with any degree of certainty the qualities of style and substance that transform ephemeral into classic or permanent literature. Therefore prophecies as to the future of any literary work are hazardous in the extreme; but praise remains—praise and appreciation of what appear to us to be the qualities either ‘of genius’ or ‘of intelligence’ in a given production. Without pretending to uncommon literary acumen one may thus confess to having discovered some of these qualities in the volume above named. The treatise comes from the pen of one belonging to these unhappy nations and therefore throbs with patriotism almost in every line. The author fiercely denounces ‘Williamitic culture’ which like an octopus has hitherto ridden all Slav aspirations. “The abuse that the Germans have heaped upon Russian barbarism is merely the outcome of envious rage on the part of an inferior, who sees his artificial pseudo-culture endangered by another culture which blossoms from the depths of the human heart.” He is a great believer in the Russian *people* and their latent culture which, he holds, has not been rightly and faithfully interpreted and enunciated either by Gogol who ‘satirized his own untruthfulness’ or by Tolstois who ‘is of the soul of the gentry’ and thinks and feels only as a *barin* (a landlord) or by Turgenyeff ‘who was blamed even during his lifetime for writing about Russia without knowing it,’ but by Dostoievski. He is all eloquence over the talents and destinies of the Russian people. “Between these extremes of Northern and Southern Russia, the Great Russian stands out like a beacon or an indestructible landmark. He represents the purest type of the Russian people, the children of *matyushka Moskva*. * * * The Russian faith owes its beauty, the Russian ideal its purity to this people, and to the race they have given the *All-Slav Ideal*. * * * The Russian sculptor Tsukoff has symbolized them in a figure resembling a sunflower—a *podsolnushki*. Every Great Russian munches *podsolnushki* and by tempoerament he himself is a *podsolnushki*. * * * He is the true *Tsarkiya Rus*.” The Tsar is the sun, the heart of the realm, and Muscovite people are the *podsolnushki*. Each individual is only one among many, a particle, a seed for the propagation and glorification of his own race. Thus flows on the fervour of this exponent of the cause of a nationality that is seeking to come to its own in the civilized world. The book is not a matter-of-fact pamphlet, but the heart of a patriot aglow with all its intense desires and ideals is transparent everywhere and seems to burn the garb of language which it lights up every now and then with purple patches. A lofty sentiment is not less valuable in letters than it is in life. Its sanctity imparts a beauty of holiness to the style.

In the College Library

A POET OF THE CELTIC REVIVAL.

By Sukumar Dutt, M.A.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

It is often my delight to walk about in the College Library much in the careless sabbatic mood of Elia at Oxford, not 'wanting to handle, to profane the leaves', 'the winding-sheets' of dead authors, but 'inhaling learning walking amid their foliage.' But the other day a volume of poetry by a living Irish poet, who introduced to Europe a famous poet of our own race, curiously fixed and held my attention. Not being intimately acquainted with modern English poetry beyond the Pre-Raphaelite poets, it was with something like the expectation of a novel acquisition that I eagerly pored over the volume. I had been told that poetry did not flourish in England to-day like the proverbial green bay-tree; that the very Time-spirit there was unfavourable to its growth, and that since the death of the masters of the last century poetry was fallen into the trough of the wave. Yet the poets even of a decadent age are often interesting and instructive figures, for through their 'scran-nel pipes' might ring a note or two of genuine poetry which might prelude a fuller strain in the future.

W. B. Yeats was himself introduced to many of us, who were not in touch with recent English poetry, through his appreciative Introduction to Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali*, a book which seems to have now become 'the applause, the delight, the wonder' of the western world. It is interesting to enquire into the spiritual affinity with the mysticism of the East which made this Irish poet one of the earliest of Europeans to catch the strange and elusive charm of Rabindranath's poetry, and no one who has studied Matthew Arnold's brilliant interpretation of the Celtic temperament can fail to notice how near it stands to the infinitely sentimental cast of the Bengali mind. It is therefore entirely in the fitness of things that a poet of the Celtic Revival should be the first to welcome to the west the most characteristic poetry of Bengal.

The Celt stands to-day in the far back-ground of history. The giant that proudly bestrode most parts of Europe in the dim past beyond the Middle Ages, is now dwindled into a fairy shape, haunting the mountains of Wales, the Scotch Highlands and the small rugged island of Man. But the peculiar strain of his mind has inseparably mixed with the somewhat

hard mentality of the Teuton, and the earliest result of this mixture has been that fascinating mosaic of manifold beauties, the cycle of Arthurian Romance. Through all these changeful ages the Celtic strain has never worked itself out, and it still shows itself, as Matthew Arnold has pointed out, in some of the most distinguishing characteristics of English poetry—in its turn for style, in its turn for melancholy and in its aptitude for catching the mystery and magic of Nature. If, therefore, there is a Celtic Revival to-day, it is certainly for the Britisher a movement of mind from within, a subjective impulse, the result of the profoundly self-introspective tendency of the modern age.

Antiquarian interest in things Celtic is certainly not of recent growth, and it may at least be traced back to that literary forger, who, about the middle of the 18th century, first unveiled to Europe the haunting mystery of 'woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls.' But the appreciation of Celtic genius from the purely aesthetic and literary point of view dates probably from 1857 when Matthew Arnold delivered from the Oxford Chair of Poetry his famous addresses on the Study of Celtic Literature. Interest in Celtic literature in its most characteristic aspects has steadily grown since then, and it is natural that it should seek to express itself through the congenial medium of modern poetry—through 'the fitful Danaan rhymes' of an Irish poet.

The Greeks attributed immortality to their Olympian gods. And the Greek idea has been borne out by modern researches in a far truer and subtler sense. The late poet-laureate of England in his *Door of Humility* expressed the same mythological conception, probably in a semi-Greek and semi-modern sense, when he said :

"You cannot kill the Gods. They still
Reclaim the thrones where once they reigned,
Rehaunt the grove, remount the hill,
And renovate their rites profaned.

* * * *

There is no razing the divine ;
The Gods return, the Gods remain."

It was Jacob Grimm and his school who first made a scientific investigation into the folklore of the Teutons and made the startling discovery that in many a fairy tale and peasant superstition the old mighty Norse gods still hide their existence in crude and humble disguises. The pagan classical mythology, long broken-up and dispersed through the conventions and figures of European literature, survives still, we are told by folklorists like Rednell Rodd, Stuart Glennie and Godfrey Leland, in many a Greek

folk-song and Roman popular superstition. Curiously enough Christianity itself has never been impervious to the infiltration of pagan mythology, and 'the continual interpenetration between Christianity and Paganism' is most marked in the earliest vernacular literatures of Europe, especially in Anglo-Saxon literature. The result has been that many a god of the pagan pantheon has gone through successive incarnations,—as a medieval knight (*e.g.*, some of the Knights of the Round Table), as a saint (*e.g.*, St. Bridget of Ireland), as a power of evil in Christian theology or lastly, as a faery or elf whose dwindled shape, it may be remarked by the way, is only a literary convention started by Shakespeare in *The Mid-summer Night's Dream*, though somewhat dimly indicated by some current English superstitions. The gods of primitive mythologies may thus be truly said to enjoy an immortality—an historical and ideal immortality, which Homer or Hesiod wot not of.

The Celtic genius also evolved a mythology the history of which is analogous to the history of the Teutonic and the Classical mythologies. This mythology, Proteus-like, changed its shape into romance; the romance became transmuted by the touch and influence of Christianity; and lastly it is observed to degenerate into the teeming world of Welsh and Irish faeries and elves who, as superstition has it, are roused into feverish activity on the May-day—the very date on which about two thousand years ago the Druids paid their ceremonial worship, weird and inhuman, to the mighty gods of the Celts.

It is to this confused world of Celtic imagination,—mythology, romance, fairy-lore and folk-superstitions,—that Yeats is drawn through spiritual affinity and temperamental sympathy. But his outlook on this world is that of a cultured modern, far different indeed from the purely objective outlook of a Welsh or Irish bard of the 12th century. 'My rhymes more than their rhyming tell,' says Yeats, echoing Milton's famous remark on Spenser, and he often interprets the Celtic world into obscure symbolisms, difficult to elucidate. In that curious little drama, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, he seems to shadow forth in the fate of Mary Bruin his own attitude towards Celtism. The drama has a strangely wild Celtic atmosphere and is based on a well-known Celtic superstition that faeries and elves become most active on the May-day, bent on all sorts of mischief, especially the kidnapping of newly-married brides. A small Irish home, with all its domestic pettinesses and bickerings, is set in the back-ground of a vague, mysterious world,—a wild forest with the moon or a late sun-set glimmering through the dark foliage,—the very type of the pettiness of modern Irish home-life with its vague, mysterious past looming tremendously behind. From this little domestic world Mary Bruin, a newly-married

bride, seeks a means of escape in the high Celtic romances and the conception of the Land of Youth in Celtic mythology :

“Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.”

The girl's high temperament, the typical Celtic temperament, is not allayed by the cold, worldly admonition of the priest :

“My colleen, I have seen some other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbours and were glad
In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes ;”

The fairies, playing mysterious pranks in the wood with fitful lights, draw away the girl's attention again and yet again, and the appeal is wrung out of her heart :

“Fairies, come, take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.”

Unwittingly a fairy child is introduced and given shelter in the house. Is it the fairy child of Celtic Imagination—the child that was born in the morning of the world and that still keeps its wonderful infancy inviolate ? For the fairy child says :

“ I think
I am much older than the eagle cock
That blinks and blinks on Ballygawley Hill,
And he is the oldest thing under the moon.”

The fairy child holds out to Mary the visions of Nuala, Angus, Faera and Finn and their Land of Heart's Desire, “where beauty hath no ebb, decay no flood, But joy is wisdom, 'Time an endless song,”—the spiritual counterpart of the very Land of Youth, to which Ossian, according to the old Fenian romance, was carried away by Niahm. The fairy child sings and sings away of the ‘woods and waters and pale lights,’ till the spirit of Mary Bruin is called away from its petty and quarrelsome earthly surroundings. The fate of Mary Bruin is in fact the very type and symbol of the fate of the poet himself. This rendering of a Celtic superstition in terms of modern symbolism and allegory seems to strike the key-note of Yeats's outlook, the special, spiritual outlook of the modern poet. Even where the symbolism is not so completely worked out as in this drama,

it seems to throw round his poetry a sort of haunting and mysterious atmosphere.

Yeats sometimes catches some moving incidents of Celtic romance and re-tells in his modern spirit stories told and sung by Celtic bards of long ago. Such are some of the poems in the collection entitled 'Rose'. In *Fergus and the Druid*, he expressed the curious magic power of the Druid who could 'change and flow from shape to shape' and who cast round Fergus 'dreams and ruin unto him'. Fergus, 'weary of life and eager to learn the dreaming wisdom of the Druids',—so eloquently referred to by the Roman historian, Lucan,—is overwhelmed with dreams which come out of a bag which the Druid hands over to him. The whole mystery of life, the endless passage through many material and subtle forms, masters him, and he cries out, 'I see my life go dripping like a stream From change to change'. It is curious to observe that this Druidical idea is crystallised in a passage of an old Welsh poem, entitled 'Battle of Tree' attributed to Taliesin, and Yeats might have borrowed his turn of expression from there. *The Death of Cuchulain*, the mythical king of Ulster, round whom so many romantic legends cluster, is on the old theme found in the legends both of Europe and of Asia, of the father unwittingly killing his son—a theme with which we are best acquainted through Matthew Arnold's *Shorab and Rustum*. But Yeats's treatment is much poorer than Arnold's. Sometimes indeed Yeats tries to do for Celtic mythology and romance what Keats in his *Hyperion* attempted to do for the Greek mythology and Matthew Arnold in his *Balder Dead* did for the Teutonic. His longest effort in this direction is an entirely successful production entitled, *The Wanderings of Ushen*.

The Fenian cycle of romance is a quarry from which many Celtic poets, both ancient and modern, have drawn their themes and inspiration. Of the great Fenian heroes, no one has so deeply affected Celtic imagination and survives so persistently in the folklore of the Celtic-speaking population as the son of Finn, Ossian, hero and bard. While on a hunting expedition Ossian, so goes the legend, was called away by Niahm the daughter of the Sea, who had fallen in love with him. Niahm led him through many strange places over the sea, through all the glows and glammers of the waters of the west, till they reached the Celtic Paradise which is conceived of as a land of perpetual youth and rest. Here the happy couple, man and goddess, dwelt for a period of three long centuries at the end of which a longing came on Ossian to revisit his earthly home and his human comrades. Before Ossian started on his homeward journey on his magic steed, Niahm had warned him never to set foot on earthly soil, for that very instant that he did so, he would lose his power to

return. Thus Ossian came back to Erin. But alas, what a spectacle met his gaze ! Gone were his old comrades, the Fenians—long dead and buried ! The fanes of old paganism were unattended and church-spires pierced the skies. The very men and women were a degenerate brood—they revelled in fights and blood-sheds no longer, but tilled the earth and reaped the increase thereof ; their very shapes were dwindled and their strength was that of weaklings. For Ossian saw two men straining under a light load, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling, he, with a stroke of his palm, rolled the load a long distance to the amazement of all passers-by. But his stirrup broke under the strain, and horror of horrors, his foot touched the earth ! That instant the weight of three hundred years fell upon him and he fell to earth, an aged, bald, feeble and helpless man. Saint Patrick taking pity on him, carried him home and tried to convert the hard Pagan to the Christian faith. "But where are my comrades—the Fenians ?" demanded Ossian, and Saint Patrick explained to him that they had been Pagans and had gone to Hell to be whipped with burning wires by the demons there. Then Ossian, in the unavailing fury of old age, bursts forth :—

"Put the staff in my hands ; for I go to the Fenians, O cleric, to chaunt
The war-songs that roused them of old ; they will rise, making clouds
with their breath,

Innumerable, singing, exultant ; the clay underneath them shall pant,
And demons be broken in pieces, and trampled beneath them in death."
Saint Patrick persuades and threatens him to kneel and pray, but Ossian is adamant :—

"I will go to Caolte, and Conan, and Bran, Sgeolen, Lomair,
And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast."

This moving ancient story of Ossian, symbolical, as it appears, of the hard, obstinate survival of Paganism in the Christian civilization of modern Europe, was re-woven into Gaelic verse by a Gaelic poet of the 18th century named Michael Comyn, and Yeats's poem is only an expanded modern English version of the story, with some alterations of the original. Yeats's mellifluous verses breathe the very emotional soul of Celtic paganism ; the superhuman beauty of Níahm is described with all the 'natural magic' and charm of Celtic poetry :

"And like a sunset were her lips,
A stormy sunset on doomed ships ;
A citron colour gloomed in her hair,
But down to her feet white vesture flowed,
And with the glimmering crimson glowed
Of many a figured embroidery ;"

—a magical colour effect, not unworthy of Keats ; the ever-lasting joyous youthfulness and delicate repose of Paradise are described with melodious monotonous languor, e. g.,

“—While the dark woods rang,
And made in all their distant parts,
With boom of bees in honey marts,
A rumour of delighted hearts.”

It is possible to multiply by the score such delicate imaginative touches in the *Wanderings of Usheen* in which the poet appears to give full play to his intimate Celtic feeling for the magical beauty of Nature. A description such as the following of the sad maiden imprisoned in a demon's submarine cave seems to distil, as it were, the very soul of Celtic poetry :

“A maiden with soft eyes like funeral tapers,
And face that seemed wrought out of moonlit vapours,
And a sad mouth, that fear made tremulous
As any ruddy moth, looked down on us.”

I have just glanced at some of Yeats's characteristic Celtic poems which I found in the volume. It is probable that Yeats is not a poet of a striking original genius, but is, as William Morris calls himself, ‘the idle singer of an empty day.’ But to one cloyed with the ‘high imaginings’ of a Shakespeare or a Milton, an idle singer breathes a refreshing note—the note of a world to understand and realise which no severe strain of the intellect may be necessary. Besides the world of Celtic romance in which Yeats lives and moves and has his being is very intimately near to us Bengalis—the world of infinite sensibility, infinite emotion and infinite mystery. Matthew Arnold quotes approvingly a brief characterisation of the Celts made by Henri Martin in his *Historie de France* : “Sentimental—always ready to re-act against the despotism of fact : that is the description a great friend of the Celt gives of him.” And it is a description which applies with as much fitness to the Bengali race. The poetry of Yeats therefore, I repeat, must be a congenial study to us, as the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore was to Yeats himself. Moreover, we must remember that Yeats is representative of a tendency, revival or movement of which English poetry has not yet had the full fruition. But Charles Squire in the closing passage of his volume on *Celtic Myth and Legend* makes a prophecy which might not have come through the Ivory Gates. “Whether the great edifice of the Celtic mythology,” says he, “will ever be wholly restored, one can at present only speculate. Its colossal fragments are perhaps too deeply buried and too widely scattered. But even as it stands ruined, it is a mighty quarry from which poets yet unborn will hew spiritual marble for houses not made with hands.”

English Articles

DR. JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE AND HIS DISCOVERIES.

By Surendra Nath Banerji, M.A.,

Professor of Chemistry, Ripon College.

The name of Dr. Bose, I am sure, is now so familiar to almost everyone of our students not only in Bengal but also outside it, that scarcely any introduction is necessary for the purpose of this article. There is one thing, however, which, I am afraid, is not so well-known about this celebrated man. Every school-boy now knows well enough that he has earned, and very justly too, a world-wide reputation for his discoveries. But what are they? Probably excepting only a few, most of them have but a sort of dreamy notion about his brilliant achievements. Without trying to enter into the technical details, I shall try to place before the lay reader a brief account of his life-work.

In every part of the world, where there are well-equipped laboratories, lots of men will be found carrying on researches, week in and week out, in one or the other branches of human knowledge, with an amount of patience, perseverance and zeal that is simply astonishing and well worth imitation by our aspiring scholars. Compared with their number as well as the quality and quantity of work done by successive generations of European investigators in every department of science, we, in India, have indeed very little to boast of yet. Far be it from me to belittle what has already been accomplished by the disciples of Drs. Bose and Ray (the twin constellations of Indian scientific firmament), as well as by their masters, but I am afraid we are very apt to be carried away before the surging flood of personal emotions regardless of all proportion.

As has been well said, Dr. Bose really belongs to 'a dynasty of Scientists,' like Newton, Darwin, Faraday, Lavoisier, Berthelot, Dalton, Kelvin, Clerk Maxwell, Hertz and indeed a whole host of them, who have discovered great natural laws and started revolutions in human thought.

It does not fall to the lot of every scientific investigator to make new discoveries, but it seems to me that there is a peculiar fitness in the fact that it should have been reserved for a Hindu physicist to herald out the crowning glory of a scientific conception which promises to remove for good the barrier between the "living" and the so-called "dead" in organic

matter and which "includes in one magnificent sweep the dust beneath our feet, the protoplasmic ooze floating on a stagnant pool and man himself. The synthetic mind of the Aryan Rishis in the hoary past had long preached the unity of all matter, living or non-living," but it was a hidden mystery ; at any rate it was not demonstrable before the researches of Dr. Bose.

Now the first investigation of Dr. Bose, carried out in the days when wireless telegraphy was still a dream and when Marconi was just beginning to make his famous experiments, proved beyond doubt that inorganic matter was not really "dead." The mathematical reasonings of Clerk Maxwell proved that "light waves" were merely "visible electric waves," and Hertz succeeded in showing that certain electric waves could be generated in ether which would become "invisible light waves." These "Hertzian waves" (for such were they named) could only be detected by a "co-hearer" which is really a sort of an artificial eye and consists simply of a glass tube filled with iron particles, which, when struck by those electric waves, used to be inexplicably strained and charged with power of conducting electricity until the glass-tube containing the iron particles had been tapped.

In trying to explain this strained condition of the iron particles, Dr. Bose discovered that they were really fatigued under the electric strain, and in order to revive them an external stimulus (a tap, for instance) was necessary. He next went on to study the effects of ice, poison, narcotics, blows and rest upon metals and found that while freezing had the effect of making the metals torpid like the ice-cold muscles, poisons and narcotics could deaden them and ceaseless blows could tire them out, similarly the ability to revive followed rest and other methods of cure. Thus after patient and careful experiments Dr. Bose succeeded in breaking down the barrier between organic and inorganic matter.

Then reasoned Dr. Bose within himself: If the so-called dead matter was so dramatically responsive to external stimulus, what may not be expected of organic matter? He, therefore, set himself to the task of finding out the relation of metal to plant and of plant to animal. Now he had to encounter and overcome a serious difficulty. He had first of all to invent a new instrument of unprecedented sensitiveness before he could hope to record the impressions of the outer world on mute vegetation. His 'resonant recorder' consists of a fine silk thread running from a plant-leaf to a small lever supported in jewelled bearings ; from the middle of the lever a thin wire extends vertically downwards and the wire is bent at right angles, so that its sharpened tip just touches a smoked-glass plate which can be lowered by means of

a clock-work arrangement at a uniform rate. This tip is called a *writer* or pencil and this *writer* can be made to vibrate at a certain rate by means of an electric magnet. This *writer* produces dots on the smoked glass-plate and each dot marks a certain interval of time—say, one-hundredth section or one-fiftieth section or indeed any other interval of time you please.

Now to work the instrument let us give an electric shock to the leaf of a mimosa and start the apparatus simultaneously. The smoked glass-plate falls and the *writer* traces a curious dotted line on the plate as the leaf suddenly becomes excited and pulls the lever by means of the silken thread. The dots that compose the line will show the interval of time the plant began to respond to the electric shock and the general character of the curve will indicate how profound was the effect of the sudden excitement.

Thus Dr. Bose proved beyond doubt that the popular classification of plants into “sensitive” and “insensitive” was wrong and that all plants are really sensitive to external stimuli. What is still more interesting to note is the fact that a plant when intoxicated by the vapour of alcohol behaves almost like a drunken man. Similarly experiments go to show the nature and character of the responses of a plant to gases, liquids and drugs. For instance, ozone excites; coal-gas depresses; ether and chloroform stupefy; sulphuretted hydrogen, nitric oxide and sulphur dioxide will poison and kill a plant.

Professor Wilhelm Pfeffer of Leipzig University and Dr. Haberlandt of Berlin University had long before concluded that the mimosa was nerveless, and tried to explain its physiological action by a mechanical theory. This eastern dreamer of dreams by heredity, Dr. Bose, however, succeeded in showing that the conclusions of the two above-named savants were entirely wrong and that plants really have nerves and that they varied in their nervousness also. Dr. Bose also showed that plants transmitted a shock more quickly when warm than when they were chilled, and in about five minutes all nervous impulse in a plant can be abolished by dropping a solution of potassium cyanide (one of the deadliest poisons) upon it. He has also shown, by his wonderful experiments, that in a human being a nervous impulse travels at the rate of 110 feet per second whereas in lower animals the rate of transmission is only 2 inches per second! while under the best condition the rate of transmission in a mimosa was 30 millimeters (about 1.2 ft.) per second. Further we know from Dr. Bose that fatigue lowers this velocity and warmth increases it and that the

impulse is transmitted in both directions along the nerve and that not with uniform speed.

Although these researches of Dr. Bose have been highly appreciated in Europe and America, it would be very interesting, no doubt, to ascertain what views his rival theorists in Germany entertain about his life-work. Had there been no European conflagration, Dr. Bose himself deliver his message before the German savants and the world would have been by now in possession of their valuable criticisms.

THE BASES OF THE FINE ARTS II.

By Mukunda Kishore Chakraverty, M.A.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

Now that we have examined the material elements of the Fine Arts, let us examine the idealistic elements also. All works of art are in a sense symbolic in as much as they address themselves to our mind at the same time that they appeal to our senses. Thus there are two sides to every work of art—the mental side and the sensuous side.

In architecture the artist appeals mainly to our sense of sight and delights it, but he does not stop there. He appeals also to our imagination through the totality of the effect which a particular piece of architecture produces on our mind. As in Gothic cathedrals the high pinnacles and lofty spires convey a sense of the aspiration of the soul for eternal life or in Mahomedan mosques the vastness of the domes and arches produces a sense of immensity in our minds which harmonises so well with the devotional spirit of the worshippers.

In sculpture the mental aspect of the real is far more prominent than in architecture, for the sculptor endows his figures with the semblance of life and all its attributes as far as can be perceived by the eye, except motion. In painting the mental aspect of the real is even greater than in sculpture, for whatever be the subject of a picture it is the painter's idea of the event or scene that is represented, not the external details of the actual event or scene. The painter does not merely copy or imitate the details of events as they actually happen in life, or scenes as they actually exist in nature, but he idealises in the act of representing his mental aspect of them,

The work of all artists consists in imitating Nature, yet with this important reservation—that they idealise by their imagination what they actually perceive by their senses. Here lies the significance of artistic truth as distinguished from scientific truth. Scientific truth concerns itself with what actually is or has been ; whereas artistic truth enquires into what can be and what should be, if the essential were freed from the trammels of the accidental and allowed to develop on its own lines. It is for this reason that the painter, as indeed all artists, interprets and selects, so as to appeal most powerfully to the mind of the spectator.

The mental aspect of the realities represented by music is very significant. The chief characteristic of music, considered apart from the words of the music, is its extreme vagueness and indefiniteness. But this vagueness is full of suggestiveness, and it is this vagueness again that constitutes the chief value of music, for it pre-supposes no knowledge of anything on the part of the hearer, but appeals to the elemental feelings of the universal soul of man. This is the reason why music appeals at once to the learned and the ignorant, to the civilized and the savage, to the grown-up man as to the child. The appeal of music is singular : sounds do not and cannot represent forms of realities, however skilful the musician may be, but sounds can produce in our soul the feelings which would arise in us in the presence of an actual event, such as a tempest, a battle, a funeral procession and so on.

Lastly Poetry, which of all arts has the narrowest material basis. If we neglect the element of sound contained in metre, rhyme etc., poetry will appeal straight to our mind by means of its word-symbols. It does not depend on any of our senses for its effect except so far as we perceive the word-symbols through our eyes or ears. In poetry it is the mental aspect of the facts of life and the scenes of external nature which are represented. Poetry speaks directly to our mind, for while the painter or sculptor has to impart an animation and an intellectual significance to their respective materials before they can employ them, to represent ideas, the poet has ideas ready to hand in the shape of words which he has simply to use as his rough material, so that it might almost be said that the art of the poet begins where the art of the painter or sculptor ends.

Thus, we see that the poet is the least dependent of all artists and his medium, *viz.*, language, is most powerful to affect the imagination. Though he is limited here and there by the very conditions of his art, yet the poet's sphere of creation is the most unbounded, and it is poetry which wields and has wielded the greatest influence upon the life of men.

‘PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND THE OBJECTIVE WORLD’—A REVIEW.

By Pramatha Nath Mukerjee, M.A.,
Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

Principal Ramendraśundar begins where modern Philosophy has definitely made up its mind to begin—Experience. He takes as the text of his paper a passage from Bain in which that careful thinker seeks to indicate, in conformity with his creed of empiricism, the bounding line between the subjective order and the objective. All that is given to me is experience : how then shall I hedge round a portion of this experience as peculiarly my own, as my subjective possession, and regard the rest as common public property—the objective world? How shall I know an *within* as distinguished from a *beyond* in the midst of the *given*? Do I really move out of me when I believe in a beyond vaster than me and containing me? No, of course. Yet I do appear to move out of me in a manner : I think of a limit within which the self is exhausted and beyond which a Not-Self extends, a limit where the self’s in-door exclusiveness ends and participation in a common out-door life begins. If I challenge the self : Are you really exhausted at that limit or at any limit? Is not the objective order actually a part of your own totality of experience? The self is of course ready with its answer : I am an experience to which no *actual* bounds whatever can be set. Nevertheless the self thinks of a limit of its individuality : where it is exhausted *as* self, as an exclusive centre, and beyond which it lives a life in common with other co-ordinate centres or subjects. It is a limit set up in representation, in the conceptual treatment, of life. It is the limit which separates the subjective order from the objective.

Thus certain kinds of experience, such as feelings of pleasure and pain, ideas and fancies, organic sensations, and so on, are habitually placed on one side of the limit and other kinds of sensation such as sights, sounds, touches, and so on, are habitually placed on the other side : the former are my exclusive possessions, the latter I must share with *you’s* and *he’s*. A brain-fag is a feeling that I alone feel ; but the pole-star is an object, or the European War is an event that I cannot jealously keep to myself. Others *may* feel a brain-fag ; but we do not participate in this feeling in the same way as when we are observing the pole-star or following with interest the development of the War. Others *may* feel all that I feel in me ; but others *must* feel only a fraction, a cross-section, of what I totally feel. Conversely, I *must* feel only a fraction, a cross-section, of

what you or other centres totally feel. Hence to use a figurative conception introduced by Principal Trivedi himself: If I represent my total experience by a circle and you yours by another circle, then the two circles do intersect each other; the part that is common to both the circles may be regarded as an objective order as between you and me; the non-coinciding portions are our subjective experiences respectively; these latter make our in-door lives. The objective order as between you and me means that *my given partially agrees with yours and habitually*. A fancy may take possession of our minds simultaneously; nevertheless it is an element of experience that we are not disposed to objectify, share as public property. We have accidentally agreed and not habitually; it is a correspondence that *may*, or even *does*, exist but not *must*. We are indeed startled at the accidental coincidence of our respective fancies and may perhaps be inclined to venture upon an explanation of this curious relationship, but neither the start of surprise nor the impulse to search for a joint oetiology renders a fancy into a fact. I have a fancy and you another, and we have chanced to agree; but we do not habitually agree; other normal subjects do not agree. Hence a fancy is kept to myself in spite of the agreement; it is not the *sort* of agreement that would induce me to open the flood-gates of my jealous subjectivity.

Objectification may therefore be conceived as the sense of agreement, partial yet normal, in the experiences of many co-ordinal centres. Principal Trivedi has himself drawn upon an exceedingly happy analogy, *viz.*, that of intersecting circles. By conceiving the subjects as centres I am bringing out the implications of that analogy. He has the consent of official Philosophy in making that requisition, and I do not lack it in making the extension of the analogy as I do: modern Philosophy, especially that inspired by Bergson, shows no particular dread of physical analogies. With proper halters they are not only perfectly safe but magnificently useful. Nevertheless I have perhaps presented the case in a somewhat forbidding garb: I hope Principal Trivedi and our readers will pardon me for this sin of technical extravagance which has come out even in such a gentle function as the summing up and review of a transparently lucid and easily popular paper. Perhaps the ghost of an old-world, scholastic commentator has lived in my brain to betray me into these little technical vagaries. The distinction, however, between the subjective order and the objective as pointed out by Bain and adopted by Principal Trivedi is a commonplace one, notwithstanding all recondite presentation. It is no use mystifying it. But what is a commonplace in practical living is often the problem *par excellence* in the theory of life: we are slow to see the theory of what we practise. So that we are grateful to

Principal Trivedi for his statement of the distinction which is marked by the same depth and clearness of conception as have made his writings such a treasured possession with us.

As we have stated, the objective world is a practical and normal compromise in the experiences of many centres. Principal Trivedi has subjected this conception to a penetrating analysis and this he does in a way so as to open up before our eyes alluring vistas of new suggestions and stimulate some of the deepest curiosities of our nature in their pursuit. We shall follow him in the main walks of this interesting borderland between Science and Philosophy as delineated by him. First, are we quite sure that it is really a transaction and compromise among *many* centres? Our writer would represent the experiences of different individuals by a number of intersecting circles, and the objective order by the portion which is common to all. But is he upon quite sure grounds while he thus presses a convenient figure into his service? Figures are often convenient but more often treacherous; but a master like Principal Trivedi needs hardly to be reminded of this. But what about the *reality* of the multiple *me's* or *ego's* which he has thus symbolised? He adapts the word *prátibhāsika*, culled from *vedānta*, to a somewhat extended sense to mean the totality of an individual's experience: it is what a person is actually aware of: it is the individual's universe. He himself employs the term 'phenomenal' as its English equivalent and this will do perhaps; but can we really have a *many* of such worlds? Have we not rather many worlds *within* one all-inclusive world—the totality of experience? I merely raise the point; and we shall await with interest Principal Trivedi's focussing of thought upon it. Perhaps we already can, in a manner, feel his philosophical pulse in this preliminary and tentative essay at laying the groundwork of a system: but we would rather wait for fuller light than feel our way precariously in such metaphysical twilight as has already appeared in this tentative construction.

He uses the word, *vyābhārika*, to mean the common element of all the intersecting spheres of individual experience: his English word is 'pragmatic.' Possibly the many intersecting spheres are themselves pragmatic worlds evolved out of the given stuff of experience by the operation of a law that can be definitely enunciated. The common portion of many intersecting spheres really implies perhaps pragmatism within pragmatism—pragmatic selves evolving by their mutual agreement a doubly pragmatic objective world. But here also we should leave our writer to develop this fruitful idea for himself. I hope a passing allusion to Clifford may be tolerated. The mind-stuff of Clifford may be discarded or retained in a possible shape; but in any case his elaboration

of the triangular polarity (if I may put it thus) of subjective, ejective and objective facts is based on a thoroughly solid rock: should not Principal Trivedi also develop his system of *prātibhāsika* and *byābahārika* worlds upon a basis of Fact-Staff which neither of the two words adequately expresses, for, the latter being clearly wide of the mark, the former bears within itself a reference (as the particle *prati* will show) to a centre or self, and thus fails to possess the entire, uncircumscribed Fact in its grip? The Real can submit to no reference either to *me* or not—*me*, and must not be compromised by any limiting definition. Should he not draw upon Vedānta again and adapt the term *pāramārthika* to his purposes? Of course he would be infusing new blood into old conceptions: in making such adaptation of the terms; for in Vedānta these terms bear apparently, though not materially, different meanings. But provided there is no essential discontinuity or revision in presentation, we shall be happy to see old Vedānta rejuvenated: the old should at least renew itself if it must not give place to the new.

Now, the objective world is a habitual and partial agreement of the phenomenal worlds, each referred to an individual. The two underlying ideas of this view are: (1) How do the phenomenal worlds come to agree at all? (2) To what extent do they agree? The former question will fling us into the heart of a controversy between Pragmatism and New Realism which gives to the recent pages of the Mind a certain degree of warmth. Principal Trivedi is frankly a pragmatist in these preliminary constructions at least; but here he chooses not to press the matter sufficiently far into the heart of metaphysics. You and I come to agree habitually and partially between ourselves because we could not *practically live* were there no such agreement. Given the problem of a plurality of co-ordinate centres or individuals having somehow to keep house together, the solution by habitual agreement is of course the only possible solution. The further question will remain as to what precisely do a plurality of co-ordinate centres imply and presuppose and what precisely does a life in common mean and require: this perhaps is the ultimatum which Realism, old or new, flings in our face. But in his tentative constructions Principal Trivedi has apparently not chosen to work under the shadow of this ultimatum. He *assumes* a many of individuals and also the possibility and necessity of a life in common or co-operation: he *shows* that from these data partial and habitual agreement among individuals inevitably follows. He conceives of course the process of objectification as an ejection of the 'common element' of the individual's experience or *prātibhāsika* world; but by such conception, which, by the bye is prominent in such scientific writers as Clifford and Romanes, subjectivism

is not proved to the hilt and realism refuted to a finish. Were we justified in saying in our previous article that he is a pragmatist with a reservation? The fact of agreement, partial but habitual, he seeks to explain by the exigencies of the 'struggle for existence and survival of the fittest.' Now, even struggle is a sort of co-operation, and co-operation is a sort of agreement; *fittest* again is the superlative degree of *fit* and *fitter*, which pre-supposes an agreement of fitness. Hence Darwinism is a statement, if not an explanation, of the common life and existence that we have agreed upon. But is not Principal Trivedi a Darwinian under a protest? We shall see. (*To be continued*). •

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY.

By **Someswar Mukerji, M.A.,**

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

Aristotle in his *Poetics* gives a rough and ready definition of poetry as an imitation of nature. By nature is meant the totality of appearances which reach us, which are made known to us primarily through the senses. It includes the whole material universe,—life and its vast surroundings. Now let us examine Aristotle's dictum. Aristotle does not take the modern or the Romantic view of poetry. He does not seek to find here

"That light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

He simply defines poetry as an imitative art. He attributes the genesis of poetry not to any divine impulse but to those imitative instincts of man which are exhibited from earliest childhood. Poetry then is imitation and, according to this theory, the merit of a good poem would be the same as the merit of a good photograph,—exact and mechanical resemblance. Now the question arises—Is poetry the exact photographic representation of life and nature? Most certainly, not; for then it would be a mere narration of facts which may be well described in plain prose. Evidently this definition is too wide. We find imitation from nature in other branches of literature as well. In the novels of a realist like Zola or in works like 'Wuthering Heights' or 'Jane Eyre' by Charlotte Brontë, we get absolutely all that Aristotle requires of a poem.

Plato, on the other hand, holds quite the contrary view. The *Phaedrus* is obviously devoted to the praise of the inspiration and the

divine madness of the follower of the Muses, of the lover, and of the philosopher. According to Plato, poets are

“ Men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine ! ”

The *Ion* is a short dialogue which presents us with the main outline of the problem. Ion, the rhapsode, can hold his audience spell-bound, and Socrates asserts that he can do this not through knowledge, but through inspiration and madness. “ The lover, the lunatic, and the poet are of madness all compact,” and the rhapsodist must be either dishonest or inspired.

Poetry no doubt is an imitation of nature, *i.e.*, a statement in words of the facts of nature ; but it is an imitation through the coloured medium of the poet's imagination. “ Poetry is as a prismatic and many-sided mirror which collects the brightest rays of human nature and divides and reproduces them and touches them with majesty and beauty, and multiplies all that it reflects and endows it with the power of propagating its like wherever it may fall. ” That poetry never *closely* resembles life and nature may be best verified by an example :—

“ I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand. ”

This is no poetry. An elegant prose version would have been more sweet. Immediately under these lines, let me place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the *Babes in the Wood* ;—

“ These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down,
And never more they saw the man,
Approaching from the town. ”

Quite independent of the verbal melody, though mostly accompanying it, “ there is an atmosphere floating around the poet through which he sees everything, an atmosphere which stamps his utterances as poetry. This atmosphere is what we call poetic imagination. ” We find the presence of nature there ; but when handled by the poet and forged in the white heat of his imagination, it gets transformed and becomes a totally new thing. It is the imagination of the poet—the ‘ fine frenzy ’ which ‘ gives (even) to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name ’—which is the all-important thing in poetry.

“ A poet,” says, Dryden “ is a maker as the name signifies and that

he who cannot make, *i.e.*, invent, has the name for nothing." Imagination is this creative agent.

Shelley regards poetry as the natural voice of our deepest insight into the *ideas* with which philosophy concerns itself. Poetry was to him anything but a plaything, even the divine plaything that it was to Hiene. To Shelley it was the voice of a religion, an instrument which responded to the eternal verities, making harmony for the dull ear of man out of all apparent discords. "A poem," he cries, "is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truths," and his *Defence of Poetry* is throughout imbued with a spirit of passionate belief in the poet's transcendent functions. "Poetry is indeed something divine," he insists, "it is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and the blossom of all other systems of thoughts; it is that from which all spring and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and the consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and the splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption."

Poetry embraces the whole range of existence and something more. The poet even transcends nature. Sir Philip Sidney in his famous work *An Apologie for Poetrie* writes, "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry, as diverse poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden." The one condition of the poet's work is that the object must pass out of the region of mere dry fact or abstract notion into the warm and breathing realm of imagination. "The range of poetry is indeed boundless; whenever the soul comes into living contact with fact and truth, whenever it realises these with more than common vividness, there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion. And the expression of that thing, that joy, is poetry."

Poetry seizes the relation of the outward objects to the soul and expresses this; physical science deals with the external objects alone. Poetry has to do with the objects *plus* the soul of man. Poetry is not the representation of the fact, but the representation of the 'poet's view of the fact, as Mr. Pater puts it. To quote Matthew Arnold, it is 'a criticism of life.'

The topic of *realism* as against *idealism* naturally comes in when we discuss the poet's connection with this universe. Realism is the presentation of the natural objects as the artist sees them : as he thinks they are. It is the attempt to imitate things as they strike the senses. Idealism is the presentation of natural objects as the artist fain would see them : as he thinks they strive to be. It is the attempt to imitate things as the mind interprets them.

Realism does not separate itself from the ideal, because the ideal is a permanent factor and the most important factor in the reality of life. Evolution shows that life is in a state of continual progress, and progress from one point to another implies the sense of a better to which our *being* tends ; in other words, it involves idealism. Idealism *versus* realism in the philosophy of Art is similar to subject against object in the philosophy of Being. The antagonism is more apparent than real. Realism forms the substratum and the indispensable condition of all figurative arts.

In imitation lies the beginning of the artist's work ; but at the earliest attempt to imitate, idealism enters simultaneously with realism. In Art, it is not a machine but a mind which imitates, and the mood of the imitator, the particular bent of his mind, shapes the matter in his own way. Hence all art, however apparently imitative, is symbolic. A work of art is more idealistic or more realistic according to the bent of the man's sympathy with nature. Even the prosaic imitative craftsman adds something of his own imagination to the copy he produces, and is thwarted in any attempt to avoid this necessity by the fact that he has only symbols to deal with and his individual perceptive faculty to see by.

Besides this personal colour, there is a universal colour also. The world is tending towards idealism. In Art, spirit communicates with spirit, the spirit of the artist who imitates nature with the spirit of the spectator.

The artist can not rival Nature by producing anything like her work ; but he can create something which shall show what Nature strives after. "She has the will, but not the power to realise perfection," said Aristotle. The mind of man comprehends her effort and, though the skill of man can not compete with her in the production of particulars, he is able by art to anticipate her desires, and to exhibit an image of what she was intending :

/ "That type of perfect in his mind
Can we in Nature nowhere find."

"Reality is the sole sound schoolmaster which brings us into a sense of the ideal beauty. What the artist can do and what a mechanical

process cannot do is to interpret it, to represent what it strives to be, to help Nature in her effort to effectuate perfection. But such idealism, when sound and healthy, is only realism in the intensest phase of veracity,—it is truth quintessenced and raised to its highest power." The right blending of the real with the ideal—that is the perfection of Art.

Aristotle seems to approach the modern idea when he says, "Poetry is the province of a genius or a madman,"—for the one can feign and the other feels stormy passions. Shakespeare also takes a rationalistic view of the matter when he makes the Fool say that "poetry is feigning," because the poet himself stands aloof and exposes on the board vivid cinematographic scenes from human life. In the words of Keats, "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity,—he is continually in for and filling some other body." Poetry is an idealised copy of human life,—of character, emotion, action, under forms manifest to sense. Poetry then is an imitation of nature, but the imagination and the passions are a part of man's nature. The end and use of poetry is to "hold the mirror up to Nature," as seen through the medium of passion and imagination and not divested of that medium by means of abstract reason.

In modern criticism poetry is used to designate a precise literary act. "It is the expression in beautiful form and melodious language of the best thoughts and noblest emotions which the spectacle of life awakens in the finest souls." Absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language. Shelley compares the poet to a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds; his auditors are like men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why.

Poetry, to be entitled to the name, must be artistic in form; for the poet not only teaches but also attracts. As Sir Philip Sidney says, "He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner." Hence in poetry nature must be coupled with art. Whether a poem be a weak *triban* or a *stornells* improvised by a Halian girl, whether it be an ode by Keats or a tragedy by Sophocles, it is equally a work of art. The artist's command over form may be shewn in the peasant-girl's power of spontaneously rendering in simple verse, in her *stornells* or *rispetto*, her emotions through Nature's symbols; it may be shewn by Keats in that perfect fusion of all poetic elements of which he was such a master, in the manipulation of language so

beautiful both for form and colour that thought and words seem but one blended loveliness ; or it may be shewn by Sophocles in a mastery over what in painting is called, 'composition,' in the exercise of that wise vision of the artists which, looking before and after, sees the thing of beauty as a whole and enables him to grasp the eternal laws of cause and effect in art and bend them to his own wizard will. In every case indeed form is an essential part of poetry and, although George Sand's saying, "L'art est une forme," applies more strictly to the plastic art, its application to poetry can hardly be exaggerated. Goethe and many others with him hold that, without the power of poetic expression, there can be no poet. A poet must have the gift of expression, must have that plastic power of making the language melodious by using proper words in proper places. "The functions of the poetical faculty are twofold ; by one it creates new materials of knowledge, power and pleasure ; by the other it engenders in the mind a desire to reproduce and arrange them according to a certain rhythm and order which may be called the beautiful and the good."

But there are others who hold the opposite view. They waive the distinction altogether, and in their opinion, Art becomes merged in Nature. This idea is set forth by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Religio Medici*, where he declares that "All things are artificial ; for Nature is the art of God." Socrates in the *Ion* argues that poets attain to excellence, not through the rules of any art, but they utter their beautiful melodies of verse in a state of inspiration and, as it were, *possessed* by a spirit not their own. "Thus," he adds, "the composers of lyrical poetry create those admired songs of theirs in a state of divine insanity, like the Corybantes, who lose all control over their reason in the enthusiasm of the sacred dance ; and during this supernatural possession are excited to the rhythm and harmony which they communicate to men. . . . For the souls of the poets, as poets tell us, have this peculiar ministration in the world. They tell us that these souls, flying like bees from flower to flower, and wandering over the gardens and the meadows and the honey-flowing fountain of the Muses, return to us laden with the sweetness of melody ; and arrayed as they are in the plumes of rapid imagination, they speak truth. For a poet is indeed a thing ethereally light-winged and sacred, nor can he compose anything worth calling poetry until he becomes inspired and as it were, mad, or whilst any reason remains in him." As Shelley puts it :—

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thoughts' wildernesses."

He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality ! ”

Wordsworth, the poet-priest of English Platonism, holds that poetry is possible without poetic expression :

- “ Many are the poets that are sown
 By nature ; men endowed with highest gifts
 The vision and the faculty divine,
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse. ”

Prof. Shairp is of opinion that the poet, instead of adopting the approved diction of poets or coining tropes and images of his own, can not do better than adopt the language of genuine emotion as it comes warm from the lips of suffering men and women.

But this Platonism of the Renaissance was largely a counterblast to Aristotelianism and the classical doctrine of poetry ; and exaggerated emphasis has been given to the differences without drawing attention to their general dependence in poetry ;—the impossibility of a separate existence of matter from form, of imagination from art, of the so-called real outer world from the so-called unreal mental world.

The aspect of nature with which poetry has more immediately to do is beauty. Beauty is that strange and wonderful entity with which all creation is clothed as with a garment. The poet is the man to whom is given the eye that sees this more instinctively, the heart that feels it more intensely, than other men do, and who has the power to express it and bring it home to his fellow-men. As Shelley says, “ Poetry is the mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted. ” “ Now this beauty is something indefinable, something which does not exist by itself, which pre-supposes certain qualities in the external world, which when apprehended by the soul through its aesthetic and imaginative faculties, results in the perception of what we call beauty. Therefore, beauty is neither wholly without us, nor wholly within us,—it is a product resulting from the meeting of certain qualities of the outward world with a sensitive and imaginative soul. ”

As the poet's mission is to uplift humanity, he avoids the sordid and the base. He looks only to the aesthetic side of nature, for to him “ a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. ” It ennobles human instincts and, if the aim of life be the realisation of truth, we must worship beauty, for “ Beauty is

Truth, Truth Beauty,—That is all *we* know on earth and all *we* need to know." In the *Symposium*, we find explained how love is the desire for immortality in beauty and how beauty of the soul is greater than beauty of the body. The seeker after beauty, beginning with an appreciation of beautiful bodies, will consider that the beauty in one body is akin to that in another and that therefore the beauty in all bodies is one and the same. Thus he proceeds to find out universal beauty in the beauty of the soul. Plato reconciled beauty and goodness, the aesthetic and the moral sides of life, and this in a great part formed the basis of Shelleyan religion.

For the soul to comprehend all that Nature contains, there must be present not only the eye keenly observing and tenderly sensitive to natural beauty, but behind this must be a heart feeling and alive to all that is most affecting in human life, sentiment and destiny. To a poet, "Nature is not a collection of things but an influence, a reflection, a counterpart of the drama of his soul."

THE DUAL SELF OF MAN.

By Badarika Nath Bhattacharya,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

Life is a mysterious problem. The grave and deep disquisitions of the philosophers and scientists of by-gone centuries have indeed thrown light upon its outer cells, but the interior recess is still enveloped in 'Cimmerian darkness'—nay, it will perhaps lie for ever unfathomed and unexplored. Modern critics too have hinged their criticisms on this mystic phenomenon of Life, and have soared high into the ethereal region with their winged imagination to get a glimpse at it through its veil of mysticism. Carlyle and Ruskin would contend over the identity of Work and Prayer. Tolstoy would rather have his son work at the wind-mill than snugly recline on an idle sofa, though it be less than proper for a boy of his position. But in this present discourse we shall keep ourselves clear from this philosophic labyrinth, and our bone of contention will be the contradictory, dual aspect in which life manifests itself in the world.

The dual nature of humanity, as is well known to every student of philosophy is the result of a curious conglomeration of two contrary propensities,—of the animal self and of the rational self. When the animal self is unbridled, it smothers the rational self, but when the rational self is

allowed full scope, it tames and subjugates the animal self. Life, in which the animal self is paramount, may be called animal life and the opposite rational life. Count Tolstoy, the Russian saint, classifies this duality of life under two categories—the Individual or selfish life, the defining postulate whereof is, 'I am', and the Universal or self-less life, the sole connotation of which is, 'I love'.

The realization of the desires and aims of a man is the best incentive to active efforts, and these desires and aims are the clearest avenues of self-revelation. The votaries of 'I am', *i.e.*, the assertors of egoism, concentrate their aims and purposes towards their own selves. The absorbing interest of their life is that of their own self. Even love on their part mirrors forth the callousness of their heart. Wife, children and menials are dear to them in as much as they serve one or other of their purposes. True love towards man or God is a dream to them, for love in its true import is humble submission to the beloved. One with a little insight will clearly discover the dire and dreadful falsity of such a position. Death, 'the inevitable hour,' appears to them in the shape of confusion and despair. For death means the annihilation of this 'muddy virtue' which to them has been the *summum bonum* of life. No hope of resurrection or the promise of Empyrean bliss can raise up their drooping hearts, and in the final retrospection of their own selves, alas! they are undone.

But the reverse is the case with those whose perspective of life is not so narrow and ill-defined as that of the egotists. The votaries of the Universal or Rational life merge themselves not in the whirlpool of their own selfish interests, but are immersed in the interests of the world. To them life is all love. This cosmopolitan life is not an unmeaning dissolute enjoyment, but a sacrifice offered at the altar of God and Humanity. Their knowledge, wealth and power are subservient to the realization of their noble ideal. Selfish isolation from the cause of Humanity is a perdition to them. On them death does not frown with a grim visage—for, through the darkness of this mortal bar, their spirit glows with redoubled lustre and sheds its genial rays on whatever comes in touch with it. The Rational life steers straight across a calm and clear sea, but the animal life, without a rudder, without an oar, with the sails blown into tatters, founders in a tempestuous sea.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By Upendra Nath Chatterjee,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

The trend of present-day criticism hesitates between the two spheres of Matthew Arnold's literary work, poetry and criticism. Yet in his own day Arnold did not enjoy much reputation as a poet, nor in our day can his poetry be said to have much greater fascination. It is now an established opinion that his services as a literary critic are of a high order and are in themselves capable of enshrining his memory. The canons of literary criticism which he enunciated were a direct gain to English Literature. His poetry, though belittled on various grounds, is yet stamped with his massive personality and reflects to a great extent his bitter struggle with the conflicting principles, born out of the "spiritual anarchy" of the nineteenth century. With the changed standards and ideals of a subsequent generation, Arnold as a critic might be regarded as the exponent of an antiquated and old-world fashion, but his poetry will ever be valued for mirroring the malady of his age and unfolding the internal strife of a man of sweet and tender sentiments.

"Mr. Arnold's poetry in great part is an exquisitely delicate and lucid record of a spirit divided against itself." His sympathies were many and varied and he tried to harmonise and reconcile all his intellectual conflicts; but he was ever warring, and perhaps never attained that rest and quietude which he envied in less inquisitive spirits. The higher demands of soul and intellect jarred with the cold and, as he thought, base aspirations of his age, and he was, in his inner self, one of those "seekers of light who had troubles writ large on their brows." His poetry was a conscious revolt against what he himself condemned as 'British Philistinism.' His poetic vision had been blurred and dimmed by constantly brooding over "the evils, the dullness, the follies, the decay and death of the time." He raised his trenchant spirit against "the world of an aristocracy materialised and null, a middle class purblind and hideous, a lower class crude and brutal," and this ever-present consciousness of the decay of high ideals and aims bred that sceptical melancholy which imparted to his poems an air of delicate and tender despondency. In his poems, this keen pessimism, though supported by an almost stoic calmness and self-control, is the dominant note; but as his vision became clearer and his strife less keen, he saw beyond "the absorbing and brutalising influence of the passionate material progress, an apparition of intellectual life." In an age of 'spiritual anarchy'—an age which has

been called the 'sæculum realisticum,' he feels all the passionate yearning for spiritual faith. Yet, before the

".....strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads overtaxed, its palsied heart,"

he cannot rise supreme and can hardly preserve his individual identity. He loses himself in this vast abyss by intermittent efforts to sound its vulnerable depths, and the last solace that he gained in his struggle after "sweetness and light" was that the finest sensibilities of a poet and the loftiest aspirations of a spiritual seer were made compatible with the decaying tendencies of the time, and were at least made so by Goethe. He found in Goethe "a complete, heroic, modern man." The fever of a deep unrest which shook his inner self, led him earnestly to listen to a voice which preached, "Live resolutely a complete human life, in what is good and beautiful, in the whole of things." He was at first puzzled to think how it was possible, but the persistent despondency, rooted as it was, gave way to a calmness and a serenity which went a long way towards attaining the liberty of true spiritual manhood. He preached for "sweetness and light"; he attained a delicate and tender calmness and his poetry is pervaded with the tranquil serenity of an evening sky, "with something of the coolness of falling waters, something of the music of rustling trees."

Like Wordsworth, his nearest spiritual master, he had formulated some not very insignificant theories about poetry, and, like Wordsworth too, he could not keep within the limits of his own canons. His dictum of "high seriousness" of "poetic truth" and "poetic beauty" can only be partially applied to his own poetry. He was too logical a champion and too scrupulous a follower of the old classics. His academic reminiscences had fastened too strong a root to be altogether separated from his poetic creed; and his strict adherence to the ideal nursed during the days of his classical studies, led him into serious faults—the faults of a conscious imitation or revelation. He was, indeed, so close beset by his ideals that he often deliberately, and in that way inartistically, struck out a 'classical' tone. With a high seriousness and with the old Aristotelian theory too strong in his mind, he put a very severe restraint upon his emotions and drifted towards the dull and stiff tones of his models and lacked those "florid and flowing Tennysonian schemes" which would have won for him an imperishable popularity.

It has often been urged against Arnold that he was a conscious imitator of Wordsworth in his reflections on Nature. It must be admitted that to Wordsworth he turned for the lightening of his soul of those doubts and

difficulties which lay heavy upon it. He confessed that he was a Wordsworthian himself and paid the most sincere tribute of worship and gratitude to the memory of the "seer and prophet." But he was not a slavish imitator; he indignantly rebelled against his master when the latter pronounced the most undiscerning criticism on Goethe. Even if his contemplation on Nature takes a clear Wordsworthian turn, it is because he, like Wordsworth, had found a source of joy and consolation in the occult harmony between Man and Nature. But Arnold lived in an age when the ideals of life and immortality, which were fresh and unclouded in the days of the elder poet, had grown dim, and he was swayed to and fro and restlessly tossed about by the "casual creeds" which lived an ephemeral life. His attitude towards Nature is, therefore, a little changed, and as Prof. Dowden says, "He turns to Nature for deliverance from the excitement of his own restless feelings, and he sinks into her calm and mild depths, and is for a little time at rest; then a touch, a thought, a nameless nothing, and the trouble of heart and brain begins anew." Almost sick of the agonising "mental strife," with a profoundly keen and poignant melancholy welling out of the depths of his heart, he turned wistfully to Nature to find in her beauty and serenity the anodyne for his inmost struggle. He sought in the calm depths of Nature, as in his mother's lap, the peace and rest for which he panted:—

"Fold closely, O Nature!
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me!
And dry up my tears."

What struck him most was the contrast between the peace and harmony of Nature and the incessant and bitter struggle of human things. He, like Goldsmith and Byron, had been painfully convinced of the futility and desolation of mortal things, and he, more than they, had found in Nature a source of joy and consolation.

"Nature is fresh as of old,
Is lovely: a mortal is dead."

Prof. Saintsbury has said: "His finales, his perorations are always his best." Indeed, he rises to the highest pitch of pathetic beauty in the concluding lines of *Sohrab and Rustum* where the beauty and serenity of Nature are touched with a silent pathos in contrast with the clouded gloom of mortal destiny.

A WORD ABOUT THE PRESENT UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

By Ramaprasanna Sanyal,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

The Calcutta University of to-day is quite a different thing from what it was some six or seven years ago. It has undergone numerous changes, some of which are beneficial, others detrimental to sound education. The authorities of the University, when they introduced these changes, were confidently hopeful that they would all prove beneficial, but, as man's expectations often fall short of success, some of these changes have produced the opposite of the most desired results. It will not be the object of this article to discuss as to whether the authorities were right or wrong in disturbing the existing order of things, but only to show that one of these changes has not come quite up to the expectations of the majority of people interested in University affairs.

From the Matriculation to the M.A., the courses of study have suffered a good deal of addition and alteration. Formerly it was incumbent upon every Entrance student to read History and Geography along with other subjects. But now while affording great facilities for the study of English, the University has hopelessly ignored the importance of these subjects. They have now been made additional subjects and a student may safely omit them if he finds no interest in them.

It is indeed desirable that a student who finds no interest in a particular subject should not take it up, but should devote his attention to other subjects for which he has special aptitude. But there are certain subjects which we can by no means afford to omit if we aim at making ourselves truly cultured men and not mere degree-holders. Of these subjects, History is one of the most important and then it cannot be profitably studied without the help of Geography which, therefore, should not also be omitted from the Matriculation course. There are some men who hold that a University cannot furnish its *alumni* with all sorts of knowledge and that those who have a real thirst for them must acquire them after the close of their University career. This is indeed very reasonable, but it should always be borne in mind that some subjects which are taught by our University, cannot be satisfactorily studied without some knowledge of others which are closely connected with them. If, for example, we take English literature, we readily discover that its connection with History is very intimate and that a sound study of the former is impossible without a knowledge of the latter. Politics, again, has no root without History, and in the course of our study of Politics we have often to grope in the dark for want of a knowledge of History. Formerly English History was prescribed for the

Entrance Examination, and Grecian and Roman History for the F. A. Examination, so that a student who took up Honours in English had not to look aghast when he came across a few historical names.

Like the Matriculation, the I. A. and I. Sc. courses also have suffered a good deal of alteration. Besides English, a student had formerly to read Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Sanskrit, Logic and History. Though the range of studies in each of these subjects was not so extensive as at the present day, the student, when he came out of the University, was not all innocent of the most important subjects that go towards making a man a citizen of the world. We have often experienced in the course of our business life that for want of an elementary knowledge of the sciences we cannot satisfactorily do our everyday duties. This is indeed a most lamentable state of things and should by all means be got rid of. A University should not aim at making its *alumni* specialists in different branches of knowledge, but at showing them the various ways by which to proceed, so that when they arrive at a sufficiently mature stage, they may easily strike out new and special paths for them. It may be easily conceived how difficult it is for a matriculate to choose his combination. He often runs a hazard in choosing his subjects, which in some cases blights his future prospects and in others spoils a good deal of his useful career. If the choice has to be made after the I. A. course, the risk may not perhaps be so great.

It is well that the University has discouraged taking up Honours in more subjects than one, and that it has extended the M.A. course to two years, so that a student may have ample scope to devote his attention to one subject and specialize in it. But that it has ignored the importance of some very useful subjects, is indeed lamentable. It is true that if the University has to make some other subjects compulsory in addition to those that a student has now to read, the courses of study will be comparatively small, but in that case the foundation will be solid and lasting. The depth of knowledge does not depend so much upon the quantity of matter gathered as upon its quality. If we can well assimilate and digest what we read, our range of studies may be narrow; but we may then have a solid and permanent footing. Ben Jonson was a vastly learned man and Shakespeare a man of "small Latin and less Greek." Yet what Ben Jonson with his vast erudition could not achieve, Shakespeare with his little learning could do. We may not all be Shakespeares and Jonsons, but we should all have enough time and scope for free and original thinking. Honesty is the atmosphere in which ability grows, and when we go into the wide world we find that honest work is in great demand. But it is almost impossible for a student to have free play of his intellect under the

present University system, with its numerous books and vast syllabus. It is often urged by the advocates of the present system that it has encouraged research work, but are not Jagadishchandra, Prafullachandra, Dr. Seal and Mr. Trivedi products of the old system? It would be a happy day if our University diminishes the number of books prescribed for its *alumni*, encourages original thinking, and makes arrangements for imparting moral and spiritual lessons. That would be the work of a true University, of a true *Alma Mater*.

THE TRUANT.

By Saral Kumar Dutta,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

I have been a truant from my boyhood. I frequently absent myself from my class-room to enjoy a ramble in a happy-go-lucky mood. My teachers have tried their best to mend my ways and have at last given me up for a stolid dull-headed dizzard.

Yet I am not so ready to accept so low an estimate of myself. I never regret my vivid hours of truancy. I fully know I have learnt more in the streets and by-lanes, suburbs and meadows, than in the stamp-mill of lecture-rooms. Being of a roving spirit I never care to ply my books hard, exhaust all energy and begin the world a bankrupt. I think it a pity to pore constantly over books, turning the back upon the noise and bustle of this world of reality. I boast that my stock of knowledge is not acquired from mere book-reading, for I have always liked to come in touch with the matter-of-fact world and my study is not confined to the "dogmatic formularies of the reading class."

Even now, I can remember with delight how on a May-day, I stole out of my class-room, sauntered along the streets and passed out of the city into a glen. I was quite done up with the exertion of my mid-day stroll and I took my seat on a mossy block of stone and fell into a vein of kindly thoughts. There was a small brook flowing by, with a soft delicious murmur, and I began to feast my ears on that pretty noise and was soon lulled asleep. When I awoke, it was the dewy evening and a little bird was singing in a thicket. My mind was so worked up with emotion that I felt as if I were completely absorbed into the spirit of the bird. I was then in a magic sphere of happiness, quite lost to "the weariness, the fever and the fret" of this work-a-day world and began to see things in a new perspective. Was it not more than reading Keats, Shelley or Wordsworth? Was it not true education of Nature? There is certainly

knowledge, arid and dry, to be found in books for which the scholars pay so dear ; but it is all round about us in 'the open book of Nature' which we can easily acquire at our will.

Book-readers will crowd their memory with a huge legion of dogmas and phrases, see things through the spectacles of books and become speculative men full of theories and principles. But let them appear in the practical world,—they are sure "to beat 'he air and appear stupid." Whereas I try to play my part best in the theatre of life, take a share in the every-day affairs of man and learn the art of living. Book-men will cultivate their minds at a great cost with scanty reward. They will toil hard in their academy and leave their study with an owlish demeanour and a dyspeptic constitution and pass the prime of their lives in heavy sighs. Nay, even the only pleasure of book-reading—the crown of their success—is often denied to them. They die martyrs to a *great cause* unrealised. But as for myself, I never run such a great risk. I have pursued my own hobbies with satisfaction, learnt to shun dogmas and formulæ, but tried hard to cultivate common-sense from many and various object lessons. The greater part of my life has been spent in the open air and I have got ample time to take care of my head and health. And now my "enfranchised" brain "frisks and curvets at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of this dissertation."

Constant application to books leads to a neglect of many other things. Scholars are so bookish and absent-minded that even this crowded world with its clamour and din appears but a blank to them. They are rather a very bad company for the men in the street, whom they look down upon. But we can not do without these people with whom we are to live, move and work. So it is not the less important to bring cheer to the lives of these men and "by being cheerful we sow anonymous benefits on the world."

"Frowns are thorns and smiles are blossoms
Oft for weary feet,
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face :
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the space."

Readers, I have too long been fussy and attentive. I have been so long like a fish out of water. So I bid adieu with one word more,—that too much study is ridiculous since its final effect on the eternal life of the great world is almost nil. "Much reading is mere weariness of the flesh, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth anxiety."

BOLPUR AND DAULATPUR.

By Abani Nath Ray,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

Both the institutions, *Santiniketan* at Bolpur and *Hindu Academy* at Daulatpur, have gathered around them some interest from the fact that each of them has a distinct ideal in view which we do not find elsewhere. I had the good luck of being a student of both the institutions. This is the possible apology that I have to make for this attempt to describe the ideals and methods of these two famous academies of our province.

The Hindu Academy has set forth its aim as being "to give Hindu boys a training in their religion and to revive Hindu Learning." Altogether the authorities have an idea of mingling inspiration with education, of awakening among students a sense of morality, rectitude and devotedness to duty as human beings.

Students of Bolpur are to go through a regular and well-arranged system of discipline from day-break till a quarter part of the night. At 4 A.M. a loud gong calls them up from their beds at all seasons; on rising they sweep and cleanse their rooms themselves, take some amount of exercise and then go to bathe at the wells. The daily ablution being over, they calmly take their seats under some shady tree or inside the room or behind some thicket, and essay to concentrate their minds on prayer to the Divine Being. When the solitary individual prayer is over, they gather together on the open heath to offer a combined orison to the Almighty. One is struck with reverence and reminded of the past days of *Aryavarta* with its *sapobans* and eremites, as the boys chant the Vedic hymn in one tuneful orison:—

“ॐ पिता गोविं पिता नो बोधि नमस्तेऽस्तु । मा मा हिंसीः । विश्वानि देव सवितर्दुरितानि परासुवः यद् भद्रं तन्न चासुव । नमः शम्भवाय च मयोभवाय च, नमः शङ्कराय च मयस्कराय च नमः शिवाय च शिवतराय च ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः हरिः ॐ ।”

Then they are supplied with pure and substantial dishes of sweets or fruits for their breakfast, after which they soberly take their seats upon small woollen *ashans* under the shade of *bakul* or *sal* trees. The teacher or *mashtay* as he is generally called there, takes his seat upon a little raised masonry pavement. They continue their studies up to 10 A.M. after which they partake of a very simple dinner. Fish and flesh are forbidden dainties. The shortage of nourishment caused by their absence from the menu is amply made up for by a sufficient quantity of *ghee* and milk. Classes are again held at 1 P.M. till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Pleasant dishes of *chinra* with curd or *loochi* appease their appetite after the class hours. There are arrangements for football, cricket and tennis.

A similar prayer is conducted in the evening after which the elder students read while the younger are entertained with fables and stories by their teacher. They finish their supper by 10 P.M. and then every one, except a few of the 1st class, has to retire to bed.

I have only tried to give an outline of the duties of every Bolpur student from the time when they leave the bed till they return to it at night.

Daulatpur possesses no such pre-arranged routine of daily work, but it affords a slow stimulus to life's idealistic perfection. Bolpur is a school. Daulatpur is a college. Students of Bolpur are *compelled* to do their duties. Those of Daulatpur are *given hints* as to what is good for them and left to themselves for choice. Students of Bolpur are mostly of aristocratic families because of the heavy expenses of the place. Those of Daulatpur are mostly poor and the college yields various advantages to such students. So the result is that the Bolpur students are generally ease-loving and assiduously neat and clean. Daulatpur students are hardy, pains-taking, persevering and resolute. Bolpur is an enchanted spot of poetic bliss, consecrated by the presence of the greatest minstrel of modern Bengal. Daulatpur is a sort of moral battle-field for poverty and perseverance. From a moral point of view the atmosphere of Bolpur may be regarded as a little Epicurean—full of sentimentality and imagination. The atmosphere of Daulatpur is Diogenic—full of rigidity and gloom. Daulatpur produces *dry* strugglers. Bolpur produces myrtle-crowned dreamers. Bolpur is liberal in its religious observances. Daulatpur's religious attitude almost amounts to Pharisaism. The perfect moral good of the country may be secured if these opposite tendencies could be yoked harmoniously together.

In conclusion, I avail myself of this opportunity of paying my homage to Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore and S^r. Braja Lal Chakraverty, M.A., B.L., Vakil, High Court, for the establishment of such important institutions which, their defects notwithstanding, are rendering immense service to the country. I think I do not exaggerate when, in the words of the Editor of *The Nation*, I say that "he (Sir R. N. Tagore) is like the Greek philosopher who defined the highest happiness as contemplation but did not restrict contemplation to the last years of life or exclude it from the common business of the world."

WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

By Kali Ranjan Mukhopadhyaya,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

Nature has been an inexhaustible store-house of materials to the poetically gifted of almost all ages ; in fact in the entire poetic firmament there is scarcely any one who has not either exerted himself strenuously in culling his choicest materials from Nature around him or who has not abandoned himself unawares, so to say, to the contemplation of Beauty—the fall of snow-flakes in the still air ; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water ; the reflections of trees and flowers in a glassy lake ; and “the sun-set clouds and the delicately emerging stars with their private and ineffable glances.” But though Nature is immutable, yet different poets present her in different aspects and interpret her from quite different standpoints. It is in these manifold delineations of one and the same Nature that we find the just application of Emerson’s words that “the difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference between beholders.”

Now, let us dwell on the aspects of Nature which charm Wordsworth and let us try to comprehend the reasons why the exponents of Wordsworth who have spent much critical ink for the true appreciation of the poet, are not content to treat his poetical presentation of Nature as merely the beautiful and artistic descriptions of natural objects, but reserve for him the high eulogy of being the originator of a great movement,—one who aimed at the emancipation of the world and of the mind and of the vehicle of poetry from the bondage of “fact, opinion, formality and tradition.”

Indeed it seems at first extremely puzzling as to how such a eulogy might be bestowed on one who knew not how for many years his poetry had not brought him in enough to buy his shoe-string, and how many years the reviewers of the day classed his poems with the ‘Song of Sixpence,’ or, at least, with the ‘Babes in the Wood’ ; but the true explanation of this anomaly is to be found in the new element which he introduced into his poems as regards man’s view of Nature—an element which enriched his poems with such a sustained and passing dignity that they are the joy and wonder of the reader.

But wherein lies the grandeur of this new element ? It lies not in his fine descriptions of the physical aspects of Nature, but in his discovery of the soul of Nature—

“ A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things ; ”

in his most generalised conceptions of the natural and spiritual world ; and in the happy way in which he established correspondence between the seen and the unseen.

In the simple establishment of a relation between the Natural and the Spiritual world, most of his predecessors no doubt succeed but they were lacking in the generalisation of this conception of the relation. It was to Wordsworth alone that “ Nature is no mere collection of phenomena, but he infuses into her least approaches some sense of her mysterious whole.” With the disappearance of Pope from the poetic horizon we find the rise of luminaries like Collins, Thomson, Crabbe, Cowper, Burns and Scott who appeared with all their paraphernalia to embellish, as it were, the phenomena of Nature. They have their “ glowing spirit ” to look on Nature ; they have their picturesqueness in delineating the objects of Nature ; but it was mere picturesqueness,—“ a reproduction of Nature for the mere pleasure of reproducing her,” and it was merely the side-glance which tends to “ use her as an accessory to the expression of human love and woe, whereas with Wordsworth, it was not the “ spirit of admiring observation,” but the intimate worship of Nature.

If we are to agree with Plato, we may safely assert that Wordsworth wrote his poems of Nature under the stimulus of the “ divine madness”—a “ philosophy that enters, so to say, unawares to the poet through his art, and to the lover through his love,” and it is this inspiration and enthusiasm that enabled Wordsworth “ to see into the life of things.” Other poets also have their inspirations ; but in the case of Wordsworth, the inspiration is singular in the sense that no poet, except Wordsworth, perhaps soared so high when the “ inspiration was upon him,” when he laboured under the madness—a madness that altogether turned him “ bereft of reason but filled with divinity ; ” and wherever we find the play of this inspiration he is unique and unparalleled, and wherever the inspiration is lacking, he fails and is as “ weak as is a breaking wave.” Herein we find the explanation why his ‘ Leech-Gatherer ’ and ‘ Lucy Gray ’ are beautiful successes and ‘ The Sailor’s Mother ’ is a failure.

বাজালা-রচনা ।

স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !

[রিপণ কলেজ ম্যাগাজিনের প্রথম সংখ্যা দর্শনে]

জীবনের পথে নবীন যাত্রী শীর্ষে আশীষভার,
শুভ্র-গরিমা-মণ্ডিত ভালে, কণ্ঠে বিজয়-ভার,
মঙ্গলব্রতে হরষে মুগ্ধ, সত্যে হৃদয় লীন,
মহিমোজ্জ্বল বিজয়-কিরীটি—স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !
আন নাই বহি মলয়-পরশ, বিলাস-তজ্জা, গান,
বার্তা তোমার অমল—নহে ত প্রেমিত্তকর অবদান !
এসহে পুণ্য ! গর্বের ঘোষিয়া—নহি আমি দীন হীন !
মহিমোজ্জ্বল বিজয়-কিরীটি—স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !
অঙ্গসিন্ধু মথিয়া তোমার উঠিল পীযুষধার,
মোহনস্পর্শে মেলিল চকিতে বাণীর হৈমদ্বার,
হৃদয়ে তোমার উচ্ছৃ সি উঠে গৌরব অমলিন—
মহিমোজ্জ্বল বিজয়-কিরীটি—স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !
উজল ললাটে দীপ্ত তিলক—মহর্ষিকরলিখা,—
নবীন যুগের কন্মের সনে জ্বলিত হোমের শিখা,—
নব যাজ্ঞিক, হে তরুণ ! কর স্নানিমার রেখা ক্ষীণ—
মহিমোজ্জ্বল বিজয়-কিরীটি—স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !
অক্ষয় কর ভাণ্ডারে তব জ্ঞানবিজ্ঞানে ভরি,
কীৰ্ত্তিধবল লাবণ্যপ্রভা অঙ্গে পড়ুক ঝরি,
তোমার পূজায় দিহু এ চিত্ত, হে পুণ্য ! অহুদিন—
মহিমোজ্জ্বল বিজয়-কিরীটি—স্বাগত ম্যাগাজিন !

শ্রীহরিকুমার রায় ।

(তৃতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)

নভোরূপ ।

নমো নীল-কলেবর জ্যোতির্ময় অনন্ত অশ্বর !
 অনাদি অনন্তরূপ ! দেবাদির করুণা সুন্দর !
 তুমি বিষ্ণু সর্বব্যাপী ! চরাচর প্রবিষ্ট তোমায়,
 শব্দবহ মহাশব্দ তব পদ্মহস্তে শোভা পায় !
 বিশ্বচক্র অহরহ বিঘূর্ণিত তব চক্রতলে,
 জয় জয় জ্যোতিঃস্থান ! জ্যোতির্ময় পদ্মহস্তে জলে !
 নীলবক্ষে কোস্তভের মালা রবি-চন্দ্র-তারকার,
 মহাকাল-চলধি-শয্যায় ধ্বনিতের প্রণব ওঙ্কাব !
 তুমি ব্রহ্মা রক্তরূপ ! শরতের লোহিত সন্ধ্যায়,
 পশ্চিম আকাশতলে অমরার দ্বার খুলি যায় !
 কাঞ্চনমাণিক্যপতা দেখা যায় সুরসৌধরাশি,
 তারি মাঝে চতুর্মুখ ! হেরি তোমা ত্রিদিব উদ্ভাসি !
 সমাপি দিবসকৃত্য সন্তোষাত স্বর্ণদী ধারায়,
 বর সঙ্গে রক্তবস্ত্র, বসিয়াছ সায়াহ্ন পূজায় !
 পার্শ্বে হেম কমণ্ডলু রক্তরবি জল্ জল্ জলে,
 চতুর্মুখে ব্রহ্মনাম গাহিতেছ মহা কুতূহলে !
 তুমি সৌম্য মহেশ্বর ! হেরি পুনঃ প্রভাতেব কালে
 দাঁড়াইয়া দিব্যকাস্তি দীপ্তিমান্ পূর্বচক্রবালে,
 বালারূপ ধিকি ধিকি জলি' ওঠে শ্বেত ভালতলে,
 হে পিণাকি ! ভাস্বর পিণাক উর্দ্ধমুখ ঝিকিমিকি জলে!
 শীর্ণ শুভ্রঘনস্তর বিলম্বিত গগন জুড়িয়া
 পশ্চিম আকাশ প্রাপ্ত হ'তে যেন বিষ্ণুপদ, দিয়া
 সফেন জাহ্নবী বারি লক্ষধারে ঝরিছে মাথায়,
 এলায়িত নীল জটাপুট আলুথালু চৌদিকে লুটায় !
 তুমি ব্রজে শ্রামরায় ! বরিষার সমুজ্জল প্রাতে
 স্রঞ্জিত ইন্দ্রধনু রচা চারু শিখি চূড়া মাথে !
 কোমল কিরণ রাশি পীতাম্বর নীলাঙ্গ আবরি !
 দক্ষিণা বাতাসে হরি ! বেজে ওঠে মোহন বাঁশরী !
 ছিদাম সুদাম সাজে নাচে রঙ্গে ধবল শ্রামলী,
 সে যে মহা গোষ্ঠযাত্রা ! বরিষার সিক্ত বনস্থলী !

কুমুদকল্লারভরা কালিন্দীতে অকূল পাথার,
 বনচারী হে ব্রজগোপাল ! ধেনু রাখ যমুনার পার ।
 তুমি রুদ্র সৰ্বগ্রামী ! শ্রাবণের প্রবল বর্ষণে—
 কি ভীষণ ক্রমঃ জটাজুট ছেয়ে যায় সকল গগনে !
 প্রচণ্ড ত্রিশূল তলে ভেদি ধরা কর খান খান,
 প্রলয় নিখোঁষে বাজে হেঁ ভৈরব ! বজ্রের বিষণ !
 শত চক্ষু বলি' ওঠে ক্রোধ ভরে কটমটি' চায়,
 প্রবল নিখাস বহে মহারোলে ঝঞ্জা বহি যায় !
 ঘন ঘন ছাড়িছ হৃদ্য বম্বম্ গভীর গর্জন,
 হে রুদ্র ! হে মহাকাল ! হেরি তব তাণ্ডব নর্তন !
 তুমি ইন্দ্র সুরপতি ! জ্যোৎস্নাময়ী ধবলা নিশায়,
 সুরগণ পরিবৃত বার দিয়া বসেছ সভায় !
 নিজে নিশাপতি আসি ধরিয়াছে হেমময় বাতি,
 গন্ধর্ব্ব কিন্নরে গায় !—অমরায় মহোৎসব রাতি !
 ভাবাবেশে নিম্নীলিত সহস্রাক্ষি দেখা নাহি যায়,
 জ্যোৎস্না-বাসি অঙ্গরারা ফুলগন্ধি চামর চুলায় ! •
 নাচিছে মেনকা রস্তা ! ঝিঁ-ঝিঁ-ঝিঁ ঝিঁ বাজিছে মঞ্জীর,
 কপোলের শ্বেদ-বিন্দু ঝরিতেছে হইয়া শিশির !
 নমামি অনন্তরূপ ! অনন্তের সুন্দর রচনা
 হে উজ্জল নীলাশ্বর ! পুরাণের পরম কল্পনা !

শ্রীনরেন্দ্রকুমার ঘোষ ।

(প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)

আগমনী ।

আয় মা ! আবার সারাটা বৎসর পরে এই শোকহঃখনিপীড়িতা অরাব্য্যাধি-
 অর্জুরিতা শাস্তিপরিভ্রাতা বঙ্গভূমিতে তিনটা দিনের আনন্দ লহরী তুলিয়া আয় মা !
 তিনটা দিন,—বাক্সালীর ভাগ্যে তিনটা মুহূর্ত্ত মাত্র ; দীর্ঘ প্রতীকার এই তিন স্বপ্ন-
 মুহূর্ত্তে বঙ্গের লুপ্তপ্রায় আনন্দ আবার ফিরাইয়া আনিতে আয় মা ! বাক্সালী সব
 ভুলিতে পারে, কিন্তু ভুলিবে না কেবল তার আকূল প্রাণের ব্যাকুল আহ্বান
 —স্বর্ণাজলী “মা” রব ।

নিসর্গলক্ষ্মীর শ্রামলাঞ্চল কাঁপাইয়া শান্ত পবন বহিতেছে। উপরে স্নিগ্ধ সুনীল গগনে শুভ্রমণ্ডলগুলি ভাসিয়া বেড়াইতেছে। কুসুমগন্ধে ও বিহগ-কুঞ্জে দিগ্বালারা মূচ্ছিয়া পড়িতেছে। প্রকৃতি ও মানব-প্রাণ যেন এক সুরে বাজিয়া উঠিয়াছে। জগতে যেন দুঃখ নাই, ক্লেশ নাই, জরা নাই, মৃত্যু নাই। জগৎ যেন স্বর্গের প্রতিকৃতি। এই শুভ-মুহূর্ত্তে শিরায় শিরায় বিদ্যুৎ-স্রোতঃ প্রবাহিত করিয়া কে যেন হৃদয়ের স্তম্ভমন্ডে আঘাত করিল “মা আসিতেছে”।

“মা আসিতেছে”—এই জীবন্ত-উচ্ছ্বাস বঙ্গের প্রতি গৃহের দ্বারে পুষ্পমালা দোলাইল, মঙ্গলকলসে আশ্রয়প্রার্থী স্থাপিত করিল, ধূনাগুণ্ডুলের মধুর গন্ধে সারাটী বঙ্গপল্লী আমোদিত করিল। “মা আসিতেছে”—বঙ্গের একপ্রান্ত হইতে অল্পপ্রান্ত পর্য্যন্ত উল্লাসোন্মাদ সুরে ধ্বনিত হইল। দুঃখী আজ দুঃখ ভুলিয়াছে, শোকতপ্ত আজ সান্ত্বনা পাইয়াছে, রোগী আজ মুহূর্ত্তের জন্ত রোগযন্ত্রণা হইতে মুক্তি লাভ করিয়াছে। নর্ত্তনশীল শিশুদল করতালি-ধ্বনিতে গৃহ-প্রাঙ্গণ মুখরিত করিয়া গাঠিতেছে “মা আসিতেছে!”

আয় মা! দেখ্ ভিখারী আগমনী-গীতে তোকে প্রবুদ্ধ করিবার প্রয়াসে বেসুরা গলায় ভগ্নপ্রায় একতারায় তোরই নামে বঙ্গলক্ষ্মীর নেত্র অশ্রুজলে সিক্ত করিয়া দিতেছে। সে গীতে বিধবা দীর্ঘশ্বাস ফেলিতেছে, পুত্রহীনার শ্রবণে মৃতপুত্রের স্নেহ সম্ভাষণ বাজিয়া উঠিতেছে। ভিখারীর সুরে তেমন মাধুর্য্য থাকুক বা নাই থাকুক কিন্তু মা! তা’তে তোর নাম আছে—বান্ধালীর সর্বস্ব ধন আছে—বান্ধালীর মুক্তির পথ আছে।

কে বলে তুমি মৃগয়ী মা! তুমি যে বান্ধালীর চিন্ময়ী মা! যাহারা তোমায় চিনেনা জানেনা, তাহারা যা বলে বলুক কিন্তু যাহারা কেবল “মা” বলিয়া ডাকিয়াই আকুল, তাহারা জানে তুমি তাহাদের তাহারা অল্প কিছু বলিয়া তোমায় ডাকিতে চায় না,—তাহাদের ভাষা কেবল “মা”।

ঐ দেখ মা! হৃর্তিক-রাক্ষসী অর্দ্ধবঙ্গদেশকে শ্মশান করিয়া তুলিয়াছে। শেষ অন্নগ্রাসটুকু মুখে লইয়া বুকু পূর্ব-বঙ্গবাসী আজ পথে দাঁড়াইয়াছে! ধনী-নিধন হৃন্দর-কুৎসিত জীপুরুষ শিশুবৃদ্ধ আজ অবোধ-প্রাণ পরিত্যাগ করিতে স্থির-নিশ্চয়। আজ তুই আসিয়াছিস্, কিন্তু অদৃষ্টের কি পরিহাস! আজ তাহারা সে আনন্দে অক্ষম। তবু তুই আসিয়াছিস্ বলিয়া তাহারা কঙ্কালদেহে জীবনের শেষ সীমায় দাঁড়াইয়া শুক জিহ্বায় শেষ কীণশক্তি নিয়োজিত করিয়া ডাকিতেছে “মা! আয় মা!” বান্ধালীর অল্প উপকরণ না থাক্,—তাহাদের নয়নের জল আছে, তাই দিয়া তোমার পদযুগল ধোত করিবে,—তাহাদের হৃদয়ের বিমল ভক্তিপুষ্পে তোমার অর্চনা করিবে।

এস তাই ! আজ সকলে মায়ের চরণে শরণ লই। মায়ের চরণ-তলে দাঁড়াইয়া একবার প্রাণ ভরিয়া “মা” বলিয়া ডাকি ! উদার নিরভ্র গগন তলে আবেগোন্মাদ বঙ্গবাসীর কণ্ঠে ধ্বনিত হউক :—

শরণাগতদীনার্ভপরিহ্রাণপরায়ণে ।

সর্বস্বার্থিহরে দেবি নারায়ণি নমোহস্তুতে ॥

• • • • •

সর্বমঙ্গলামঙ্গল্যে শিবে সর্বার্থসাধিকে ।

শরণ্যে ত্র্যম্বকে গৌরি নারায়ণি নমোহস্তুতে ॥

শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে ।

(প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)

সুভদ্রা ।

(অধ্যাপক সুরেন্দ্রনাথ বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, এম্, এ ।)

পূর্বস্মৃতির পর ।

কি উপাদানে এই অসামান্য বালিকার নৈতিক জীবন গঠিত হইয়াছিল শ্রীকৃষ্ণ নিজেই তাহার একটু পরিচয় দিয়াছেন। ভদ্রা আশৈশব “প্রকৃতির উপাসিকা,” সায়াহ্নে তরু-ডালে বিহগগণ, প্রকৃতি-রাণীর নিকট যে সাক্ষর আত্ম-নিবেদন করে— তাহা ধ্যানমগ্না হইয়া শোনে। যখন বৈবতক-শিরে “বিলোড়িয়া বনস্থলী” ভীম প্রভঞ্জন প্রবাহিত হয়, যখন প্রকৃতি প্রলয়ের রুদ্ধমুষ্টি ধারণ করে, তখন দশমবর্ষীয়া বালিকা একটা নির্জল উপল-খণ্ডে বসিয়া প্রকৃতির মহা উপাসনায় মগ্ন থাকে। তাহার তৎকালোচিত মনোভাব কবি আমাদের কাছে জানাইয়াছেন, তাহা শ্রবণ করুন :—

• • “দেখ দাদা ! ওই উচ্চ পর্বত শিখরে

কেমন নিবিড় মেঘে খেলিছে কেমন

অনল-ভ্রঙ্গ-মত বিজলি স্নানর।”

এই রমণী চরিত্র প্রকৃতি-উপাসনার মহিমা কতদূর স্বাধিকার বিস্তার করিয়াছিল তাহা দেখাইবার জন্য কবি বারম্বার চেষ্টা করিয়াছেন। বস্তুতঃ যে সকল নরনারীগণ জগতে অমর-কীর্তি লাভ করিয়া গিয়াছেন, তাঁহাদের জীবনে প্রকৃতির প্রভাব বা মোহিনী শক্তি (influence of Nature) বড় কম ছিল না। পারিবারিক ক্ষুদ্রত্বের গণ্ডিতে নিরত আবদ্ধ থাকিয়া পরস্পরবিরুদ্ধ স্বার্থের চিরবন্দনের হলাহলে জর্জরিত হইলে নর নারীর আত্ম সংস্কৃতি হয় এবং হৃদয় সজ্জ্বিত হইয়া যায়।—আত্মার স্বভাব-সুশীল বিশ্বপ্রেমের ক্ষুরণের অবসর হয় না ও অপরের সহিত সহানুভূতি করিবার শক্তি (response) তত্ব হইয়া যায়। কে না জানে দেশ ভ্রমণের উপকারিতা! তাহার

কারণ এই যে, বাহু-প্রকৃতির মোহিনী-শক্তি-বলে আত্মার পূর্ণ সঙ্কোচটুকু দূর হইয়া যায়। মহদন্তঃকরণবিশিষ্ট ব্যক্তিগণের (great souls) বাহু-প্রকৃতির সহিত নিত্য-সম্বন্ধ থাকে বলিয়া সংসারের হলাহল বিষ তাঁহাদের দেহে ও মনে কুত্ৰাপি স্থান পায় না,—এই জন্তই কবি বলিয়াছেন, প্রাচীন ভারতের গুণ্যাশ্রমগুলি ছিল “ঋতুপূর্ণ জগতের শাস্তির নিবাস।” বর্তমান যুগে জীবনের নানা কোলাহলের মধ্যে আমরা একরূপ আশ্রমের অভাব কি বোধ করি না? হায়! বাহা অতীত, তাহার পুনরাবৃত্তির আশা কি আর নাই?

অৰ্জুন স্তম্ভদ্রার পরিচয়ে জানিতে পারিলেন যে ভদ্রাকে স্বয়ং শ্রীকৃষ্ণ পরম আদরে ও যত্নে জ্ঞানশিক্ষা দিয়াছেন, অস্ত্রবিজ্ঞা এবং “সঙ্গীত সূন্দর” শিখাইয়াছেন। বীর চরিত্রের পূর্ণ বিকাশের উপাদানভূত এবম্বিধ সহধর্ম্মিণী-চিত্র বীরশ্রেষ্ঠ অৰ্জুনের মানস-আকাশে যেন শুকতারার জ্বায় উদ্ভিত হইতে লাগিল।

একণে একটা প্রশ্ন উঠিতে পারে এই যে যিনি এই নারী চরিত্র সম্বন্ধে একরূপ উচ্চদরের প্রশংসাপত্র (certificate) দিলেন, তাঁহার যোগ্যতা কতদূর?

পুরাণের “শ্রীকৃষ্ণ” এবং নবীনচন্দ্রের “শ্রীকৃষ্ণ” ঠিক এক প্রকারের নহে।—কবি পরম শত্রু বাহুবীর মুখে শ্রীকৃষ্ণের যে পরিচয় দিয়াছেন তাহা উল্লেখ যোগ্য। নতুবা স্তম্ভদ্রার দীক্ষাগুরু যে কত বড় মহিমাযিত পুরুষ এবং তাঁহার প্রভাব এই রমণী জীবনে কতদূর ছিল ঠিক বুঝিতে পারা যাইবে না।

“যমুনার জল

নহে তত স্নানীতল, পবিত্র, নির্মল
জানি আমি গোবিন্দের চরিত্র যেমন।
তাঁহার প্রশান্ত-বক্ষে, উন্নত-ললাটে,
গর্জিত অধর-প্রান্তে, উজ্জল-নয়নে,
দীর্ঘ বীর-অবয়বে আছে বিরাজিত
যে দেবত্ব, দেখি নাই মানবে কখন।

তুনেছি যখন

সহচরগণমধ্যে করিতে প্রেচার
সে অপূর্ণ নবধর্ম্ম আনন্দে বিহ্বল
ভাবিয়াছি নহে কৃষ্ণ মানব কখন।”
“বিধব্যাপী সেই প্রেম নীরদের মত
বরষণ বাহুদেব প্রাণিমাত্র সবে।”
“বনের শার্দূল আমি, আমার হৃদয়,
যখন তাহার আমি হই সম্মুখীন,

ভয়েতে ভক্তিতে হয় বালকের মত :

কি প্রতিজ্ঞা, কি দৃঢ়তা, বীরতা অতুল।”

এমন যে মহাপুরুষ, যিনি দেব কি মানব স্থির করিতে তাঁহার পরম শত্রুও সক্ষম হয় নাই, তিনি কি কখন মিথ্যা বা অতিরঞ্জিত প্রশংসা পত্র দিতে পারেন ? তাহা কখনও সম্ভব নহে। স্বয়ং শ্রীকৃষ্ণের নিকট ভদ্রার চরিত্র কতকটা যেন ত্রুভেদ (riddle), কেন না তিনিও তাহার হৃদয়ের অন্তঃস্থল পর্য্যন্ত দেখিয়া বলিয়াছেন—

“কিন্তু কি যে উদাসীন হৃদয় তাহার
বুঝিতে না পারি।

সংসারের স্বার্থছায়া, কুটিলতা-দাগ
নাহি পায় স্থান পার্থ ! তাহার হৃদয়ে ;
চির-উদাসিনী ভদ্রা ; দরিদ্র দেখিলে
খুলে দেবে আপনার অঙ্গের ভূষণ
গোপনেতে।”

“আসিলে আশ্রমে, সর্ব্ব অঙ্গ ক’রে যায়
আভরণ হীন। যদি কর তিরস্কার,
সতত সজল হুই আয়ত নয়ন
স্থাপিতা তোমার মুখে রহিবে চাহিয়া
নিরন্তরে। সেই দৃষ্টি নহে সংসারের,
নহে বালিকার তাহা, নহে মানবীর।”

প্রকৃতির সৌন্দর্য্য ও মহিমার মধ্যে এবং জ্ঞানতের পুণ্যাশ্রম প্রতিষ্ঠাযিত মহর্ষি ব্যাসের আশ্রমের মধুর ও কোমল প্রভাবের মধ্যে যাহার কৈশোর ও বাল্য অভিবাহিত হইয়াছিল, যাহার চরিত্র-গৌরবে মহামহিমাযিত পরম জ্ঞানী নয়-দেব শ্রীকৃষ্ণ স্বয়ং মুগ্ধ, যাহার করুণাসলিলে সিক্ত দেশের আবালবৃদ্ধবনিতা ও নিরাশ্রয় আতুরগণ, যাহার অসীম দয়াকে সীমাবদ্ধ করিবার উদ্দেশ্যে সংসারের, কুটিলতা বখন আসিয়া তিরস্কার করে, তখন যাহার দৃষ্টি নিবাত-নিষ্কল-প্রদীপের জ্বায় সংসার-কারাগারের ভয়না নাশ করিয়া বলিয়া দেয় যে আত্মার বন্ধন (limitation) সম্ভব নহে, তখন সত্য সত্যই আমরা উপলব্ধি করি যে এই নারী-হৃদয় “নহে মানবীর।”

কবি কি অপূর্ণ কোশলে অতর্কিতভাবে ক্ষুদ্র-হৃদয় উদার-বুদ্ধি অর্জুনের প্রাণে এই কিশোরীর প্রতি সর্ব্বাঙ্গে প্রকার বীজ বপন করিলেন তাহা বোধ হয় আমরা এক্ষণে হৃদয়ঙ্গম করিতে পারি। কমলীয়তা, মাধুরী, পবিত্রতা ও সৌন্দর্য্য যেন পল্লবস্ত ব্লাইতে ব্লাইতে ক্রম ক্রমের ব্যথা দূর করিয়া দিয়া অজাতসারে অর্জুনের আত্মার সহিত মিশিয়া

যাইতেছিল এবং তাঁহার কল্পনা চক্ষুর সমক্ষে একটা সুন্দর গার্হস্থ্য-জীবনের উজ্জ্বল আদর্শ ধারণ করিতেছিল।

বনে বনে যিনি হিংস্র জন্তুকে চির সহচর করিয়া আসিয়াছিলেন, যাহার গর্ষ ভুজবল, আশৈশব কঠোর সংসারের কুটিলতা, কটুতা ও তীব্র হিংস্র-ভাব দেখিয়া যাহার হৃদয় কঠোর হইয়া যাইতেছিল, আত্মগরিমায় ধরাকে সরার মত যাহার বোধ হইত, তাঁহার আত্মার দ্বারে সহসা আজ যেন একটা স্বর্গীয় আকাজকা মোহিনী-মূর্ত্তি ধারণ করিয়া আবির্ভূত হইল।

আদর্শ-নারীর কি সুন্দর মোহিনী শক্তি ! তাহার প্রভাবে বহু পশুরও কি রূপান্তর হয় ! কবি এই প্রভাবটুকু (influence of the woman) অনির্বচনীয় ভাবে ব্যক্ত করিয়াছেন :-

“এই কত দিনে

কি ত্রিদিব খুলিয়াছে নয়নে আমার।

ঘটিয়াছে জীবনের কিবা রূপান্তর !

কি ছিলাম ? বহু-পশু, গর্ষ ভুজবল ;

ধরা ভাবিতাম সরা আত্ম গরিমায়।

এই নর-হিমাচল-বিশাল-ছায়ার

বিশ্বব্যাপী, বিশ্বক্রপী, দাঁড়াইয়া এবে

দেখিতেছি কি যে ক্ষুদ্র বালুকণা আমি ;

অথচ কি আত্মজ্ঞান, মহত্ত্ব অসীম

সে ক্ষুদ্রের ক্ষুদ্রত্রে হয়েছে সঞ্চার।

বাম-পদ-পরশনে অহল্যা-উদ্ধার

কবির কল্পনা নহে।

পাষণ-হৃদয়

নশংস-বীরজে দৃঢ়,—হইল উদ্ধার

দেখিতেছি দিব্য চক্ষে।”

আমাদের দেশে এক শ্রেণীর ভাবুক আছেন যাহাদের ধারণা “কামিনী-কাঞ্চন” বিষয় পরিত্যজ্য। যদি কাঞ্চনের প্রতি শ্রদ্ধা ও অমুরাগ না থাকিত, বোধ হয় জগতের সভ্যতা লোপ পাইত, আর কামিনীর প্রভাবে বনের পশুও যে পরিবর্তিত হইয়া থাকে, জগতের ইতিহাসে তাহার ভূমির দৃষ্টান্তের অভাব বোধ হয় নাই।

কবি মহাভারতের অমুরাগ সর্বত্র করেন নাই তাহা পূর্বেই বলিয়াছি।—পশুশক্তি (brute force) জ্ঞান ও প্রেমের বশতাপন্ন না হইলে জগতের কোন মহৎ কার্য

সাধন করিতে পারে না, এই নীতিটুকু বুঝাইবার জন্ত কবি পুনঃ পুনঃ চেষ্টা করিয়াছেন এবং সেই জন্ত এখানে ঐ কল্পনার অবতারণা করিয়াছেন।

কুরুক্ষেত্রে শ্রীকৃষ্ণ যে ধর্মরাজ্য স্থাপন করিবার জন্ত আজীবন তপস্বী করিতে ছিলেন, প্রকৃত পক্ষে তাহার সম্পাদন কার্যভার (execution) মহারণী অর্জুনের উপর স্তূত হইয়াছিল। এই বীর-কেশরীর বাহতে অপরিমিত শক্তি ছিল সত্য, কিন্তু হৃদয় প্রেমের আকর্ষণে দ্রবীভূত ও উদ্দীপিত না হইলে অসীম মহত্ত্ব ও আত্মত্যাগের জলন্ত দৃষ্টান্ত দেখাইতেন কিরূপে ?

(ক্রমশঃ)

কবি ও কাব্য।

কাব্যং রসাত্মকং বাক্যম্। রসাত্মক বাক্যই কাব্য। অল্প কথার উত্তর হইলেও বিষয়টা সম্পষ্ট রহিয়া গেল। রস কি ? বিশ্বনাথ কবিরাজ বলেন চিত্তদ্রবকারী আলোকিক চমৎকারিত্বময় আনন্দবিশেষই রস। কিন্তু তবুও কাব্যের ব্যাখ্যা হইল না, রস বুঝা গেল না। চিনি না খাইলে যেমন উহার আশ্বাসন বুঝা যায় না, এও অনেকটা সেই রকম। কাব্যের যিনি সমঝদার তিনিই কাব্য বুঝিতে পারেন। কাব্য অল্পভবের জিনিষ—ব্যাখ্যা বা বিশ্লেষণের জিনিষ নহে।

কবি কাব্যের ভিতর দিয়া আপনার ভাবরাশি ফুটাইয়া তোলেন। অন্তর ও বহির্জগতের মধ্যে অহরহ যে আদান প্রদান চলিতেছে কাব্যে তাহাই ফুটিয়া উঠে। নিখিল ব্রহ্মও ব্যাপ্তিতে অসীম হইলেও প্রত্যেক পরমাণুর সহিত প্রত্যেক পরমাণুর এক অখণ্ড প্রেমের বন্ধন রহিয়াছে। এই বন্ধনকে লক্ষ্য করা, প্রচার করাই কবির কার্য। এই কর্তব্য সাধনে কবির নিগূঢ় আশীষ।

মানুষ আনন্দ খুঁজিয়া বেড়াইতেছে। সে একমাত্র স্মৃতি চায়। সংসারের ক্ষুদ্র সফলতার, ইঞ্জিরের সসীম তৃপ্তিতে সে আপনার প্রাণের পূর্ণ আহ্বাস পায় না। যতই সে আপন চেষ্টায় আনন্দলাভে নিমগ্ন হয় ততই তাহার হৃদয়ের জ্বালা বর্দ্ধিত হইতে থাকে। এইখানেই কবির আবশ্যিকতা। কবি সংসারের এই হুঃখ দৈন্তের মাঝখানে দাঁড়াইয়া বিপুল আনন্দের বার্তা জ্ঞাপন করেন। কবির বাণী আশ্বাসের মধুর বার্তা। পৃথিবীর লোক যখন ‘স্মৃতি নাই স্মৃতি নাই’ বলিয়া আশ্রয়লাভ করে তখন প্রতিভা-গৌরবে কবি আপন আনন্দের উৎস সূক্ত করিয়া নবীন সৌন্দর্য্যে সকলের প্রাণ উৎফুল্ল করেন। কবি আছেন বলিয়াই সংসার পূর্ণ ও সরস হইয়া আছে।

প্রত্যেক যুগের কর্মপ্রবাহের মধ্য দিয়া মানবজাতি এক একটা নূতন অভিজ্ঞতা লাভ করে। কবির কণ্ঠে আমরা এই নবীন অভিজ্ঞতার সন্ধান পাই। যে কোন প্রকৃত কাব্য আলোচনা করিলেই এই সত্য হৃদয়ঙ্গম হইবে। মার্কিন ঋষি ইমার্সনের মতে কবি কোন এক যুগবিশেষের প্রতিনিধিস্বরূপ। কবির কাব্য পরবর্তী অনন্ত যুগের জন্ত কোন এক অতীত যুগের সাধনার অভিজ্ঞতা লইয়া বাঁচিয়া থাকে। প্রকৃত কবির মধ্যে একটা সার্বজনীনতা বিद्यমান। তাঁহার বাণী সর্বদেশে সর্বকালে সমভাবে গৃহীত ও আদৃত হয়। মানুষের প্রাণের কথা লইয়াই কবি কথা কহেন। আর মানুষের প্রাণ সকল দেশেই একই উপাদানে গড়া। তাই কবির বাণী বিশ্ববাণী, তাই কবির সঙ্গীত নিখিল মানবের হৃদয়তন্ত্রী স্পর্শ করে।

পৃথিবী সৌন্দর্য্যময়। বিশ্বপতি অরূপগহস্তে জগতের আঙ্গিনা ভরিয়া সৌন্দর্য্য রাখিয়া দিয়াছেন। মানবের চক্ষুর সম্মুখে এই অসীম আনন্দের লহরীলীলা চলিতেছে, ছলিতেছে, হাসিতেছে। মানব আনন্দ-সমুদ্রে ভাসিতেছে। কিন্তু ইহাতেও তাহার স্মৃতি নাই। কাষ্ঠখণ্ড যেমন জলে ভাসে সেও তেমনি আনন্দে ভাসিতেছে। বহিজগতের আনন্দের অল্পভূতি আসিতেছে, তাহাকে পাগল করিতেছে, সে সাড়া দিতে পারিতেছে না। সে আপনার অবজ্ঞায় আপনি রুদ্ধ হইয়া আছে। সাগর তরঙ্গে ফেনিল-কিরীট যেমন আপনি উদ্ভূত হইয়া আপনি মিলাইয়া যার তাহার হৃদয়কন্দরে তেমনি আনন্দ উজ্জ্বলিত হইয়া আপনা আপনি মিলাইয়া যাইতেছে। কবিত্ব ও মানব হৃদয় একলগ্নে জন্মগ্রহণ করিয়াছে। এই দুই মিলিয়া মানবের মানবত্ব সৃষ্টি করিয়াছে। নিজের ক্ষুদ্র সংসারে দুঃখদৈন্তের মধ্যে হাসি আনন্দের মধ্যে সকলেই একটা সঙ্গীতের কারুণ্য অনুভব করে। এই কারুণ্যের অনুভবই কবিত্ব। এক হিসাবে সকলেই কবি। এক হিসাবে ভাষামাত্রেরই কাব্য, বাক্যমাত্রেরই সঙ্গীত।

কবি শুধু নিজ উপভোগ করিয়াই স্মৃতি নন। সৌন্দর্য্য উপভোগের রাস্যে চিরস্থায়ী পাট্টার প্রচলন নাই। কবি সকলকে লইয়া সৌন্দর্য্য উপভোগ করেন। কেবল মাত্র সমসাময়িক লইয়া তিনি স্মৃতি নন, অক্ষরস্ত ভবিষ্যতের মানবসমাজ লইয়া তিনি রঙ্গ করিয়া, হাসিয়া খেলিয়া স্মৃতি। যৌবনের নবীনতার কবি চিরকাল তরুণ কাব্য চিরকাল অমৃতনিঃস্রাবী।

ক্ষুদ্র মানব জীবনে মুহূর্তের বার্থতার সকলই অন্ধকার বলিয়া মনে হয়। ব্যক্তিগত ক্ষুদ্র বার্থকে মানুষ অন্ধআবেগে জগতের বার্থ বলিয়া ভুল করে। এই ব্যক্তিগত গভী উল্লেখন একমাত্র মহাপুরুষগণই করিতে পারেন। কবি মহাপুরুষগণের মধ্যে অন্ততম। তাঁহাকে নিজের ক্ষুদ্র গভীতে পাওয়া ভার। তাই কবির ভাব্য

“বাহির হইতে দেখে না এমন করে,

আমার দেখে না বাহিরে।

আমার পাবে না আমার হৃদে ও হৃদে,
আমার বেদনা খুঁজো না আমার বুকে,
আমার দেখিতে পাবে না আমার মুখে,
কবিরে খুঁজিছ যেথায় সেথা সে নাহিরে ।

* * * *

মানুষ অঁকারে বদ্ধ যে জন ঘরে,
ভূমিতে লুটায় প্রতি নিমেষের ভরে,
যাহারে কাঁপায় স্তুতি-নিন্দার জ্বরে,

কবিরে পাবে না তাহার জীবন চরিতে !”

কবি আপনাকে ভুলিয়া, নিজের সীমা ছাড়াইয়া অনেক উর্কে চলিয়া বান । হঃখীণ
ব্যথা, শিশুর হাসি, পত্রের মর্ম্বর, পাখীর গান, নদীর কল্লোল লইয়া তিনি পাগল ।
অসীম বিশ্বের অনন্ত সঙ্গীত শুনিয়া কবি আপনাকে অনেকক্ষণ ভুলিয়া গিয়াছেন ।

“যে গন্ধ কাঁপে ফুলের বৃকের কাছে,
ভোরের আলোকে যে গান ঘুমায়ে আছে,
শারদ-ধাত্রে যে আভা আভাসে নাচে
অরুণ বরণে হাসিত কিরণে হরিতে, .
সেই গন্ধ গড়েছে আমার কায়া,
সে গান আমাতে রচিছে নূতন মায়া,
সে আভা আমার নয়নে কেলেছে ছায়া—

আমার মাঝারে আমারে কে পারে ধরিতে ?”

এইজন্যই কবি সর্বদেশে সর্বকালে আদৃত । একমাত্র প্রেমের বলেই বিশ্বজয় সম্ভব
কবি প্রেমিক, তাই তিনি মানব হৃদয়ের উপর আধিপত্য বিস্তার করিতে সমর্থ হন
সমগ্র পৃথিবীতে আপনার প্রেম ও পূর্ণতা ছড়াইয়া দেওয়াই কবির সহজাত স্বভাব ।

“দিখিদি কে আপনারে দিই বিস্তারিয়া
বসন্তের আনন্দের মত ; বিদারিয়া
এ স্বপ্ন-পঙ্কজ টুটি এ পাষণ-বন্ধ
সঙ্কীর্ণ প্রাচীর, আপনার নিরানন্দ
অন্ধকারগিরি, - হিল্লোলিয়া, মর্ম্মরিয়া,
কম্পিয়া, ঝলিয়া, বিকিরিয়া, বিচ্ছুরিয়া,
শিহরিয়া, সচকিয়া আলোকে পুলকে
প্রবাহিয়া চলে যাই সমস্ত ভুলোকে ।

* * * *

ইচ্ছাকরে, আপনার করি
 যেখানে যা-কিছু আছে ; নদীস্রোতানীয়ে
 আপনারে গলাইয়া দুই তীরে তীরে
 নব নব লোকালয়ে করে বাই দান
 পিপাসার জল," —

সহানুভূতিই কবি হৃদয়ের মূল উৎস। এই সহানুভূতিই তাঁহার সঙ্গীতকে বিশ্ব-সঙ্গীতে চিরন্তন সঙ্গীতে পরিণত করে। কে এমন দুঃখীর দুঃখে হৃদয় মিলাইয়া কাঁদিতে পারে ? কে এমন সরল প্রাণে শিশুর সহিত হাসি মিলাইয়া হাসিতে পারে ? একমাত্র কবিই সকলের সহিত মিলিয়া মিশিয়া চলিতে পারেন। ইহাতেই কবির সুখ, এই খানেই তাহার সার্থকতা।

“মানব জীবন রসে যত আছে স্বাদ
 ইচ্ছা করে বার বার মিটাইতে সাধ
 পান করি বিশ্বের সকল পাত্র হতে
 আনন্দ মদিরা ধারা নব নব স্রোতে।”

এই বিশ্বপ্রাণী আবেগ কবির কাব্যে স্বভাৱেই প্রকাশমান। একমাত্র কবি ব্যতীত সকলেই কপটতার আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করিতে পারে। কবির পক্ষে স্বরূপ গোপন করা বিড়ম্বনা মাত্র। তাঁহার স্বরূপের অর্থাৎ অন্তরের নিভৃত স্থানের গোপন চিন্তার বিকাশই যে কাব্য। ইহাকে বাদ দিতে গেলে যে তাঁহাকে সকলই ত্যাগ করিতে হয়। এই খানেই কবির মহত্ব। কবির ভিতর বাহির একই উপাদানে তৈয়ারি বলিয়া কাব্যের স্বর্ণ পরীক্ষায় সমালোচনার কষ্টিপাথরের দরকার হয় না। যুগ যুগের মানবরূচি তাঁহার কাব্যের সৌন্দর্য্য বিচার করে। সভ্যতার প্রথম সৌরকরে যখন মানব-গৌরব রঞ্জিত হইয়া ফুটিয়া উঠিতেছিল তখন আৰ্য্য পিতামহগণ বাত্মকরণের তরুণ রক্তাভার পানে চাহিয়া যে সঙ্গীতার্থ্য অর্পণ করিয়াছিলেন তাহা আজও মধুর রহিয়াছে, অনাঘাত পুষ্পের মত আজও তাহা সুভোগ্য। মানব হৃদয়ের সহিত প্রকৃতির সম্বন্ধ অতিশয়নিষ্ট। কবি এই সম্বন্ধ অতি সুন্দর ভাবে দেখিতে পান। কবি প্রকৃতির সৌন্দর্য্য প্রকৃতই উপলব্ধি করেন বলিয়া প্রাণ দিয়া তাহাকে ভালবাসিতে পারেন। প্রকৃতি চিরকালই সৌন্দর্য্যময়ী। এই সৌন্দর্য্যকে যে কবি কাব্যে পূর্ণাঙ্গ করিয়া ফুটাইয়া তুলিতে পারেন তাহার কাব্য চিরকালের জন্য অমর হইয়া বাঁচিয়া থাকে। চিরন্তনের সহিত যাহার সম্বন্ধ তাহার মরণ কোথায় ? বেদসঙ্গীত তাই আজও আদৃত।

কল্পনা কাব্যোদ্ভাবনের পুষ্প স্বরূপ। সকলই ইন্দ্রিয়-গ্রাহ্য নহে। বাহ্য ইন্দ্রিয়ের সাহায্যে, অনুভূত হইবার নহে তাহা মনের সাহায্যে, কল্পনার বলে বুঝিা লইতে

হইবে। কল্পনা ব্যবহারিক ও কাব্য উভয় জগতেই দরকারী। কবি কল্পনার রথে আরোহণ করিয়া মানব-ক্ষুদ্রতার গীমা উল্লঙ্ঘন করেন। কবি কল্পনার অঞ্জন চোখে মাথিয়া প্রকৃতি দেবীর মন্দিরানি দেখিয়া লন। জড়নেত্রে যাহাঁ বিকট অদ্ভুত সৌন্দর্য্য-হীন, কল্পনার চোখে তাহার অন্তবে সৌন্দর্য্যের অনন্ত প্রবাহ। কল্পনাই এই জগতের জড় সৌন্দর্য্যের মধ্যে চিন্ময় প্রাণের সন্ধান করিতে পারিয়াছে। কল্পনা কবির ভাব-গতিকের খঞ্জ না করিয়া গূর্ণ করের। ইহাটাই সাহায্যে কবি ক্ষুদ্র হইতে মহৎ সামগ্রীর সঞ্জন করেন, তুচ্ছ জিনিষ হইতে অনন্ত সৌন্দর্য্যের ধারা প্রবাহিত করেন।

কবি ঈশ্বরের দান। বিধাতার অমল মঙ্গল-নির্ম্মাণের মত কবি কালের স্রোতে ভাসিয়া আসিয়া পৃথিবীতে দুই দিন জীবন খাপন করিয়া যান। সে দুই দিন পৃথিবীর শুভদিন। কবির পরবর্ত্তী যুগ পৃথিবীর পুণ্যযুগ। যে দেশ কবির পদরেণু লাভ করিয়াছে সে দেশ ধন্য, যে জাতিব মধ্যে কবি জন্মলাভ করিয়াছেন সে জাতি ধন্য। কবি পৃথিবীর দুই মুষ্টি আত্মার বিনিময় স্বরূপ ভবিষ্যৎ মানব জাতির জন্ত যে অমূল্য খাদ্য সামগ্রী রাখিয়া যান তাহা যুগ যুগ ধরিয়া মানব হৃদয়ের ক্ষুধা দূর করে। দুদিনের জন্ত আসিয়া কবি অনন্ত কালের জন্ত মানব চক্ষু খুলিয়া দিয়া যান। প্রকৃতির সহিত পরিচয় ত কবির ভিতর দিয়াই হয়! যখন কবি আরও উর্দ্ধে চলিয়া যান তখন তিনি প্লাবিত। তখন তিনি মৃণ্ময়ের ভিতর চিন্ময় দেখিতে পান, সসীমের মধ্যে অসীমের স্পন্দ উপলব্ধি করেন।

যুগযুগের সাধনা কল্পিবেশেষেব জগৎপাভে সিদ্ধ হয়, কবির জন্মদ্বারা ভবিষ্যৎ যুগের সাধনা ও সিদ্ধির পথ সরল হয়।

• শ্রীঅনাথ বন্ধু দত্ত।

(চতুর্থ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)

গতি ও স্থিতি।*

(অধ্যাপক দেবপ্রসাদ ঘোষ, এম্. এ।)

ছেলেবেলায় আমরা পড়িয়াছিলাম যে, যখন রবিন্সন ক্রুসো বিজনদ্বীপে একাকী বসবাস করিতেছিলেন, তখন একদিন ভ্রমণে বহির্গত হইয়া সমুদ্র-তীরে বালুকার উপর একটা পদচিহ্ন দেখিতে পান। যখন মাথিয়া দেখিলেন যে, সে পদ-চিহ্ন তাঁহার নিজের পায়ের নহে, তখন তাঁহার বিশ্বাস ও আতঙ্কের অবধি রহিল না। সহসা এইরূপ অসম্ভাবিত ঘটনার কারণ-নির্ণয় করিতে না পারিয়া তিনি অস্থির হইয়া পড়িলেন। তিনি

* অষ্টম বঙ্গী সাহিত্য-সম্মিলনের বিভাগ শাখার অধিবেশনে পঠিত।

আহার-নিদ্রা ত্যাগ করিলেন এবং ঘটনাটার উপযুক্ত কারণ আবিষ্কার না করা পর্যন্ত কিছুতেই স্বস্তিবোধ করিতে পারিলেন না। এই যে জিজ্ঞাসার ভাব, কারণানুসন্ধানের এই যে অদম্য আকাঙ্ক্ষা, ইহাই বিজ্ঞানের প্রাণ। প্লেটো বলিয়াছিলেন “Philosophy begins in wonder”—বিস্ময় হইতেই সমস্ত দর্শন-বিজ্ঞানের উৎপত্তি। এই অনুসন্ধিৎসা যে শুধু বিশুদ্ধ জ্ঞানপিপাসা হইতে জন্মে তাহা নহে, জীবনের প্রত্যেক কাজে, সংসারযাত্রার পদে পদে এইরূপ কারণ-নির্ণয় না হইলে চলে না। কোন্ কাজের ফল কিরূপ দাঁড়াইবে, কি পন্থা অবলম্বন করিলে উপস্থিত বিপদ হইতে উদ্ধার পাওয়া যাইবে, কি করিলে আর্থিক অবস্থার উন্নতি হইবে, এইরূপ প্রত্যেক ভাবনারই একটা সময়মত মীমাংসা করিতে না পারিলে জীবনধারণ অসম্ভব হইয়া দাঁড়ায়। কাজেই এই জিজ্ঞাসা-প্রবৃত্তি প্রত্যেকেরই অস্বাভাবিক পরিমাণে আছে এবং প্রত্যেকেই অস্বাভাবিক পরিমাণে বৈজ্ঞানিক।

তবে কারণানুসন্ধান যতই স্বাভাবিক ও অবশ্যস্বাবী হউক, ইহা সূষ্ঠরূপ সম্পাদন করা নিতান্ত সহজ নহে। জগতের প্রত্যেক ঘটনার সহিত এত নানা অবাস্তব বিষয় জড়িত থাকে যে, সেই বাজে জিনিষগুলিকে বাদ দিয়া আসল ব্যাপারের কিনারা করা সব সময়ে সহজে ঘটে না। কত সময়ে এমন আপাত-সম্পর্কিত বিষয়কে কারণ বলিয়া মনে হয়, যাহার সহিত কার্যের সম্বন্ধ নাই। যদি একটা কারণের ঠিক একটা ফল হইত, তাহা হইলে কার্য বা কারণ ইহার একটা দেওয়া থাকিলে অপরটা বাহির করা মোটেই কষ্টসাধ্য হইত না। কিন্তু বাস্তবিক আমরা দেখি যে, একরকম ঘটনার সমাবেশেই বিভিন্ন অবস্থায় বিভিন্ন প্রকার ফলের উদয় হয়, আবার সময়ে সময়ে বিভিন্ন প্রকার ঘটনার সংস্থানেও একই প্রকার ফল হইতে দেখা যায়। ইহার দৃষ্টান্ত খুঁজিতে বেশী দূরে যাইতে হয় না। মানুষের মৃত্যু একটা ঘটনাবিশেষ; ইহা যে কত প্রকারে সংঘটিত হইতে পারে তাহা ভাবিলে আশ্চর্য্য বোধ হয়। রোগ কত বিভিন্ন, মৃত্যু কত বিচিত্র। অপরপক্ষের দৃষ্টান্তও বেশ সহজে পাওয়া যায়, একই প্রকার কারণে ভিন্ন প্রকার ফলের উদ্ভব। একই পিতামাতার সন্তান, অনেকটা একই পারিপার্শ্বিক অবস্থানের মধ্যে বর্দ্ধিত হইয়া জগতের কার্যক্ষেত্রে গিয়া সম্পূর্ণরূপে ভিন্নভাবে অবলম্বন করে। এই সম্পর্কে একটা গল্প মনে পড়িয়া গেল। এক কৃষক তাহার ‘দা’থানা রোদ্রে ফেলিয়া রাখিয়া কোথায় যেন চলিয়া গিয়াছিল, ফিরিয়া আসিয়া দেখে যে ‘দা’থানা আগুনের মত গরম হইয়া রহিয়াছে। সে সেটা জলে কিয়ৎক্ষণ ডুবাইয়া রাখিল, শেষে ঠাণ্ডা হইলে ঘরে উঠাইয়া রাখিল। কিছুদিন পরে কৃষকের বৃদ্ধা জননী রুখ জর হইল। পুত্র বাড়ীতে আসিয়া মাতার শরীরের উত্তাপ দেখিয়াই চিকিৎসার অব্যর্থ সন্ধান বাহির করিয়া ফেলিল। সে মাকে টানিতে টানিতে পুকুরের ভিতর নামাইয়া তাহাকে জলেই রাখিয়া দিল। পরে বাহা ঘটবার তাহাই ঘটিল। এই

বুদ্ধিমান কৃষকের বুদ্ধির ক্রটি হয় নাই, কেবল সে জানিত না যে একই জল-চিকিৎসা ভিন্ন ভিন্ন ক্ষেত্রে ভিন্ন ভিন্ন ফল প্রসব করিতে পারে। যাহা হউক, শোনা যায় যে পুত্র এই ভাবিয়া শান্ত হইয়াছিল যে, মায়ের শরীর ত জুড়িয়াছে, তা সে বুড়ী মরে মরুক।

তবেই দেখা গেল যে, প্রকৃতির জটিল ঘটনাপুঞ্জের মধ্যে সঠিক কার্য-কারণ-সম্বন্ধ-নির্ণয় করা দুঃস্থ ব্যাপার। কিন্তু ঈশ্বরের ভ ইহা না করিয়া উপায় নাই। কাজেই মানুষকে খুঁজিতে হয়, একটা ঘটনার মধ্যে কতটুকু বা আসল, আর কতটুকু বা বাজে। ডাকঘরে যেমন নানাবিধ চিঠি-পত্রের একটা বাছাই বা Sorting হয়, বিজ্ঞানও তেমনি বিবিধ ঘটনার মধ্যে একটা বাছাই করিবার চেষ্টা করে। Logicএ যে বিবিধ Canons আছে তাহা এই বাছাই করারই বিভিন্ন প্রণালী। বাছাই করার একটা প্রধান উপায় অনেকগুলি ঘটনা পর্যবেক্ষণ করা। যদি কোনও দুইটা ঘটনা অত্যন্ত নানা অবস্থার বিষয়ের মধ্যেও প্রত্যেক বারই একে অপরের সঙ্গে যুক্ত থাকে, তাহা হইলে তাহাদিগের মধ্যে একটা প্রকৃত কার্য-কারণ-সম্বন্ধ থাকিবার সম্ভাবনা। যদি এমন দেখা যায় যে, একটা ঘটনা উপস্থিত থাকিলে অপরটাও থাকে এবং প্রথমটা অনুপস্থিত হইলে শেষেরটাও অনুপস্থিত হয়, তাহা হইলেও এরূপ অনুমান করা সম্ভব যে, উভয়ের মধ্যে বাস্তবিক কার্য-কারণ-সম্বন্ধ আছে। এইরূপ কতকগুলি লক্ষণ, যথা সাহচর্য (Co-existence), পারস্পর্য (Succession), ইত্যাদি দর্শন করিয়া সচরাচর বিজ্ঞান কার্যকারণ নির্ণয় করিয়া থাকে। সুতরাং আমরা দেখিতে পাই যে, বিজ্ঞান একটা ঘটনার আমূল সমস্ত গ্রহণ ও বিবেচনা করে না, কিন্তু তন্মধ্যে যাহা আসল, যাহা সার মনে হয়, তাহা লইয়াই নাড়াচাড়া করে এবং কোন ঘটনার মধ্যে কতটুকু আসল (Essential) তাহা বাহির করাই বিজ্ঞানের লক্ষ্য। কাজেই আমরা যে জগৎ দেখিতে পাই, যে জগতের মধ্যে বাস করি, যাহার বিচিত্রতায় আমরা পুলকিত হই, সে জগতের সমস্ত বা সম্পূর্ণ ব্যাখ্যা বিজ্ঞান করে না। বস্তুতঃ যে জগৎ বিজ্ঞানের আলোচ্য অথবা বিজ্ঞান যে ভাবে জগতের আলোচনা করিয়া থাকে, সে জগৎ আমাদের ইন্দ্রিয়গোচর, ফীলে-ফুলে সুবিচিত্র, রসে-গন্ধে-বর্ণে ভরপুর, আনন্দ-প্রেমে উচ্ছ্বসিত জগতের একটা অতি সামান্য অনুকরণ মাত্র। বর্ণ-সমৃদ্ধ সুদৃশ্য চিত্রের সহিত জীবনহীন জ্যামিতিক রেখাবলীর যে সম্বন্ধ, বাস্তব জগতের সহিত বিজ্ঞানকল্পিত জগতের সেই সম্বন্ধ। আমরা এই পর্যন্ত বলিতে পারি যে, বিজ্ঞানকল্পিত জগৎ বাস্তব জগতের একটা কাঠাম মাত্র, ইহাকে বাস্তবে পরিণত করিতে হইলে বিস্তর কাঠ-খড়ের দরকার, বিস্তর আলিপনার দরকার, সর্বোপরি শিল্পীর ঐকান্তিক অন্তর্দৃষ্টি ও স্নিগ্ধ কারিগরির দরকার।

* জগতের নানা পরিবর্তনের মধ্যেও যেটুকু স্থায়ী ও অপরিবর্তনীয় থাকে, তাহাকে

ক্ষুট করিয়া তোলাই বিজ্ঞানের উদ্দেশ্য। আমরা সকলেই জানি যে, পরিবর্তনের মধ্যে স্থায়িত্বের একটা ভাব লুকাইয়া থাকে। যখনই আমরা পরিবর্তনের বিষয় ভাবি, তখনই এই সমস্ত যাহাঁও পরিবর্তন বা অবস্থান্তর তাহার কথা মনে হয়; সেট চিরন্তন জিনিষটা তাহার নানা অবস্থা বিপর্যয়ের ভিতর দিয়া আপনার অস্তিত্ব ও স্বাভাব্য বজায় রাখে। এই বিশ্ব সৃষ্টিকাল হইতে কত পরিবর্তন-প্রবাহের ভিতর দিয়া ছুটিয়াছে; কোনও কিছুই বাহ্যতঃ স্থিরতা নাই; যে গ্রহ একদিন জলন্ত অগ্নিপিণ্ড ছিল, কিয়ৎকাল পবে তাহা ঠাণ্ডা হইয়া কত জীবের আবাসভূমিতে পরিণত হইতেছে, আবার কালক্রমে তাহা আরও ঠাণ্ডা হইয়া জীবনহীন তুষার-মণ্ডল হইয়া দাঁড়াইয়াছে; কত নক্ষত্রমণ্ডল সেই আদি বিশ্ব-রেণু (Cosmic dust) হইতে নিকশিত হইয়া ভিন্ন ভিন্ন নক্ষত্রে পরিণত হইতেছে; এই পৃথিবীর উপরেই কত জীবজন্তু এককালে বিচরণ করিত, তাহাদের নিদর্শনও আজকাল প্রায় পাওয়া যায় না,—এই সকল যখন আমাদের নয়ন-সমক্ষে প্রতিভাত হয়, তখন আমাদের মনে হয় যে বাস্তবিকই এই জগৎ একটা Eternal flux, একটা অন্তরীণ প্রবাহ। কিন্তু ভাবিয়া দেখিলে, এই যে বিশাল বিচিত্রতা, এই যে বিশাল গতি-চাকলা, ইহা একেবারে বিকারগ্রস্ত রোগীর প্রলাপের ছায় অর্থহীন নহে, পরন্তু এই সকল অস্থিরতার মধ্যে একটা বিরূপ সঙ্গীত প্রতিনিয়ত শ্রবিত হইয়া উঠিতেছে। সেই সঙ্গীতের শ্রবণিটা ফুটাইয়া তোলাতেই বিজ্ঞানের সার্থকতা। বস্তুতঃ প্রকৃতির উচ্ছৃঙ্খলিত গতি-বেগ ও উদ্ভাস নর্তনের মধ্যে অপরিবর্তনীয় অচঞ্চল নিয়ম প্রতিষ্ঠা করা, আপাত উদ্বেগহীন লক্ষ্যশূন্য গতি-বেগকে কতকগুলি চিরস্থায়ী সদ্ভবের দ্বারা নিয়ন্ত্রিত করা, অবিরাম চলার ভিতরে চিরন্তন থাকাটাকে পরিক্ষুট করিয়া তোলা, গতিব ভিতরে স্থিতির উপযুক্ত আগুন প্রদান করা—ইহাই বিজ্ঞানের উদ্দেশ্য।

এইরূপ করিতে হইলে জগৎকে বিশেষ চক্ষে দেখিতে হয়, সেই দৃষ্টিকেই বলে—Mechanical Conception of Nature। ঘটনা হইতে ঘটনার উদ্ভব হইতেছে, কোথাও কোন ব্যতিক্রম নাই, কার্য-কারণ-শৃঙ্খলেব কোথাও এতটুকু ভাঙ্গা পড়ে নাই; মানুষের আশা, আকাঙ্ক্ষা, ভয়, সকলের প্রতি নিরপেক্ষ হইয়া প্রকৃতি-দেবী আপনার কার্য করিয়া গাইতেছেন, কোথাও কিছুনাড়-ভ্রক্ষেপ নাই—ইহাই আধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের প্রকৃতি-সম্মুখে ধারণা। কাজেই কোন ঘটনাকে এই শৃঙ্খলের ভিতর আনিয়া ফেলিতে পারিলেই, সব নিশ্চিন্ত, আর কোন ব্যাখ্যার দরকার হয় না।

এখন দেখিতে হইবে, কি প্রণালী অবলম্বনপূর্বক বিজ্ঞান প্রকৃতির ঘটনাবলী বাছাই করে, কি কি লক্ষণ নির্দেশপূর্বক ঘটনাপুঞ্জের কার্য-কারণ নির্ণয় করে। পূর্বে আমরা এইরূপ কতকগুলি লক্ষণের নামোল্লেখ করিয়াছি, যথা সমাবস্থিতি (Co-existence), পারস্পর্য্য (Succession) প্রভৃতি। এ সমস্ত লক্ষণ Quantitative বা

গুণসম্বন্ধী। এতদ্ব্যতিরিক্ত আর এক লক্ষণ আছে, যাহাকে আধুনিক বিজ্ঞান শ্রেষ্ঠ স্থান দিবার প্রয়াসী, সেটা Quantitative বা পরিমাণসম্বন্ধী। ইহার নাম Quantitative Equivalence of Cause and Effect—কার্য-কারণের পরিমাণগত ও শক্তিগত ক্ষমতা। কারণের মধ্যে যতটা শক্তি নিহিত রহিয়াছে, কার্যে তাহাই, সেই পরিমাণ শক্তিরই স্ফুট হইয়া উঠিবে। এই লক্ষণটির প্রতি প্রথমে আমরা আস্থা স্থাপন করিতে সাহসী হই না। আমবা প্রায়শঃই দেখিতে পাই যে, অতি সামান্য কারণে অতি বৃহৎ ব্যাপার সংঘটিত হইয়া গেল। একটা ছোট দিয়াশলাইর আগুনে একটা প্রকাণ্ড শহর পুড়িয়া ছাই হইয়া গেল। এখন ব্যাপাবটা তলাইয়া দেখিতে হইবে। দিয়াশলাইর কাটির আগুনে শহর পুড়িয়া যাইতে পারে বটে, কিন্তু এই যে দাহ ইহার কারণ কি এই ছোট কাটিটির আকারের মধ্যেই নিবদ্ধ? তাহা নহে। যদি নগরের বাড়ীগুলি দাহ না হইত, যদি পবনদেব অগ্নিদেবের সাহায্যে আগমন না করিতেন, তাহা হইলে ত এটা কাণ্ড হইতেন পারিত না। কাজেই প্রকৃত কারণ অনুসন্ধান করিতে হইলে শুধু দিয়াশলাইর কাটিটির দিকে তাকাইলেই চলিবে না, এই সমস্ত বিষয়ও কারণের অন্তর্গত করা আবশ্যিক। তাহা যদি করি তাহা হইলে কার্য ও কারণের এত বৈষম্য-বোধ হইবে না। অবশ্য এ কথা সত্য যে, কার্য ও কারণের নিহিত শক্তির পুঙ্খানুপুঙ্খ পরিমাণ করিতে পারা যায় না, কিন্তু তাহা হইলেও জড়জগতে যখন Conservation of Matter and Energy পরিপূর্ণ, তখন এ কথাটা সত্যতা-সম্বন্ধে সন্দিগ্ধ হইবার কারণ নাই। আর বিভিন্ন প্রকারের শক্তির তুলনা একেবারে অসাধ্য নহে; গতি-শক্তিকে (Kinetic Energy) তাপ-শক্তিতে, তাপ-শক্তিকে আলোক-শক্তিতে, আলোক-শক্তিকে বৈদ্যুতিক শক্তিতে, বৈদ্যুতিক শক্তিকে চৌম্বক শক্তিতে পরিণত করিতে পারা যায়। তারপর বর্তমানে Physiological Psychologistগণ যেরূপ উদ্রিগা ঝড়িয়া লাগিয়াছেন, তাহাতে কতটুকু Proteid ও Calorie হজম করিলে কতটুকু Will powerএর উদ্ভব হইবে, তাহার আবিষ্কার হইলেও বিশেষ আশ্চর্যের বিষয় হইবে না। সুতরাং দেখা যাইতেছে যে, জগতে যত প্রকার শক্তির খেলা হইতেছে তাহাদের প্রত্যেকটিকেই অল্লধিক পরিমাণে Foot-pound অথবা ergএ পরিণত করা নেহাৎ কাল্পনিক বা অজ্ঞানুবি ব্যাপার নহে। সেই জন্ত আজকাল সমস্ত বিজ্ঞানেরই চেষ্টা নিজকে mechanics বা বলবিজ্ঞানের সামিল করিয়া তোলা। সমস্ত ঘটনারই মূলে কতক শক্তি বা energy নিহিত থাকে, সেই energyই রূপান্তরিত হইয়া অথ একটা ঘটনার জন্মদান করে। ছইটী ঘটনায় energyর পরিমাণ যে সমান, ইহা যদি প্রমাণ করা যায়, তাহা হইলে একটা ঘটনা যে আর একটা ঘটনার সহিত কারণস্থলে আবদ্ধ তাহা সহজেই অনুমিত হইতে পারে। বলবিজ্ঞানের দিগ্বে সব বিজ্ঞানের এই যে ঝাঁক, ইহার কবল হইতে মনোবিজ্ঞানও রক্ষা পায়

নাই। বিখ্যাত জার্মান দার্শনিক Herbartএর Psychologyকে Statics and Dynamics of the Mind বলিলে সত্যের অপলাপ হয় না, আর বর্তমান Experimental Psychologistগণও মানসিক শক্তি ও জড়শক্তির মধ্যে একটা সম্বন্ধ পাতাইবার জন্ত সচেষ্ট রহিয়াছেন।

যখন বর্তমান সকল বিজ্ঞানেরই গতি বলবিজ্ঞানের দিকে, তখন বর্তমান বিজ্ঞানের মূল কথাগুলি বুঝিতে হইলে বলবিজ্ঞানের প্রকৃতি-সম্বন্ধে অনেকটা ধারণা থাকা আবশ্যক। আমরা এই প্রবন্ধে বলবিজ্ঞানের প্রকৃতি ও বর্তমান অবস্থা সম্বন্ধে একটা ধারণা করিতে যাইতেছি।

(ক্রমশঃ)

—র প্রতি।

(শৈলী হইতে অনূদিত।)

সঙ্গীত থামিয়া গেলে কোমল স্বাক্ষর
স্পন্দনে জাগিয়া থাকে অন্তর মাঝার ;
কুসুম ঝরিয়া গেলে গন্ধটুকু তারি—
মানবের চিত্তে জাগে অমিয় সঞ্চারি'।
গোলাপ চলিয়া পড়ে মরণের পায়,
পল্লব সঞ্চিত থাকে বাহিত-শয্যায় ;
তেমনি হে প্রিয় মোর, তুমি যাবে যবে—
প্রেম শুধু তন্মাত্রাধে নিত্য জেগে রবে।

শ্রীজ্যোতিষচন্দ্র আইচ, বি, এ।

(রিপণ কলেজের ভূতপূর্ব ছাত্র।)

ফাঁদ।

বিশ্ব-জোড়া ফাঁদটা তব
রয়েছে পড়ে !
তাহার মাঝে পড়িহু ধরা
কেমন করে !

যেদিন থেকে তোমার ফাঁদে
 দিয়েছি পা, নানান বাঁধে
 বাঁধছ মোরে ; নানান ছাঁদে
 তুলছ গড়ে' ! —

তোমার ফাঁদে ফেলিছ পা
 স্বপন ঘোরে !

নয়ন মেলি' দেখিছ চেয়ে
 বিশ্ব 'পরে !

জানি না কি যে কি ধন পেছ
 বক্ষ ভরে' !

চরণ বেড়ি' শিকল মম
 কোমল যেন কুসুম সম ;
 কি ধন দিয়ে, হে প্রিয়তম,
 ছরিলে মোরে !

বন্দী জনে একি এ দয়া •
 করিলি ওরে ! •

শ্রীগণেশচন্দ্র রায় ।

(প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)

সখা ।

যবে প্রভাতের কোলে গাহে বিহঙ্গ
 কোমল নিঃশ্বনে,

কাঁপে তরুলতা যত বিবশ-অঙ্গ
 পুলক-কম্পনে,

শিশির সিক্ত কুসুম শোভায়
 যতনে প্রকৃতি অর্থ্য সাজায়,
 খেলে হোরি-খেলা যত দিগ্‌বালা
 গগন প্রাঙ্গণে ;

পাই তোমার অভয় দৃষ্টি, হে সখে,
 শঙ্কিত-জীবনে ।

যবে খর রবিকর সম্পাতে ধরা
নিঃশ্বাসে হতশে,
যবে কেঁদে কেঁদে যায় পাণিয়ার তান
আকুল উচ্ছ্বাসে ;
দিগ্ দিগন্ত ব্যাপি' চারি ধার
ঘুরে ঘুরে যবে মরে হাহাকার,
শুক ব্যাকুল ক্রন্দন প্রায়
স্তুতিত আকাশে ;
সথে ! তখন তোমার গভীর বাণী
হৃদয় আশ্বাসে ।
যবে সাক্ষা গগনে সারি সারি মেঘে
রক্তিম বরণে
এঁকে দিয়ে যায় স্বর্ণ সোপান
ভাস্কর কিরণে ;
পূর্ব আকাশে সন্ধ্যা যে আসে,
অচ্ছ আঁধার শুধু চোখে ভাসে,
শুধু বহে যায় পুষ্প স্রবাস
মহুর পবনে,
সথে ! তোমার হাসিটি দেখি চারিধাবে
চঞ্চল-নয়নে ।
প্রকৃতি যখন গভীর নিশীথে
নুপুর নিকনে
নেচে নেচে ফিরে জ্যোৎস্না মাথিয়া
প্রান্তরে কাননে,
সে সময়ে তব মধুর পরশে
কি অমৃত ধারা হৃদয়ে বরষে
আকুল প্লাকে কেঁপে উঠে প্রাণ
প্রেমের বন্ধনে ।
সথে ! ছিলে এত কাছে তবু গেছে দিন
নীরব ক্রন্দনে ।

শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে ।

(প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী)



SREE J. JANAKI NATHA BHATTACHARYYA,

Principal, Rabindro College, Calcutta

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1916.

No. 3.

College Notes and Observations

Since the issue of the last number of the Magazine on the eve of the Pujah holidays, our college life has not moved apace. The latter half of the academic session is so full of the routine work of college that we can command very little leisure for other activities. The result is that our Societies and Unions during this part of the year remain in a half-starved condition till the opening of a new session galvanises them into fresh life. For the same reason there has been a falling off in the number of contributions sent for the present number of the Magazine, though, we dare say, there has not been any deterioration of quality. We hope, however, that the First and Third Year students will be none too slow to throw themselves into the breach caused in the ranks of our contributors by the withdrawal of the Second and Fourth Year students who are now working at high pressure for ensuing University Examinations.

* * * * *

In our last number we informed our readers of the laudable efforts of the science men of our College in the direction of forming a Science Union. The scheme, which was then in a nebulous state, has since taken a practical shape thanks to the energetic initiative of Prof. N. N. Dey. An inaugural meeting of the Science Union was held on 5th October last with Dr. D. N. Chakravarty, M.Sc. (Cal.), Ph.D. (Berlin) in the chair, at which many points regarding the different departments of activity of the Union were keenly discussed and debated. Prof. N. N. Dey's plan, which was laid on the table, embraced (a) Popular Lantern Lectures on Astronomy, Physical Science, Chemistry, Human Physiology and Anatomy and Geology, (b) Reading of Papers on popular scientific subjects and criticism thereof, and (c) Out-door Work •

such as visiting the B. C. P. W's, D. Waldie's and other workshops, the Museum, the Zoo, the Botanical Gardens, etc., for both pleasure and profit,—students after such visits being expected to write papers on what they saw and observed to be discussed at the meetings of the Union. Prof. A. C. Sen wanted specially lectures on popular scientific subjects for the benefit of the Arts students who, under the New Regulations, have little concern even with the very elements of science. He wanted to divide the lectures into two groups—one for Arts and the other for Science students. Prof. S. N. Banerji introduced a new scheme of forming a circulating library of popular scientific books managed solely by students and maintained by voluntary subscriptions. After prolonged discussions, on the motion of Prof. S. Dutt, a committee was appointed to draw up a practical scheme and settle all details. The following constitution of the committee was adopted at the meeting :

Prof. S. Dutt, M.A.	}	Arts Department.
„ S. Mukerji, M.A.		
„ A. Sen, M.A., B.L.		
Rajkumar Chakravarty (IV Year Class)		
Satish Chandra Banerji (II Year Class)		
Prof. G. Mukerji, M.A.	}	Science Department.
„ S. Banerji, M.A.		
„ N. Dey, M.A.		
„ D. Chakravarty, M. Sc., Ph. D.		
Sachindra Ch. Khan (IV Year Class, Sc.)		
Ananta K. Mukerji (III Year Class, Sc.)	}	
Krisna Ch. Das (II Year Class, C.)		
Prafulla K. Das (I Year Class)		

Dr. D. N. Chakravarty was elected President and Prof. N. N. Dey Secretary of the Committee. We understand that a scheme would shortly be drawn up and actual work begun with a Lantern Lecture during the current month.

* * * * *

We had an opportunity of listening to another instalment of Principal Trivedi's brilliant thesis on *Science and the External World*, a critical *resumé* and general estimate of which has been appearing in our pages from the pen of Prof. P. N. Mukerji, M.A. The thesis which is being published serially in the *Bharatvarsa*, will, when completed, constitute a monument to Principal Trivedi's massive intellect and a highly valuable contribution to Bengali literature. The meeting of the Professors' Union, at which Principal Trivedi's paper was read, was held on 11th December last. Besides members of the College staff, there were present Dr. Ramdas

Khan, University Professor, Prof. Hem Chandra Das-Gupta of Presidency College, Prof. Kalidas Mullick of Bangabashi College, Babu Nikhilnath Maitra, formerly Professor of Presidency College, Babu Sisir Kumar Maitra, and Babu Rashiklal Sen who were all specially invited for the occasion. Many students also attended the meeting. This paper like its predecessors will be summarised and commented on by Prof. P. N. Mukerji in a subsequent number of this magazine. Dr. Ramdas Khan, who was voted to the chair, and Babu Sisir Kumar Maitra, M.A. discussed certain aspects of the subject and Principal Trivedi's treatment thereof.

* * * * *

We have much pleasure in publishing below the Reports of the Literary Section and the Athletic Section of the Ripon College Union. The Dramatic Section had no work to place on record. Badarikanath Bhattacharya, Secretary of the Literary Section, writes :—

“The second meeting of the Literary Section of the Ripon College Union came off on the 2nd December, 1915. Prof. Devaprasad Ghosh, M.A. kindly took the chair. Srijut Baidyanath Chatterjee opened the debate with a neat, little speech on ‘The Ideal Student’, in which he strongly upheld devotion to duty as the chief requisite in an ideal student. Then rose the critic Mr. Tarapada Brahma whose criticism was, rather a fuller treatment of the same point. Some gentlemen of the audience eloquently prolonged the debate, the last speaker being a little particular upon the true ‘spirit’ in a student. A learned speech from the chair, emphasizing upon the thirst after knowledge as an indispensable condition for an ideal student, brought the discussion to a close. After the selection of the subject for the next meeting, we dispersed with a vote of thanks to the chair.”

Anath Bandhu Datta and Khagendra Nath Sarkar, Secretaries of the Athletic Section, write :—“A general meeting of the Athletic Section came off early in December. The meeting was well attended. Most of the members of the Executive Committee were present. The first item of the meeting was the election of a Captain and a Vice-Captain for the College Cricket Club. By the majority of votes the following were elected :—

Mr. Bikesh Lobhon Sen—Captain.

„ Nagendra Nath Gupta—Vice-Captain.

The Cricket season is well begun. A few half-day matches have been played. Mr. Sen, the captain of the team, has by this short time made the club a well-organised body. We hope it will have an active and glorious session.

The second function of the meeting was to consider the question of starting a Gymnasium in the College compound. This was proposed

by Mr. Raj Kumar Chakravarty and seconded by Mr. Bankim Chandra Basu. The resolution was unanimously carried and great enthusiasm prevailed. The College authorities will be soon approached for granting an adequate sum towards the proposed Gymnasium.

The remnants of our old College Gymnasium are still extant. They have to be repaired, supplemented and restored to their former places by a small aid from the college fund. We have great confidence in the sympathy of the College authorities and hope our representation will not go in vain."

* * * * *

We have much pleasure in publishing below an account of the different Students' Messes attached to our College, kindly supplied to us by Bikesh Lobhan Sen of the Third Year Class :—

"60, Mirzapur Street: The building is well-situated, roomy and capacious, though somewhat old and unclean. The special feature of this mess is its Common Room, which is efficiently maintained by the boarders. The subscription paid by the members is light and optional. This institution is expected to be productive of much good to the members of the mess. The supply of tap-water is insufficient for so big a Hostel accommodating 66 members. The general health of the boarders is satisfactory and the Hostel will be more comfortable and good-looking if its floors are well-cemented and walls well-whitewashed.

41, Mirzapur Street: There are about 40 members here and every small room is packed with two or three seats. The recent item of news is that the Darwan, who was sent to pay up the fees of the boarders amounting to Rs. 150, has decamped with the booty. It's fatal to put over-much faith in menials. Though the position of the building is not the best that could be desired, yet it is sufficiently sequestered and free from the hubbub of the streets.

127 A Bowbazar Street: If the attached messes have any reason to complain of the din and clamour of the street crowd and the deafening gong-sound of the tramcars, this mess has the most. The tram-cars run up and down till 11 P.M. at night after which the Bengalee Press begins its noisy havoc. It also has the complaint of insufficient supply of tap-water. There are seats for about 70 students all of whom enjoy sound health."

* * * * *

Abhayer Katha by the late Professor Khetra Mohun Banerji, which we had referred to in our last number, came out of the press just on the eve of the Puja vacation. The cost of printing and publication was supplied by voluntary subscriptions by the students of

Ripon College and the sale proceeds of the book will be handed over to the children of the deceased author. The book is priced at Re. 1 and is had of Babu Devendranath Bhattacharya, Head Clerk, Ripon College, Harrison Road. We are quite sure that purchasers of the book will have full value for their money. In this connection, we are glad to notice that our worthy colleague, Babu Pramathanath Mukerjee, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, is publishing a series of philosophical pamphlets, entitled *India: Her Cult and Education Series*. Three volumes have already been published, viz., *Introductory*, *The Approaches to Truth* and *The Patent Wonder*, the first two of which have been reviewed at length by the famous French logician and philosopher, Bernard Bosanquet, in the October number (1915) of *The Mind*. "The Introductory pamphlet," says M. Bosanquet, "deals with the future of Indian education. It labours needlessly, as we may think, the point that the history and individuality of a people must be considered in framing plans for its education. But the bearing of the argument is worthy of our attention. It is the old one, that with all its defects, its sleepiness and backwardness, Indian civilization retains a secret which it will not abandon, and which the West will do well to learn for itself, and not to try to extinguish where it lives. When all is said, the powers of India are those who have the reverence and mould the convictions of the people,—or what we should call the saints and the thinkers, not the plutocrats and the officials." Prof. Lalit Mohun Kar, M.A., of our College, has published in collaboration with Babu Charu Chandra Basu, the well-known Bengali translator of the *Dhammapada*, a Bengali edition of the Edicts of Asoka. Prof. Kar is a finished scholar in Pali and his work has the solid stamp of scholarship. The work starts with an Introduction dealing with the history of inscriptions in general and Asokan inscriptions in particular, the alphabet of Asoka, his numerical figures and his language together with a short foreword on his edicts. Then follow the originals of all the edicts in Bengali characters in five series. The special feature of this little edition is its notes which are of absorbing interest to the archæologist. The work, which is entitled অশোক অনুশাসন, though necessarily small in volume, is a valuable contribution to Bengali literature. Prof. Jitendranath Das-Gupta, M.A., also of our College has recently brought out a small book on Psychology, specially for the guidance of beginners. Prof. Das-Gupta's learning in philosophy is a guarantee for the soundness of the work. We are sure the book will be welcomed by those for whom it is intended.

On Our Common-Room Table

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

By Bipin Vihari Gupta, M.A.,

Professor of History, Ripon College.

The Times Literary Supplement : Nov. 5, 1915—"The origins of Bengali phrases and idioms," says a writer, "still remain to be ascertained. Bengali scholars have occupied themselves chiefly with the *tut-samas*, the direct loan-words from Sanskrit in which Bengali is perhaps richer than any other Indian language. They correspond, to take an example from nearer home, to the *mots d'origine savante* in modern French. But the Bengali language is no more derived from literary Sanskrit than is French derived from literary Latin. Like all living and vigorous tongues, it has a mixed origin. Its vocabulary does not differ very widely from that of the Hindi of adjacent Behar, and was probably taken mainly from the same Prakrit, the same spoken language of ordinary people in Magadha. But its accentuation, syntax and idioms clearly point to other than western origins. The accent of Bengali is similar to that of the Dravidian languages of the south ; there are idioms, such as the free use of long strings of co-ordinative participles, which point to Tibeto-Burmese survivals. These distant and obscure origins have, if possible, to be traced. An enormous amount of valuable spade-work has already been done by Bengali scholars, chiefly in the direction of lexicology. The publications of the *Vangiya Sahitya Parishad* contain invaluable materials of this sort.

"But as French is a Latin spoken by peoples of Celtic and other origins, whose ancestors once spoke something else, so Bengali is an imported tongue, whose copious and expressive vocabulary has replaced and destroyed Dravidian and Tibeto-Burmese languages of which, in some cases, no trace survives. In North-Eastern Bengal the process by which this change was effected is going on before our eyes. Here various Tibeto-Burmese tribes (Koches, Meches and so forth) still cling to their aboriginal speech, or have become biglot. Acceptance of Hinduism, admission into some humble Hindu caste, usually completes the transition. The lower castes, at least, speak an Indo-European tongue which was not the speech of their fore-fathers. But they have adapted all Indo-European vocabulary to their inherited habits of thought, and the significant intonation and the logical

construction of the borrowed speech are probably a survival of ancestral methods of talking. The Brahmans, Vaidyas, Kayasthas, etc., the cultured castes of to-day, claim a western origin and have doubtless a strong tincture of western blood. But they too have been influenced by the people among whom they are settled.... Bengali literature has undergone a very remarkable change under the influence of western education, if only as a consequence of the imitation of western models. The need for enriching the vocabulary has been felt and has been met by free borrowing from Sanskrit. The syntax has been affected by English, since many Bengalis can now think in English as easily as in their own language. This tendency, as is natural, is most marked in the style of journalism..... So in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the influence of Persian models was felt. Sanskrit, Persian, English—all three have aided the literary development of Bengal. But there remains an indigenous element which, in Bengal as elsewhere, takes us back to a 'pure well' of language undefiled."

The Nation: Nov. 6, 1915—Mr. C. M. Villiers Stuart writes the following letter to the Editor of *The Nation*:—"Sir, your reviewer's advice in the article on 'South Indian Bronzes' was so excellent that I should much like, if I may, to repeat and endorse it—"That we should do all we can officially and otherwise to encourage the Maharajas and wealthy merchants who now unhappily believe only European art to be worthy of their patronage to take more trouble to encourage the work of their own countrymen. As you point out, our own new-born interest in Indian art is only too likely to take the barren form of collections by museum directors. Even this is better than our previous misunderstanding of Indian sculpture and painting, and the whole range of unfamiliar ideas and ideals they present.

' But sculpture and painting—in India at least—are not dead, isolated phenomena. They are there, on the contrary, in closest relation to the daily life and religion of the country. The exquisite bronzes of Southern India may or may not equal the greatest works of art elsewhere; that is a matter decided for each individual critic by personal taste and intention or by previous training. The supreme fact of Indian art, and its great value for us at this moment, is its vitality. If the Maharajas and rich merchants, following the prevailing Anglo-Indian fashion, have seen little to admire in the art of their country, we owe its wonderful preservation to their ladies, the non-Europeanised but cultured women of India. From architecture down to jewelry, in all that concerns the life of the home, it is Indian women who dictate Indian taste. The *pur* curtain has its right and wrong side.

"The better understanding of our Indian compatriots will form one of the first problems of peace—when that happy time comes. The splendid ally of India round her Emperor in his hour of need must meet with an equal response.

"Might I suggest, then, that the study of the living art of the country not only in its relation to past history, but more particularly in its intimate connection with modern Indian life, would provide Englishmen, and above all, English women, with the key to a knowledge more valuable both to East and West than either are wont to suppose?"

The Quarterly Review: October, 1915—Was there a decay of French idealism before the War? In 1912 Mr. J. E. C. Bodley wrote a book in which he tried to prove that there were unmistakable signs of decay. A writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* denies it; what has disappeared, he says, is not idealism but ideology; certain resonant words such as 'liberty' and 'fraternity' and 'equality' have been relegated to the limbo of dead phraseology. "The fact was," he says, "that a new generation had come to maturity, a generation of young men, who, by virtue of that curious law of the rhythm of national moods, had issued forth from the dark shadows that had shrouded the doubting spirits of their fathers, and were breasting the problems of life with a buoyant optimism that had never before been seen under the Third Republic....The philosophy of positivism and scientific scepticism, implanted temporarily in France by the strange co operation of the pseudo-scientific methods of Germany, snobbishly adopted by the University, with the Spencerian embargo on all vagabond meditation beyond the limits of the Knowable; the unwitting alliance of a Darwin with a Renan;—this 'philosophy,' which had both bridled the *élans* of the French soul, and intellectually justified for the time being the doubts and discouragements of the generation that still suffered from the humiliations of 1870, was giving way before a broader, more really scientific, conception of life. Long before the present War, France had become weary of the positivist state of mind. Sociology remains its last refuge. The new mentality of France demanded a synthesis which should give her the sentiment of complete self-consciousness, a synthesis that no longer ignored the importance of action, but was bound to discover even some 'philosophic' approval of the unrivalled achievements of the race in organisation, for instance, of a colonial empire in Africa. It was to be a synthesis that, under the guidance of the Charcots and Pierre Janets, gave full recognition to sentiment and to intention, which were thus released from the shackles of reason and logic. It was to discover, if belatedly, that Comte and even Spencer in fixing so firmly the barriers between the realm of

the Knowable and the Outer World of the Unknowable, had in reality pointed the way to explorations of the wildest adventure into regions where, though reason could not hope to penetrate thither without donning precautionary masks against the miasmatic gases, the human soul could, all the same, safely wander without the old fear of will-o'-the-wisps and bugaboos, and with the certainty even of enlarging the range of its apperception. It was to preserve all that was sanest and most French in a Taine, an Anatole France, a Renan—the clear method of the first, the tranquil mansuetude, the sense of the difference between comedy and humour, the conviction that the only really absolute truth in the world is that all things are relative, of the two last—while tolerating the destruction, in order to emancipate the human soul, of many venerable dogmatic formulas of the classical tradition of literary utterance. It was, finally, to welcome as poets a wonderful new school of vibrant, imaginative followers of a Verlaine, who had had the temerity to fling himself well out from the parallel bars of the *alexandrin* into fresh woods and pastures new, where beauty born of murmuring sound tinged even his simian features with a light that never was on sea or land."

SCIENCE IN THE PERIODICALS.

By S. N. Banerjee, M.A.,

Professor of Chemistry, Ripon College.

Action of Cathode Rays : Researches by Messrs. Jorissen and Volgraff tend to show that Bismuth contains traces of the element Thallium and that the quantity of this latter element seems to increase by exposure of the metal to cathode rays.

Electrical Effects resulting from the decomposition of Organic Compounds and Ionisation of Gases : It has been shown that when carbon dioxide is formed by the action of yeast on grape-sugars, the gas CO_2 is found to contain both positive and negative ions. The ions found in the atmosphere may be in part due to the liberation of ionised gases resulting from the soil and water by the action of putrefying agents. It is suggested, therefore, that the above processes may exercise an important influence on natural electric phenomena.

Electro-synthesis in a Vacuum : A very interesting synthesis of the organic compounds by means of the silent electric discharge in a vacuum has been discovered. The phenomenon of condensation and polymerisation can be brought about in organic compounds under this influence. For instance, ethylene yielded $\text{C}_{14}\text{H}_{26}$ (b. p. $100^\circ\text{--}110^\circ/14$

m.m.); also $(C_{16}H_{26})_9$ with m.p. 105° and another compound $(C_{16}H_{26})_n$ with m.p. 110° . Similarly acetylene gave a brown solid which exploded above 100° . Benzene polymerised under this influence giving rise to di-benzene $C_6H_6 : C_6H_6$ —a viscous, colourless liquid with b.p. $135' - 137'/14$ m.m. and also an insoluble polymeric variety $(C_6H_6)_n$.

Critical temperature of Mercury : According to Koenigsberger, the critical temperature of mercury is about 1270° ; but another worker has shown it to be much lower. Further researches in this line go to show that this must be higher than 1500° but lower than 1650° .

Determination of Melting Point : A very simple yet interesting method of finding out the melting point of a substance has been discovered. Take a thin platinum wire with a loop at one end having about 9 m.m. diameter and let the other end of the wire be coiled round the bulb of a thermometer. Now the substance is to be melted and the loop dipped into it. When the wire is withdrawn, a film of the substance is found to be retained by the loop. Let it cool for an hour and then introduce the loop as well as the thermometer into a beaker containing cold water. Now let the temperature of the water be raised slowly. The melting point of the substance would be known just when the film is ruptured from the loop.

Molecular weight of water in the form of Saturated Vapour from -20° to $270^\circ C$: **Spontaneous Ionic dissociation of water vapour :** By applying the hypothesis of Avogadro to the case of saturated water-vapour and knowing the volume, pressure and temperature corresponding with a given weight of saturated water-vapour, it has been shown that the molecular weight of water has the value 18.016 only at 32° corresponding to the formula H_2O . But as the temperature rises from 32° , this molecular weight continuously rises showing the association of the molecules into H_4O_2 and that at 270° , this association has been shown to be about 41.4. Similarly fall of temperature below 32° is accompanied by a decreasing value for the molecular weight and must be accounted for by supposing that the water vapour below 32° undergoes spontaneous ionic dissociation. These two opposed phenomena are continuous and overlap within certain limits and depend on the concentration.

The influence of Phosphorus on the properties of Grey Cast Iron.—Cast Irons containing 3.3% of Carbon and Phosphorus varying from 0.03 to 2.04% have been investigated with the result that tensile strength is found to increase by the addition of Phosphorus up to 0.30% whilst from 0.6% and upwards the addition of Phosphorus will go to diminish this tensile and bending strength of the cast iron. Also

the resistance to shock diminishes with increasing Phosphorus up to 0.6% and after that only very slightly. Lastly the hardness increases nearly in proportion to the Phosphorus added, and that the influence of Phosphorus is independent of the quantity of other elements present. Even the presence of manganese appears to produce no injurious effect, but causes a finer structure in the pearling.

Ammonium Molybdate, how recovered:—Mr. J. A. Prescott has found a very useful process for the recovery of Ammonium Molybdate used in the estimations of phosphates. The residues, such as the filtrates from Phospho-molybdate precipitates, solutions of the latter in ammonia and ignited residues, are first evaporated. A syrupy liquid is obtained from which the molybdic acid and the phospho-molybdate have separated mixed with crystals of Ammonium Sulphate and Nitrate. Collect the precipitate, wash with cold water, dissolve in ammonia and precipitate the phosphoric acid by treatment of the solution with magnesia mixture. Filter and evaporate filtrate down to a small volume and crystallise the Ammonium Molybdate from the solution. The mother liquors are to be worked up with subsequent residues. If a blue solution appears when the molybdic acid is treated with ammonia, hydrogen peroxide must be added in sufficient quantity to oxidise the lower oxides of molybdenum.

The Chemical Action of penetrating Radium rays:—Ethyl Acetate has been decomposed by the action of the penetrating rays of Radium, in its pure condition as well as when mixed with alcohol and water. The velocity of formation of acid under this influence has also been measured under varying conditions. Three tests were made, *viz.*, the first in which 32.2 mg of elementary Radium was used; the second—a 'blank' test in the same room where the Radium was kept, both at 100 to 140; and the third a 'blank' test in a room away from radio-active preparations, at 25°. It was found that the rate of formation of acid was four times as great in the 2nd as it was in the 3rd, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ times as great in the 1st as in the 2nd. In the second case, the increased rate is ascribed to X-rays.

The primary action of the rays is regarded as a decomposition of the ester-molecule with formation of acid and an unsaturated hydrocarbon, and the velocity of ester formation in acetic acid and alcohol is hardly increased to any appreciable extent by the action of Radium rays. Similarly, Acetone exposed to Radium rays forms acetic acid, as in ultra-violet light, but very, very slowly.

Action of Radium and its emanation on the Germination of Higher Plants: Different plants were grown under bell jars, both with and without radium, contained in a small ebonite box covered with a piece

of mica in order that the emanation might diffuse. The result was that the growth of the plants was considerably accelerated, but the diameters of the stems at different points were somewhat diminished, whilst the distances between the knots were greatly increased. The examination of sections of the stem showed that the width of cells was greatly diminished and the length greatly increased by the action of the Radium rays.

The Hydrogen Ion Concentration of the blood under abnormal conditions : The hydrogen ion concentration of the blood during certain emotions such as fright and anger is found to be increased and is probably due to increased CO_2 tension. In anaesthesia caused by ether, nitrous oxide and chloroform, it may be increased to the same extent ; the change in acidity begins when the anaesthetic begins to react with the blood and depends on the degree of anaesthesia. Restoration to normal conditions is complete in 45 min. after the administration ceases. In two cases of shock, the acidity of the blood was greatly increased.

English Articles

THE SCIENTIFIC DOCTRINE OF ATOMS, MOLECULES, IONS AND ELECTRONS.

By S. N. Banerjee, M.A.,

Professor of Chemistry, Ripon College.

Many of our students, whether they be votaries of science or not, are frequently found to have some sort of misconceptions about the fundamentals of Physics and Chemistry. It will be worth our while, therefore, to take a brief survey of the modern beliefs underlying the four concepts of atoms, molecules, ions and electrons.

The hypothesis of atoms appears to be a time-honoured one. The Hindus were perhaps the first people who put forward a claim to this theory through one of their foremost Rishis, *Kaund* by name, and the Arabs are credited with the preaching of this theory in Europe. It was developed again on the soil of Greece, but the hypothesis received a definite form only at the hands of the famous Professor of Manchester John Dalton, about the year 1804 A. D. We find, however, that even Dalton, who used this conception of atoms continually, made no distinction between "atoms" and "molecules", as we do now. Dalton reviews the hypothesis of atoms to explain the fact that in chemical combinations elements unite in fixed proportions and in certain cases multiple proportions, and that these proportions are found to represent the relative weights of the indivisible particles of the bodies. This most important and fundamental fact of chemical combinations was the result of the laborious researches of both Dalton and J. D. Richter, and this fixity of proportion alluded to above was admitted as truth by the then scientific world about the year 1806. In modern times, this theory has grown considerably with the lapse of time and has received ample confirmation by the great discoveries of eminent scientists such as Gay-Lussac, Mitscherlich, Dulong and Petit, Avogadro, Ampere, Berzelius and indeed a host of them.

In order to clear the ground and to fix our ideas stated later on, let us first know a few things about the nature of chemical substances. If we, for instance, take a huge piece of marble out of a rock and smash it into fragments, and continue to divide and subdivide it into the minutest fragment, we shall soon reach a limit beyond which this ulti-

mately reduced particle will no longer have any separate and independent existence as marble. This smallest 'particle', which can exist independently as marble, is therefore termed a *molecule* of marble and, as all students of chemistry know, is a complex molecule consisting of Calcium, Carbon and Oxygen which will resist any further subdivision by the most ingenious mechanical means. But if we were to apply heat or other chemical processes to disintegrate this molecule, it would soon be split up into two other smaller particles—*viz.*, of Calcium Oxide and of a group called CO_2 *i.e.*, in symbolic language into CaO and CO_2 . These *last* particles of matter, *viz.*, CaO and CO_2 are each a complex molecule and may be resolved into still more simple ones—called the *atoms*. The molecules therefore are congeries of atoms, either of one kind of matter (called the elements) or of different kinds of matter (called the compounds) as in the case of marble. The molecule is, then, the smallest imaginary unit of which "bodies" are aggregates and is capable of various chemical transformations and of separate and independent existence as such bodies like the marble. It is also to be carefully borne in mind that the most powerful microscope yet discovered will fail to reveal the existence of any one of these molecules, yet the lay reader will certainly wonder when he is told that scientists have actually found by calculation that every square inch of a gas will contain at least 400×10^{18} molecules!

The marshalling of the phenomena of compressibility (elasticity), solubility, diffusion, heat &c., will bear an evidence in favour of this hypothesis of molecules, which is almost irresistible. It will not serve any useful purpose here if I were to recall to mind the historic discussions which led the Italian chemist Avogadro in 1811 to formulate his famous theory that all gases under the same conditions of temperature and pressure contain an equal number of molecules, and the bearing of it upon the question of molecular weight which is a real fact in chemistry. Nor need I show how this theory can be deduced from the kinetic-molecular hypothesis or again how it can clearly explain the volume relations of gases discovered by Gay-Lussac.

But let us now turn our attention to another aspect of matter. We have already divided it into two classes, *viz.*, elementary matter and compound substances. Now this elementary matter (or simply an element) is a substance which has hitherto refused all our attempts to decompose it into anything simpler, but the question naturally arises: are we to imagine that these 400×10^{18} molecules in every square inch of gaseous matter are all heaped together to form a continuous space or are we to conceive that there is some vacuous space between each and every

pair of such molecules? The answer is certainly in favour of the hypothesis of discontinuity of matter, but to explain the various phenomena of physics such as those of heat, light &c., the scientists are compelled to devise another conception, *viz.*, that of ether, which is supposed to be an elastic and highly rarefied medium filling the entire universe, penetrating all bodies, and consequently the little distance between any pair of molecules within that square inch of space alluded to above. Here there is a picture of 400×10^1 minute particles of gaseous matter occupying only one square inch of space, not exactly touching each other, but having a little space between any two individual particles, which space again is supposed not to be vacuous, but filled up with an imponderable, perfectly elastic and imaginary fluid called ether. The same idea may be carried into the picture of a molecule consisting of two or more different or like kinds of elementary atoms, for the atoms within the molecule must be supposed to have a similar configuration as the molecules within any given space. In fact atoms are the chemical units of which the molecules are aggregates. (*To be continued*)

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND THE OBJECTIVE WORLD— A REVIEW III.

By Pramathanath Mukherji, M.A.,

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

- In our last instalment of this review we defined some of the fundamental conceptions of Principal Trivedi. For example, we showed how the objective world grew out of the partial and habitual agreement in the experiences of many individuals. This indeed is the central idea round which the whole conceptual universe of the essay revolves. To employ a somewhat different terminology, if we can call the totality of experience by the name of Fact, then the objective world is after all a fact-section distinguishable from other fact-sections by its intense practicality, liveliness and obtrusiveness. A particular limb or section of the Fact has been ejected from the mass of the Fact and in a manner disowned. Somehow I cease to regard this ejected limb as part of *me*. Not only so, but this Fact-section is invested with an authority, force and significance such as would induce me to regard myself as but its reflex, echo or shadow. The objective world is taken as existing primarily, unconcernedly and by its own right:

I take myself as existing secondarily, dependently and by a sort of delegated right. In a mighty ocean of self-contained being I am only a chance bubble, gay in a sun-shine, melancholy in the pale cast of a closing twilight and broken and scattered by the passing wind of a dark, shivering night. I am only a stray episode of an unending cosmic drama, a fragment of a tune in a heavenly symphony which lasts from the Primeval Night to the day of Doom, an atom making its appointed turn in a dance of the Universe on the stage of all Time and Space. This indeed is *the* miracle of creation: A creature and a limb of the Fact giving itself all the airs of the creator and the prototype!

In the present instalment of the review we propose to indicate briefly the metaphysical implications of our essayist's conception of the objective world. Unless we have settled accounts with metaphysics first, we cannot feel sure of the ground which we have to tread in passing from the Objective World to the Nominal and Physical World. Principal Trivedi's conception implies (1) a plurality of individuals and (2) a basis and reason for their co-operation. Starting with the idea of an all inclusive universe of experience or *pratibhasika* world, we can of course legitimately proceed to the assumption of a plurality of individual lives and experiences; but it should be made clear *whether or not* the *pratibhasika* can be equated to the experience of the individual or in short to the *me*. Either alternative would lead to certain characteristic difficulties: even in the empyrean of Pure Thought our choice not infrequently lies between two evils.

On the one hand, if we equate the all-inclusive universe of experience to the *me*, we have to indicate the reason why and the manner how this mass of feeling splits up into a multiplicity of quasi-independent individual world each with a nucleus or centre of reference of its own; briefly we have to trace the beginnings of a pluralistic universe out of an uncompromising monistic stuff: by what miracle does the one conjure up the appearance of a manifold? The miracle is indeed repeating itself in the procreating impulse of every living cell by which it divides and multiplies, and also possibly in the break-up of atoms in radio-emanations. The hand of a Weismann seems to have held back the curtain a little when it directs us to find the reason of the former operation in the working of the laws of cell-nutrition, and the surmises of a Kelvin, J. J. Thompson and Rutherford have not altogether failed to enlighten us when these have carried our conceptions of the infinitesimal world down to still subtler orders of smallness by revealing to our bewildered imagination the inverted greatness of the so-called atom which has already lost the point of its etymology. But the analogy is fair only up to a certain extent: thus the

biologist is not left severely alone with a given cell and asked to explain its tendency to multiplication; nor is the physicist called upon to deal solely with an atom in an absolute blank of Buddhist *nirvana*; each has an other or a *system of others*, whether an environment or a universal stress, as a resource of ready explanation. A cell divides because in living it has an *outside* to deal with; an atom apparently breaks up because its equilibrated store of energy is only a *part* of the stress which keeps alive the universal fluid of ether. The mathematical basis of Helmholtz and the fascinating vortex-ring of Kelvin have not really made it possible for an atom to bear a charmed life for all time; nay, these have pushed forward the conception that the physical world is Heraclitus all over—that there is no absolute rest or permanence or equilibrium anywhere: these have begun a physics which at least as an one-sided logical culmination has blossomed into the metaphysics of Bergson. The universe being only a stress in ether—we use the term ‘stress’ as naturalised by Rankine and adopted with all the sanction of his genius by Maxwell—a dynamical or gyroscopic theory of matter is alone acceptable as the official scientific doctrine. But this other or *system of others* which makes it possible for biology or physics to take every forward step in explanation, is not available when we are about to deal with the problem of existence or a universal scale with the promise of an all-inclusive totality of experience. Given this, where shall we find an *other* or *system of others*? The all-inclusive *pratibhasika* is a Leibnitz monad reappearing with a vengeance. The old monad was a universe with no windows and yet it was a monad in a *system* of monads: but how could a monad with no possibility of receiving messages from beyond know at all that there was a beyond? The *pratibhasika* has no windows either and it is scrupulously cut down to its own actual proportions: it has no *real* system of others to bargain with. And yet the *pratibhasika* does not believe in its own metaphysics. The Fact has abdicated in favour of the Fact-section: in what manner of creative dream could the container and the contained, the whole and the part, have thus stepped unawares into each other’s shoes? This is a riddle which Principal Trivedi, and every metaphysical for the matter of that, has to solve: Realism and Pluralism are no mean rivals, or at least different ways of groping for a light which, alas, is never shed on the dismal mazes of philosophy!

On the other hand, with a real world of many individual objects, lives and experiences, the explanation of facts may glide merrily on and we may be able to cut many a Gordian knot which we find hard to untie; but we must not forget that this ease and economy in life and talk have really cost us all the satisfaction of deeper harmony and

consistency. We may trifle with things and even with lives if we are only prepared to take the consequences; but to trifle with experience is not only unsafe but absurd. The fact *is* experience, and there is no possible escape from the Fact. Tell me where you are while you so gallantly fight for reel things and minds outside of you. That you or I at all care to fight for such things and minds is a fact that must of course not be suffered to lose any of its significance: any story of experience must accommodate this fact, otherwise it is a story about Utopia. But the fight and all the significance in the world that one may put into it will not surely remove me from experience: and this fact is at least as important as the fight for—or still more vital, the fight against external and independent ‘reals.’

We have now roughly stated both the alternatives and indicated their limits: can we avoid the danger-points of each and put together the good points of both? We shall see. In the meanwhile, we may point out another avenue which will lead to the same riddle and possibly to the same solution. Our essayist describes the birth of the pragmatic world of common experience which everybody projects out of himself and disowns in a fashion. He finds the reason for this agreement and objectification in the conditions of life: individuals cannot live together without some sort of compromise in their various experiences. He thus (a) grants a life to each individual, (b) also the conditions so that these lives may touch one another, and (c) further the conditions which render a habitual and partial agreement among many lives and experiences possible. This is a commonsense view of the affair which he as a scientific writer takes. But what do these concessions ultimately lead to? What is this Life and its struggle and its conditions behind the *Pratibhasika* world itself, imposing their laws upon the latter, partitioning it into subjective and objective arenas and striking a mean out of infinitely differing experiences? What carves out a common element out of the all-inclusive universe of experience and projects it into objectivity? The reply is—Life and its conditions. But what is Life and what are its conditions? What is this subtle architect which fashions for us the constitutions of the world of experience—the order of our subjective, objective and ejective facts? If you lay metaphysics on a biological basis, you cannot evidently support this basis itself except upon a deeper layer of concrete metaphysics. There is perhaps an inevitable circle in such speculations which only shows that our logic is too scanty to cover the dimensions of the Reality itself. Here therefore is another opening through which the mystery of life and existence closes in upon us.

We have hence to admit metaphysics through either of the two doors : (1) what is implied in the assumption of a plurality of individual and independent experiences? and (2) what is implied in the assumption that these many individuals must touch, co-operate and agree with one another to a certain extent so that they may *live together*? Briefly, how is experience related to the *me*? And what is Life which is thus pressed into service in a modest biological garb but really as a sort of *elan vital* manipulating from behind the strings of creative evolution? Now, I should venture to think that a narrower inspection of these data will ultimately take us to the conception of an alogical fact-stuff in which a universal stress (call it Life) is overflowing into a multiplicity of co-ordinated centres, working it into a system of variously related fact-sections ; and of which the *me* is not the equivalent but only a practical definition. This is an exceedingly vague hint at a view which I have expounded in my own writings for the unseemly mention of which and the obtrusive, though only occasional, employment of its special terminology I offer to our essayist and readers my sincerest apology.

(*To be continued*)

LYCIDAS AND THE 19th CENTURY ELEGIES.

By Barada Prasad Pramanik, B.A.,

Ex-student, Ripon College.

"Some pious drops the closing eye requires," says Gray, and herein we meet with the genesis of the elegy. It is nothing but the pious drops transformed into musical language. The mourning may be called forth by personal bereavement or by the general sense of the pathos of mortality. There seems, however, to be

The eleg no proof that the idea of regret entered into the original meaning of the word. An elegy was usually dedicated in Greek not to death but to war and love. But antiquity has sanctioned the funeral dirges of Theocritus, Bion and Moschus as the best types of the elegy. Writers of English elegies from Milton to Swinburne have taken them as their models ;—they have not only imitated their mode of mourning and adapted the scenery they have described, but have sometimes borrowed from these pastoral elegies the very language and the names of the mourning shepherds. A critic speaking of the influence that Moschus's Elegy on Bion produced on the English elegy-writers says ;—"The novelty, the beauty, the fresh and modern thought of this undying poet were visible even to the school-fagged intellect of

youths to whom poetry was a vague delight. Well, might they be, for this perpetual elegy was the mould, if not the inspiration, of four great English dirges; laments beyond which the force of poetic anguish can no further go, and each of which is but latter affirmation that the ancient pupil of Theocritus found the one key-note in which all high idyllic elegy should be attuned thenceforth."

Lycidas is the first fruit of the influence of these pastoral elegies, which along with other forms of Greek and Roman poetry found their way to England during the glorious auspices of the Renaissance. Milton, deeply

saturated with Greek and Roman literature, could
Lycidas. not but commemorate the untimely death of his fellow-collegian, Edward King, in the Sicilian fashion established by Bion and Moschus. He takes the word, 'Lycidas' from the 7th idyll of Theocritus and uses it for his lamented friend. The poet thinks of himself as a shepherd mourning the death of another who was also "nursed upon the self-same hill." The poet imitates the form of his models but the matter with which he fills it, is undoubtedly his own:—it is steeped in his ardent personality and breathes the fiery spirit of his genius, it is full of the poet's austere sublimity and mellifluous music. The poem has set up a tradition and exercised considerable influence on the other beautiful elegies that the English language can boast of.

Shelley's Adonais is the enduring monument of a relation founded solely on poetic friendship between Shelley and a brother-poet Keats. The pastoral machinery of this poem is perhaps suggested by Lycidas, but

Bion and Moschus are Shelley's recognised models.
Adonais.

The poet has transformed and etherrealised the crude materials of his models and the poem has truly become "a highly wrought piece of art." Swinburne's *Ave Atque Vale* written in memory of Charles Baudelaire, the poet of "Les Fleurs du Mal" is also a pastoral

elegy. It contains the poet's tribute to the French
Ave Atque Vale. poet Baudelaire and a study of his character and

works with reminiscences and thoughts suggested by them. It is a wonder of melody, and the verbal music is without parallel as is shown in the very opening lines of this threnody, "Shall I strew on thee roses or rue or laurel, Brother, on this which was but the veil of thee?" Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, a monody for the loss of his poet-friend Arthur Hugh Clough

who died at Florence in 1861, is another and one of
Thyrsis. the best of a successful English imitation of Bion

and Moschus. The poet adopts the form of pastoral elegy, not merely because it is picturesque, but as the most effective means of expressing his feeling of sorrow, characterised as it is with the poet's peculiar vein of

pensive reflection. It is a very quiet poem, though solid and sincere. "Thyrsis is rather a descendant of Lycidas through Gray's elegy." But there are two stanzas which directly refer to the lament of Bion, and the names of Thyrsis and Corydon are borrowed from Theocritus, rather from Virgil in whose 7th eclogue they occur as the names of two rival shepherds in a singing match. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, an elegy written to commemorate the loss of his bosom friend Arthur Hallam, who died at

Vienna in 1833, is not a pastoral elegy and has a scope far beyond that of any poem of lament. It

occupies a unique place in the evolution of elegies. It is also closely associated with the other elegies, and as such cannot be ignored in an estimate of elegies.

In Lycidas, the poet laments the loss of a life intrinsically valuable to his country. There is nothing to prove that he considers it as a personal loss. The poet follows the fashion of the students of Cambridge in mourning over the death of a fellow student. His

Personal note of sorrow.

sorrow only enjoys a courtesy-title. Similarly in Adonais, there is no note of sincere personal sorrow

struck. The central figure of the poem is hardly a man at all,—he is an abstraction, a spirit of a different plane of being. It is poetic sympathy and resemblance of fate between the two poets that strikes the key-note of this elegy, while *Ave Atque Vale* comes directly from the heart of the poet. The poet expresses his indebtedness to his "brother" and "elder singer." He laments his loss in the winged words of poetry but is afraid that they would not reach him. He exclaims:—

"Thou art far too far for wings of words to follow,

Far too far off for thought or any prayer.

What ails us with thee, who art wind and air?

What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?

Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,

Dreams pursue death as fancy, as winds a flying fire,

Our dreams pursue our deed and do not find."

Thyrsis and *In Memoriam* are two profoundly personal elegies,—they express the passionate and sincere sorrow of the poets. Both the poets consider the change that has been brought about by the death of their friends. "How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!" says Corydon, when he has lost Thyrsis.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all,"

says Tennyson who had profound love for his friend.

No doubt, both *Lycidas* and *Adonais* open in grief but they close

in solemn strains of joy. In *Lycidas*, the poet's sorrow at last loses itself in false surmise and hope arises. He comes to believe that

Consolation. "Lycidas, your sorrow is not dead,"—he will

accompany his brother-shepherd "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." The poet of *Adonais* comes to believe that, "He is made one with Nature" and is "a presence to be felt and known,"—he is "a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely." In *Thyrsis*, the sober and restrained grief of the poet is crowned with the hope, "Why faintest thou?.....The light we sought is shining still." While the pervading tone of *Ave Atque Vale* is not one of hope and consolation—but of sorrow and appreciation. The poet of *In Memoriam* on the other hand derives solace from the perennial fount of divine philosophy and firmly believes that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil."

An elegiac poem is more or less meditative. Apart from its pastoral and personal elements, there is another element, which may be called the philosophical. Nor is this philosophical or speculative aspect less

Philosophical Element. important. It shows the poet's view of life and death, and his solutions of the deepest problems of this world. Shelley's pantheism and spiritual

philosophy finds expression in his *Adonais*. He believes that God is immanent in Nature, in the three aspects of beauty, truth and goodness—*सर्वं शिवं सुन्दरं*. He considers that "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass stains the radiance of eternity"—what we call life is but a bar to our enjoyment of eternal life. The poet of *Thyrsis* keeps aloof from the controversies of the day and seeks for a source of illumination from new quarters. In his *Scholar-Gypsy* he goes on to say, "A fugitive and gracious light he seeks, shy to illumine and I seek it too." While Tennyson in his *In Memoriam* tackles the deepest problems of the day, and solves them in his own way. It is a valuable contribution towards our criticism of life. He resigns himself to the Unseen Power, "One God, one law, one element, And one far off divine event, To which the whole creation moves."

Another interesting point about the elegies is the biographical element. The poet of *Lycidas* tells us about his attitude towards the church and his desire, as a poet, of fame, "that last infirmity of noble

Historical element. minds." He gives us a very beautiful and idealised picture of the university beside the "reedy Cam."

Adonais is full of historical interest. The poet gives a picture of himself along with the history of his life and aspirations. The poem is also a violent attack against the critics of Keats, "the carrion kites,"

as he calls them. A feeling of public indignation against the Reviews pervades the whole piece. Further, the poem enshrines the celebrated sketches of the contemporary poets, the beauty of which cannot be rated too high. The historical interest of *Thyrsis* chiefly lies in its charming idealised description of the university life of Oxford. The poet connects his friend with certain scenes and associations and thus has done for Oxford what Wordsworth did for the Lake-country.

It is to be observed, however, that *Lycidas* exceeds both *Adonais* and *Thyrsis* in variety and uniformity of merit, though it is not equal to *Adonais* in loftiness of thought and the poetical quality of certain passages.

Conclusion. *Adonais*, on the other hand, on account of its close imitation of Greek pastoral elegies has fallen into a certain degree of artificiality of structure. "And it is only when the poet frees himself from the influence of his models that he soars aloft with a mighty wing." "*Thyrsis*," says Stedman, "is another and one of the best of successful English imitations of Moschus, among which *Lycidas* is the most famous, though some question whether Swinburne in his *Ave Atque Vale* has not surpassed them all." The same critic observes with regard to *Ave*, "If unequal to *Lycidas* in idyllic feeling, or to *Adonais* in lofty scorn and sorrow, it is more imaginative than the former and surpasses either in continuity of tone and absolute melody of elaborate verse." But *In Memoriam* is Tennyson's masterpiece. All the characteristics of the elegy are combined here. "As an original and intellectual production, *In Memoriam* is above all the elegies, and a more important, though possibly no more enduring a creation of rhythmic art." Walker says, "In one way its length and complexity left *In Memoriam* above all other English elegies; in another, they place it at a disadvantage with those of Milton and Shelley. *Adonais* is like a trumpet-call to action, and the reader of *Lycidas* rises from it ready to grasp the "double-handed engine" and smite.....It is not so in *In Memoriam*." Perhaps it is partly due to the relation that subsisted between Tennyson and Hallam; perhaps it is partly due also to the influence of the time, that all action is paralysed. *Thyrsis* also tends towards this inaction, but its shortness makes the effect comparatively slight. It is easy to find, therefore, that if *Lycidas* excels in sustained variety and uniformity of merit, and *Adonais* in loftiness of thought and imagery, *Thyrsis* surpasses as a successful classic imitation and *Ave* as a wonderful piece of melody while the lofty philosophy of *In Memoriam* will always attract thoughtful readers. These are the most famous of English elegies which will last as long as the English literature.

THE KINDERGARTEN—ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

• By Saral Kumar Datta,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

Many of us have often looked into little text-books prescribed for the lower primary course and have noticed the many attractive pictures of ordinary things and animals that adorn them. A casual observer is likely to think that these pictures are put in only to engage attention of the infant reader and are of little more significance. But an inquisitive eye will find in them an intelligent theory of great consequence. In fact, one may read in these commonplace pictures the modern consequences of the thoughts and ideas which appeared in the mind of a great French writer two centuries ago. In the works of Rousseau, the rude germs of the modern Kindergarten system of education which is getting popular day by day can be found scattered broadcast.

In the beginning of the 18th century education lay completely in the hands of ecclesiastics and was of an artificial and rigorous character. It was confined solely to book-reading and left little margin for the free exercise of thought on the part of the student. His training was thus reduced to a "process of manufacture rather than of regulated growth." Soon the spirit of the populace began to clash with the interest of the church-men and a body of writers broke loose from the fetters of old convention and began to spread new theories of education.

Among these propagandists Jean Jacques Rousseau was the most famous. He was born in 1712 as the son of a petty watch-maker and native of Geneva. At the age of sixteen he began a wandering life and could never settle down till his death. But the fertile brain of this wanderer made him esteemed by his countrymen and he became first known to the public by his "Discourse on Science and Art", and afterwards by his "Emile," published in 1739. In this latter book he expressed his epoch-making views on education; he maintained that the current education of the 18th century only sophisticated the public mind and he held all book-reading at a discount. He discredited teaching—"the pedantic mania"—and recommended a system of education imparted by Nature. He was of opinion that the typical education should be a "process of spontaneous growth" and the child must be suffered to exercise his intellect and imagination by himself. To accomplish this end education of the senses must be efficiently carried on. And the theory of object-lessons and intuitive method came to be regarded as the true basis of education. Thus towards the middle of the 18th century, a new line of education was suggested in France.

This theory of Rousseau gradually made its way into German pedagogy through Basedow, a great philanthropist and a great liberal spirit. He first started a school at Dessau and began to practise the intuitive method among his infant students. But in spite of all his efforts, the system was abused and had baneful effects on society. The school which at first showed good promise was soon afterwards abolished.

But there was a great longing for mass education in the country. Great efforts were made in the Catholic and the Protestant parts of Germany to spread popular instruction and soon it was recognised as a department of the State.

In Switzerland also primary education of the people was in a disappointing condition. Some ill-trained teachers were engaged on small pay who cared nothing for education but had mercenary ends in view. Add to this a prevalent spirit of caste which stoutly withheld all instruction from the poor. In the midst of such gloomy circumstances, a mighty man was born whose heart was really moved for the men in the street. It was Pestalozzi, a native of Zurich, who made his whole life a mission for the cause of education. The new theory of teaching had filtered down into him through Basedow and he became a benefactor of mankind by pointing out the true method of infantile education. His method was but "a refinement of the process of Nature." Children were left to their intuition—"who read nothing but discovered everything." He founded an orphan asylum at Stanz in 1798 and began to impart education on this novel plan. "Here the children were not scholars who were learning, but they felt unknown forces awakening in them and they understood where these forces would lead them to."

Soon the Great Teacher became overworked, fell ill and had to retire for health. But his zeal to realise 'the dream of his life' was unflagging, and after a year he joined as a teacher the school of Bugdorf. Here he wrote two books, "Leonard and Gertude" and "How Gertude educates her Children," which contain the sum of his teaching. He urged that "educational process was nothing but an active exercise of the child's senses and mental powers and it would be extremely harmful to cram him with facts the value of which he had no means of estimating." Pestalozzi's reputation was now well-nigh established and he easily secured a post at the Institute of Yverdon in 1805 where he began to improve upon his new method of teaching. But this was carried on with success only with a small number of pupils, but gradually became impracticable when an overwhelming mass of students of every age and disposition flocked together.

Pestalozzi's worthy successor was Froebel with whom we pass on into the 19th century. This great German educationist was born at Thuringia in 1782. He lost his mother in his infancy and was utterly neglected in boyhood. The sufferings of his early life left an abiding impression on his sensitive mind and he became eager to look after the happiness of children. From his youth he was of a contemplative turn of mind and was ardently enamoured of Nature. He would take solitary rambles in the forests and try to find out general truths from the observation of Nature. Thus at an early age he showed signs of a great and prosperous future. In 1805 he took an appointment at the school of Frankfort on very poor terms. Reputation of the Pestalozzian method did not fail to reach his ear and he made up his mind to go to Yverdon with some of his boys in 1809. Here he drank in "Pestalozzianism at the fountain-head" and was thinking of maturing his own plan of work. After his return from Yverdon he wrote a book, "The Education of Man," in which he advocated the doctrine of Nature as applied to education. He was convinced that man and Nature proceeded from the same source and should be governed by the same laws. "All living things are pre-determined to an upward development of growth and this growth is an unfolding from within outward." In the case of the child-mind too, the budding of intellect and reason should be natural. As a cultivator *creates* no trees or plants but only *nurses* their slow stages of growth, so a teacher should never try to create but carefully superintend the development of a child's innate faculties. "Thus the process of development is Nature's work and its synonym is Education."

Pestalozzi held that the faculties of children were developed by exercise, but Froebel emphasised the fact that self-activity, *i.e.*, action proceeding from the inner impulse, alone stimulates and awakens the inborn faculties of children. Imbued with these ideas Froebel founded a school with his orphan niece and nephews as the foundation students. In this school children were allowed to play, and Froebel invented a series of games with balls, cubes, rectangles, etc., which to a child appeared as mere toys, but to the brain of the eccentric philosopher every material of the play had an occult theory behind it. His sphere (in the shape of a ball) represented the prototype or the unity of all forms; the cube, diversity in unity and so on. These are known as "Froebel's gifts", the survivals of which are perhaps still found in the more improved forms of sand-drawing, plaiting, etc. The attention of Government was soon drawn towards the work of the worthy, pedagogue and State aid was offered. Froebel now opened for the first time the Kindergarten (the Child's Garden) School in the neighbouring village of Blankenburg in 1837. Thus a new

theory of educating children by object lessons was firmly established by Froebel in the 19th century.

In England this theory gained a foothold in 1857 and schools on new lines were started with the name of "Infant Schools." Dr. Henry Barnard praised the theory for its originality and attractiveness and it gradually found favour with the public. In 1855 this new system of education was introduced in France through the efforts of Baroness Berta Von Morenholtz Bulow. In Italy it was made popular by Madame Salis-schwabe. In Austria it was recognised and regulated by the Government. But it had the greatest development in the United States of America where Miss Elizabeth Peabody and Mrs. Horace Mann preached this doctrine. Thus in course of time it received universal recognition, and is gaining strength in its practical application everyday.

THE BRAHMAN SUBADAR OF BENGAL:

By Somnath Sanyal,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

The various atrocities of Mahammad Togluk were the main cause of the downfall of the Pathan empire. The actual break-up of the empire began in the latter part of his reign. In 1339 A.D. Shamsuddin Ilias Shah, the Subadar of Bengal, declared himself independent of Delhi and his example was followed by many others.

During the time of Shamsuddin the number of Mahomedans in Bengal was not so large as in the present age. Shamsuddin well understood that with this small Mahomedan force it would be quite impossible for him to maintain his independence against the Pathan emperors of Delhi. To make things worse, even the fidelity of this small Mahomedan force was doubtful. In order to get rid of his difficulties Shamsuddin enlisted noblemen of Bengal as soldiers and generals. Two Bengalee Brahmans of high family, *viz.*, Sikhibahan and Kesabram Bhaduri, were enlisted as generals. With the valuable aid of these two Bengalee generals Shamsuddin's army became very strong and efficient and it became quite possible for Shamsuddin to maintain his independence against the Pathan emperors of Delhi. From this time for nearly two hundred years Bengal remained independent of Delhi. The monarchs of Bengal were known as emperors of Gaur.

Shamsuddin gave extensive *jaigirs* to his two distinguished Bengalee generals, Kesabram Bhaduri and Sikhibahan, who in their own territories

were like independent kings. The descendants of Kesabram Bhaduri were not in any way inferior to the emperors of Gaur. Their capital was in Ekatia in the Rajshahi district. Their territories were collectively known as the "Ekatia Bhaduri Chakra." The Bhaduris of Ekatia were universally respected both by the Hindus and Mahomedans. The "Ekatia Bhaduri Chakra" reached the zenith of its power under Rajah Ganesh. It was mainly through the diplomacy and military genius of Rajah Ganesh that the Bhaduris of Ekatia wielded the sceptre of Bengal.

Rajah Ganesh was a man of great ambition. His aim was to destroy the Mahomedan kingdom in Bengal and to set up a Hindu kingdom in its stead. The internal dissensions in the family of Shamsuddin favoured the realisation of his grand scheme.

Satiuddin, the emperor of Gaur, died in 1409 A.D. He left two sons, Nasarat and Azim, both of whom aspired to be emperor. Nasarat defeated his brother and ascended the throne. The vanquished Azim appealed to Rajah Ganesh for help, which the latter readily consented to give.

Accordingly Rajah Ganesh marched with his vast army to the aid of Azim. In the meantime Azim had been killed in an engagement with his brother. The death of Azim was favourable to Ganesh. He marched towards Gaur and laid siege to the capital. Nasarat for some time gallantly defended the capital, but was killed.

Thus the two chief claimants to the throne were removed. Nasarat had no son. Azim's daughter, Ashmantara, was barred by the Islamic law from wearing the crown. So having no other rival to the throne, Rajah Ganesh proclaimed himself emperor of Gaur in 1410. A.D. This created no disturbance in the country as the Bhaduris of Ekatia were respected by all.

Rajah Ganesh, by defeating the Mahomedan garrison, established a powerful Hindu kingdom. This event is unique in the history of Bengal. In Hindustan no Hindu, with the exception of Sivaji of Maharashtra and Ranjit Singh of the Panjab, succeeded in accomplishing this grand achievement.

Rajah Ganesh was a great administrator and an able financier. During his rule the economic condition of Bengal was very prosperous. He restored order everywhere. He encouraged men of learning and established schools for the propagation of Sanskrit learning. He died in 1421 A.D. and was succeeded by his son Jadu Narayan, who embraced Islamism. The dynasty founded by the great Rajah Ganesh came to a close in 1445 A.D., when the kingdom was restored to the family of Shamsuddin.

KALIDASA AND BHARABI.

By Karunamoy Mukerjee.

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

Kalidasa and Bharabi, the two most illustrious Sanskrit bards, may be regarded as being contemporaries if we can place any reliance on the Aihole inscription of 634 A. D.—येनाद्योजि न वेद्य । But with the dates we have little concern in as much as more learned heads than ours have been exercised to their utmost capacity in throwing light on this point and we will judge the two poets from the point of view of their poetry—*Sakuntala* and *Kiratarjuniya*. We will say as much as the above two works allow us to say on their literary art.

Regarding the style of these two poets, it would be presumptuous to place Bharabi on the same platform with the Indian Shakespeare. But many current sayings are met with which are lavish in the praise of Bharabi's style. Bharabi was not an unworthy compeer of Kalidasa in some respects which are peculiarly his own. They say भारवे भारवेरिव (The fame of Bharabi is as resplendent as the rays of the sun). Another saying runs thus उपमा कालिदासस्य भारवेरथंगौरवम्. (Just as Kalidasa excels in sweetness and appropriateness of similes, so does Bharabi out-Kalidasa Kalidasa in point of depth and gravity of meaning). Kalidasa is a poet, but Bharabi is a sage whose valuable sayings and instructions are wreathed in *slokas* of various metres, sometimes adroitly put together to convey different meanings, with poetic touches here and there. Instead of entering into a tedious lengthy discussion of the minutest details of Bharabi's style, let us examine one or two special features of it which have marked him out from all other poets. Regarding the stiffness of Bharabi's style, apparent on the surface, the greatest commentator Mallinath says भारिकेलफलं सञ्चितं वचो भारवे : । But the expression of the commentator ought not to prove a stumbling block to the readers, for notwithstanding its stiffness there is a world of pathos and poetic sentiment lying imbedded within it. Kalidas's style is smooth, easily intelligible ; it glides softly like the gentle murmur of a rivulet, whereas that of Bharabi is stiff, laboured in some places but artful, at the sametime and runs tumultuously like the stormy and boisterous gush of an angry river. In Kalidasa there is a profusion of poetic touches, in Bharabi there is an abundance of wise sayings and arguments. Appropriate similes are not to be found abundantly in Bharabi's works, but that he had an eye to the accuracy and perfection of a good style is sufficiently clear from those *slokas* uttered by Judhisthir in Canto II—उपमाञ्जितविश्वे । According to the poet's conception, a good style should be free from opposition to prove, should

be replete with elegancies of words, should be appreciative to the heart, should be pregnant with gravity of sense, should shun mannerisms, should not lose mutual connection and in fine, be a perfect mirror of the heart. And our thanks to the pen which has done full justice to the remark. Every word the poet utters is significant : in short maximum of sense has been couched in minimum of words. Almost half of the slokas in Bharabi have passed into proverbs. He has ' shuffled off his mortal coil ' long long ago, but what mortal is there who can forget the ever-to-be remembered words of Bharabi—*हितं मनोहारि च दुर्लभं वचः । ससुन्नयन् भूतिमनार्थं सङ्गमात् । सहसा विदधीत न क्रियाम् ।* etc. etc. The number of proverbs in Bharabi's book is legion. But this is not the only characteristic of our poet. Even a rapid reading of the second canto will strike every reader with astonishment at the marvellous skill with which our poet has grappled with the most difficult and subtle subject of politics. Draupadi's speech in the first canto which simply breathes fire will show what a heroic spirit lay dormant in the hearts of women of those times. Bheema also harped on the same fiery string in the second canto. The perfect delineation of the characters of Draupadi and Bheema and the description of the faithfulness of the Forester are vivid, and reflect not a little credit on our poet.

Bharabi is learned and artificial, but has a wonderful mastery over the arts of poetic composition. A reading of his works convinces us that he tarried over the composition of a sloka for a long time and never left it off imperfect. Thus all the slokas are perfect in expression, in depth of meaning and in metre. His style, though artificial, laboured and stiff, is yet full of art and rhythm and suits the theme. He has the capacity too of painting characters and describing natural things.

But Kalidasa is "the fancy's child, and warbled his native wood-notes wild." In his delineations of natural scenery which are always emotional and faithful, he has no compeer, though in painting characters he has sometimes failed.

A STUDY OF LORD BYRON.

By Hem Chandra Ghose,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

The poetry of Lord Byron bristles with points of many-sided interest to all lovers of literature. Though the merits and defects of his work lie so obviously on the surface, yet curiously enough Byron literature is 'crossed with so many perverse disquisitions and conflicting theories that

criticism has often to halt between two opinions. The romantic life of the poet has provoked so many anathemas and the fortunes of his poetry have passed through so many varieties of being that a study of his life and work is apt to be beset with prejudices and prepossessions of various kind.

Byron has given to the world quite a number of dramas. But his dramas were a total failure. There is a pitiable lack of riveting interest in his plot and character. They are for the most part wooden in style, and loose and slipshod in construction. The whole stumps on with a stupefying monotony.

Three prime causes *inter alia* may be held responsible for the failure of Byron's dramas. It goes almost without saying that self-effacement is the alpha and omega of success in dramatic literature; it is the elusive personality of Shakespeare which makes his dramas 'a joy for ever'. But in the case of Byron as in that of Milton obtrusive egotism has proved fatal to dramatic success. Thus in *Childe Harold* Byron breaks through the thin disguise that he assumes and completely identifies himself with the hero. Even in that grand and tremendous drama of *Cain*, the whole dramatic power is massed upon his own central overshadowing figure and no relieving varieties are introduced.

It will not sound as a heresy even to the warmest admirers of Byron to say that he singularly lacked what Ruskin calls 'penetrative imagination'. So the gradual evolution of a character, the deft manipulation of a plot and underplot, the clash and interplay of different passions and the deep insight into the dark abysses of human personality never characterise the formation of his dramas. Goethe's remarkable statement that 'the moment he reflects, he is a child' accounts to a great extent for his failure as a dramatist.

An essential element of the dramatic form which is a conspicuous failure in Byron's hand is dialogue. It serves two purposes, e.g., it brings out the latent qualities of character concretely and concisely, and moves forward the plot by marking gradual transitions. But all the *dramatis personae* of Byron figure most lamentably in their futile effort to talk. They all rant, and pour forth their feelings and emotions without any dramatic coherence. Consequently we never find any of his dramas well 'digested' in scenes.

But side by side with this besetting defect, there is in him a wonderful tenacity in conceiving and grasping a single incident or situation. Thus, in *Giaour*, though the plot is childish and flimsy, the incidents of the journey and death of Hassan are conceived and executed with surpassing vividness. Again, the net impression in *Lara* is a medley wrought by the many characters of the poem, but the disposal of the slain

Bizzelin's body floats before our eyes with all the air of actuality. While this peculiar power constitutes the excellence of his poetry, it is the fatal weakness of his dramas.

Now to turn from Byron's dramas to his poetry. Here we seldom come across the 'high imaginings' of originality. "Byron was not a poet of imagination in the highest sense of the word, as Keats, Wordsworth and Shelley were." There is indeed much imaginative splendour in the later cantos of *Child Harold*, but it is of 'the historical and antiquarian order'. Even in the best of moods, his reflections have not wide reach and suggestion. Creative originality is not Byron's. He is never found 'voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.' But if he has very little pretensions to absolute originality, it may be set down to his credit that he laid under contribution the existing current ideas for poetic purposes and gave them a fresh lease of life. But the supreme merit of Byron—a merit which gives permanence to his poetry,—lies in the verve that he has brought into the strain of English poetry. In his 'first dash into poetry', there are indications of force and command. The *Hours of Idleness*, though of indifferent poetical merit, is enlivened by the devil-may-care spirit of Cavalier poets. Deep and abiding sincerity or 'high seriousness' is a sure touchstone of true poetry and Byron stands successfully this test of poetic quality. Behind much affectation and 'Wertherism,' as Carlyle describes it, behind the meretricious glow of the great bulk of his work, we find in Byron, as in Steele, 'the soul of a sincere man shining through it all'. His love of liberty and championship of down-trodden humanity have always a true ring of sincerity and passion. A whole-souled contempt for inanity and simulation is the outstanding feature of his poetry. His uncompromising attack on British Philistinism has won for him the surname of the 'Founder of the Satanic School'. For this deep-seated hatred of sham and cant has often driven him across the border-line of decency and good taste. Yet the fact remains that he had the spirit of calling a spade a spade. Great powers of sarcasm are closely associated with his hatred of hypocrisy. But unlike Pope and Swift, he seldom makes a personal tirade against his enemies and digs them in the ribs. His satire is for the most part harmless and impersonal, but sometimes it grows offensive and sins against good taste. It is true that the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, undertaken in reply to the merciless slashing of the 'evil works of his nonage' by the Edinburgh Review, reeks with audacious irreverence, but no ill-natured personalities are introduced even in this mad escapade of his youth. It is in his *Vision of Judgment* that he reached the high water-mark of parody in English literature. The rollicking dare-devil sarcasm in *Don Juan* conspires by

turns 'to win the wisest, warm the coldest heart'. *Beppo* is almost unique in the incisiveness of its side-strokes. As a genuine hall-mark of Romantic poetry, there are traces of passionate love of Nature scattered broadcast throughout his works :

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less but Nature more."

He had the Highlander's passion for the wind-swept mountains and the many-sounding seas. The 'two mighty voices' were a source of constant inspiration to him. His brush-work descriptions of Nature were, in the words of Prof. Nichol, never meant for the microscope. But they are all distinguished by richness and grandeur. Thus, the 'deep and dark-blue ocean' as it 'rolls on', Venice with her 'tiara of proud towers', the 'castled crags of Drachenfels', and Italy with her 'fatal dower of beauty'—pass before us in a splendid panoramic procession. In fact, description was his *forte*.

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake
Which feeds it as a mother that doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake,"—

How beautifully these lines describe the violet stream of the river being stilled in its passage through the lake ! But though he is sometimes found to listen to a 'floating whisper on the hill' and to hold a mystic communion with the 'poetry of heavens,' yet it must be said that he had very little of Wordsworth's profound sense 'of joys in widest commonalty spread.' "While with Wordsworth, Nature was the school of duty, with Byron she was a mighty consoler and vindicator of the rebel." Like Milton, Byron may be said to live in every line of his verse ; but unlike the saintly Milton, his life was one long record of vapid dissipation and wild revelry. He 'drank life to the lees' and was soured by the usual results of 'unchartered liberty.' Thus all his works receive the stamp and seal of a dark and morbid pessimism and a sickening moral depravity, and as such stand in acute contrast to the robust optimism of the poetry of Wordsworth. Like Shelley, Byron was also a radical of the Revolutionary Movement and we find no spirit of rest in his works. "He sowed the wind in his poetry ; the world has reaped the whirlwind." *Don Juan* is saturated with this spirit. It is written in bold revolt against the time-honoured traditions of society, politics and religion. He has thus to a certain extent given powerful expression to those feelings that were then seething in thousands of hearts in the last days of George III and the infamous period of the Regency. In fact, Byron was, as it were, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' of the generation in which he lived and moved.

If we turn from the poet to the artist, we cannot but cry ditto to the sober judgment of the poet-critic Swinburne who says that no poet of equal or inferior merit had so bad an ear. His art was always *in statu pupillari*. Grammatical irregularities and barbarous ellipses are too many to need any special mention. Again, in passages we feel much of the swing and rush of quick-pulsed rhetoric, but little of the pervasive fragrance and haunting mystery of true poetry. Tiresome repetition

and prolixity, false rhymes, slovenly stanzas, halting metres very often grate on the ear. It may be readily admitted that the 'sphere harmony' of Shakespeare, the 'cathedral music' of Milton, the massive ease and hygienic simplicity of Wordsworth, the impassioned aerial verse of Shelley, the 'rounded perfection and delicate loveliness' of Keats, the firm and sure touch of Tennyson, the classic restraint of Arnold and the bounding swiftness and magic charm of Swinburne are beyond the highest reaches of his art. Yet we find 'all the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.' 'Single lines' like, 'And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim,' or 'By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,'—once read, sink deep in the memory.

This inadequate study of the poet cannot be closed without a passing remark on the fortunes of Byron's poetry. With his contemporaries Byron's pre-eminence was unquestioned. He 'woke up one morning and found himself famous.' Long regarded as 'the grand Napoleon of the realms of verse,' Byron was a 'superstition' on the Continent, as Scherer most felicitously puts it. But that 'hour of irresistible vogue' has passed away and 'the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride.' The 19th-century critics have struck a note of warning against the 'false Byronism of taste.' "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe", was the persistent refrain of the vehement denunciations of Carlyle. Yet the sinewy strength of his style, the stinging home-thrust of his satire, his thumb-nail sketches of great men and vivid pen-pictures of historic lands and above all, his imperishable excellence of high seriousness, born of absolute sincerity, will place his name on 'Fame's eternal bead-roll'.

VILLAGE SANITATION AND MALARIA.

By Abani Nath Ray,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

My village* is a veritable example of what malaria can do in rural areas. It had a glorious past, such as any village might be proud of. Kine were abundant. People were healthy, cheerful and prosperous. The river Bhairab flowed on in its youthful jollity and boisterousness. The whole village rang with music of birds and men as cheerful, and seemed to breathe a life of ardour and indomitableness.

Time has rolled on and with it the bright star of our village has set. Malaria has deprived her of almost all her beauties and glories. She has survived the death of her children, a broken-hearted mother, and the faint memories of her happy days are the consolation of her grief.

The Bhairab is in a moribund state, stagnant and full of moss and weeds. Its water has turned a reddish colour; but the people still drink its water, because no better is available. Villagers are famished, thirsty, emaciated and cadaverous. Dense jungles hem the village in on all sides.

All these are results of malarial ravages. Now, I believe that almost all the villages in the districts of Jessore, Nadia, Berhampur, 24 Parganas, Burdwan and considerable portions of Bankura, Midnapur and Khulna are groaning under this dreadful scourge of malaria. Villages are still

* Maheshpur in the district of Jessore.

being neglected, 'because of the inordinate importance attached to town-life owing to the influx of Western civilization.' I do not know how long this dislike for village-life will continue. But this intolerable state of things in our rural parts has become a constant source of anxiety to the people and the Government alike.

"Malaria occurs," says Mr. F. D. Evans, Engineer to the Malaria Advisory Board of the Malay States, "to some extent in all warm countries, and is caused by parasites of the blood which are injected by anopheline mosquitoes." He mentions, as measures to prevent malaria, the destruction of anopheline mosquitoes, either adult or larval; the protection of man from the bites of mosquitoes; and the prevention of mosquito infection by suitable treatment of infected patients. But the most important method of reducing anophelines is by drying land through drainage. *The Times* strongly supports Mr. Evans's saying, "Drainage is the most radical method of dealing with malaria. Its efficacy was known of old, ages before the cause was understood; the city of Rome is the classical example. But it is only when modern research laid bare the precise relation between wet ground and malaria that drainage came to be applied on principle and with conscious purpose for the suppression of this disease. It was the principal, though by no means the only, measure applied in the construction of the Panama canal, and Colonel Gorgas has declared as the result of his experience that a farmer can go anywhere in tropical countries and save himself from malaria by draining the ground and clearing away the bush near his house."

Thus we find that a strong emphasis has been laid by competent authorities on drainage. But what are the causes of the obstruction and neglect of drainage in this country? "First it is due to the rapid extension of railways whose embankments obstruct the natural outflow of rain-water and flood-water through the tracts through which they run, making the same water-logged. Another factor that interferes with the natural subsoil drainage is the neglect of the silting up of rivers." A great step towards improvement might have been taken if the resolution of Mr. Dadabhoi for curtailing slightly the grant to railways—one of the chief causes of obstructed drainage—and devoting the same to sanitation and education, had been adopted.

In this way we may summarise the means by which malaria may be prevented: (1) maintenance of a system of proper drainage, (2) destruction of anopheline mosquitoes, (3) filling up with earth all unnecessary bogs and ditches, (4) clearing away clumps of bamboos, shrubs, bushes and undergrowth, and (5) arrangement for the supply of pure drinking water.

Most of us are born and bred up in villages and it is no exaggeration to say that we betake ourselves to town-life during our college career only. Is it too much to expect that we should not relinquish our love for the village and try to rescue it from the ravages of its constant enemy, Malaria?

A WORD ON THE ART OF POETRY.

By Sailendra Mohun Banerjee,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

Art has been defined as 'the manifestation of emotion, obtaining external expression now by expressive arrangements of line, form,

or colour, now by a series of gestures, sounds or words governed by particular rhythmical cadence'. Each of these different ways of expression is described as an art. But as the arts appeal to our mind mainly through two physical organs, they may be grouped as 'arts of the eye' and 'arts of the ear'. Architecture, sculpture, painting, etc., are members of the first group; while poetry, music, etc., are of the second. But there are other arts which satisfy both these organs, e.g., drama and dancing; they are composite.

Art is prehistoric. Even the most ancient and uncivilized races of mankind betray a certain taste for art, at least in the form of personal decoration. The reason for such a taste can be traced in the very nature of man. Decorative art originates in the hankering after beauty and pleasure. But all the arts have a common origin in the desire to reproduce the feelings awakened in the artist by the contemplation of life and nature. Thus every art is an attempt, however distantly, to imitate life and nature and to express the emotions of the mind awakened by them.

Popular usage, however, usually restricts the term, 'Art', to architecture, sculpture, painting and such handicrafts as the goldsmith's works, pottery and wood-carving. These arts are especially useful to the civilized world. Historians, who busy themselves with research, find immense materials of history in the evolution of these arts. Plastic art brings before our mind's eye the social conditions of the age to which it belongs. Plastic and pictorial arts in fact reflect the conditions of life and society in a given age.

Different arts have different spheres and each is better suited to the presentation of certain emotions than others and the range of expressive power of each is determined by the limitation of its medium. The painter's or sculptor's sphere consists in outward semblance in which

*'he must give
A moment's life to things that live.'*

He is endowed with a peculiar power to record a moment's life more vividly than others. But the musician's sphere is otherwhere, and he must express some continuing emotion and

'Some source of feelings he must choose.'

But the poet combines both of them; he

'Be painter and musician too!'

But he has his disadvantages. Though he does the duties of both painter and musician, he cannot supersede them; for he can

*'The aspect not, I grant, express
Clear as the painter's art can dress;
The feeling not, I grant, explore
So deep as the musician's lore.'*

But the poet's art does one thing for mankind which none of the other arts can do. The poet *'must life's movement tell.'* Considered from this point of view, there are surely only a very few interpreters of life who have sounded its depths. Yet the poet's art excels all others, and either painter or musician

*'cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach.'*

Echoes from College Life

ONWARD, RIPON COLLEGE—I.

By Baidyanath Chatterji.

First Year Class, Ripon College.

Reformation should be the watchword of every college which needs reformation, and Ripon College certainly needs it a good deal.

Mr. Reader, if in your opinion Ripon College is all right and it needs no reformation, do not think me a base calumniator, please. I am not a slanderer by profession, nor do I ever cherish a bit of Johnsonian pessimism in my mind. As I am reasonable, I do not intend to thrust unnecessary proposals on you to the utter disturbance of the safe routine and regulation of the College and to stand a silent spectator to pairs of contracted eyebrows, deadening stares of resentment, contemptuous curves of lips, and Herculean fists shown from behind. But allow me to expect that Ripon College may be supplied with all those necessities which would enable it to cope successfully with the best colleges of Bengal;—and what *more* can we expect?

I remember to have sinned in sending my views on one occasion on something (concerning the college, of course) for publication in the Magazine. But as fate would have it,—and surely a sinner should, on no account, be encouraged,—I had to undergo the pangs of disappointment, as I did not see my writings shining like the moon amid the stars of other contributions,—and how fortunate I was that the paleness of my face then was not noticed by any one of my class-fellows!

• Well, let that pass; let me repeat my views with redoubled emphasis, as a river that flows down with redoubled force when an obstacle has for a time barred its course,—be it a gigantic mountain piercing through the clouds or a small block of stone—the lowly seat of a shepherd at sunset; but the greater the obstacle, the greater the force to resist it.

By the same principle, my heart has become doubly strong by this time and I am now better able to beat successfully against the rock of editorial callousness amid the sea of contributors. So let me jump down and take a powerful plunge; can I not reach the shore?

We have several times urged the necessity of Weekly Exercises in our college, but to no purpose;—it has been as fruitless as is usually the case when a student of the Deaf and Dumb School is spoken to. We cannot understand why our prayers are not granted. Indeed, to solve the problem our reason has altogether failed, and reasoning is of very little worth where reason itself proves to be a thing of little value. Everyone is aware that it does a world of good to us to have exercises in every subject at least once in a week. A period will do for written exercises in one subject. One period in the week should be set apart for exercises in English, one period for Mathematics, and so on.

It is quite unnecessary to note that by written exercises we acquire the facility of answering questions rapidly, we are better able to give smart answers in our papers at the University Examinations, and by our regular preparation for the exercises we save much labour when the University Examinations are imminent, and we have not to work night and day, as we do, for only two or three months before the examinations come on. There are many other advantages of written exercises, but we, unfortunate beings, are hopelessly denied them. Everyone of us sadly feels the want of exercises in our college and everyone is justified in being sorry for it, because all the best colleges of Calcutta attach a great deal of importance to exercises and have one or other subject for exercise every week, while only Ripon College totally ignores them.

Secondly, there should be vigorous efforts to stop the petty wars which occasionally take place in the Chemistry class by the rushing in of the full tale of three hundred boys—one batch leaving and another entering the class room; else we run every possible danger of losing our lives at any moment and be unwilling martyrs to education. Those, who are unfortunate in having Chemistry, have one and all felt what difficulties and dangers fall to their share. Sometimes one is so crushed by the two opposing forces that it is quite impossible for him to get out;—either his coat is torn and a hard blow struck upon his nose with tremendous force, or his shoe gets various deformations.

Such are the difficulties which await a Chemistry student and he has often to repent his choice. One method, however, to prevent a crisis has already been adopted, but there should be stalwart *Durwans* to guard the door. Oh, how painful it is to see the only *Uriya* chap defending the class against a powerful rush of armies outside. In spite of the *Uriya*'s greatest effort to push the door from inside, the door is burst open from time to time, and the besieging throng drives its way onward till it reaches its place of victory.

Thirdly, our routine is so strictly drawn that it is impossible to hold the meeting of our Literary Union on any day of the week. If the First Year 'A' is dismissed at 2-40 P. M., the First Year 'B' has to struggle on till 4-20 P. M., or if the Third Year 'A' is dismissed at 1-50 P. M., the Third Year 'B' has lost its existence by that time and the lucky boys are enjoying a mid-day siesta in their homes. So deplorable is our condition. There should be at least one day in the week when all classes are dismissed at 1 P. M. Otherwise there is no chance of our profiting in any way by the Union and acquiring any taste for literature.

Our Contemporaries

THE COLLEGE MAGAZINES.

By the Editors. .

There has been lying for a long time on our table a sheaf of college magazines representing different colleges both in Bengal and outside which contain a variety of interesting matter. Many of them are eminently worth careful perusal, not only for the light they throw on the academic activities at different centres in our province and outside, but also for the intrinsic quality of many of the articles. We hereby convey our grateful thanks to the editors of such magazines for the favour of exchange with us, and give a brief account of their recent numbers below :

The Presidency College Magazine.—It is a well got-up and well-written magazine. The Professors of the college bulk largely among the contributors. In the recent numbers, the great European War naturally takes a prominent place. Prof. Covajee contributes a series of learned articles on *War and Finance*. There are other articles on the War contributed by Principal James and Prof. Oaten and some spirit-stirring war verses. The last number contains an excellent article, headed *The Kaiser's Dream*,—a dialogue between the Kaiser and the ghost of Napoleon, from the pen of E. F. O. A correspondent attacks the subject of war-phrases. They are surely a very interesting study if critically examined. The other articles are all eminently readable. But we do not understand why the Old Presidency College Men Series has been discontinued. Altogether this magazine is one of the best of college magazines in all India, though one might wish for some change by this time from passing war topics to academic subjects of a more enduring and fruitful interest. We are glad to notice also that, in accordance with the policy laid down by Principal James in the first number, the magazine makes it a point to reflect fully and accurately the whole life of the college in its various departments of activity.

The Scottish Churches College Magazine.—The magazine has shown decided improvement since the taking over of the editorial charge by Prof. Douglas. The editorials of this magazine are always interesting to read, though sometimes the editor's craving for holiday reduces the editorial matter to five lines of iambic verse. We presume that like the Caesar who was above grammar, the editor should be above the weakness for holiday. W. D.'s short, humorous poems are excellent in their way. Prof. W. Douglas has been contributing a series of articles on the *Corners of English Poetry*. We have two admirable articles on (1) The Translations of the Classics and (2) Parodies, and we hope more will be forthcoming. The two articles on *Matthew Arnold* by Prof. Scrimgeour and *The Odes of Anacreon* by Prof. Bhattacharyya in the last number (November, 1915) are very interesting and instructive. There is a general air of liveliness and humour about this magazine which is very refreshing, and towards this no small contribution is made by W. D.'s verses. The activities of the different Hostels of the college as well as of the College Societies and Unions are faithfully recorded.

The Bangabasi College Magazine.—This magazine is published every month and hence the number of pages in each number is smaller than one should like to have. This arrangement, we fear, leads to the exclusion of adequate treatment of any subject in an article (unless it be irksomely serial), and to us the better arrangement seems to be the limitation of the number of issues and improvement in size and get-up. The magazine seems to be almost exclusively run by the students. Yet we should like to see the learned Professors of the Bangabashi College make a more frequent appearance in its pages. The articles written by the students are promising and praiseworthy, and we may select for special mention the article on *Addison as an Essayist* by Mr. Bhudeb Chandra Guha.

The Fraternity.—This magazine is the organ of the C. M. S. College. Its size, get-up and flaming red colour leave much room for improvement. The editorials sum up admirably the various activities of the college. Some of the articles are devoutly christian in tone. In the last number (August, 1915), there is an admirable article on *The Representative Character of the British Parliament*.

The Hare School Magazine and *The Hindu School Magazine* have been just started and deserve encouragement. They are written and conducted by schoolboys and as such, are worthy of all praise.

The Jagannath College Magazine.—This magazine is published from Dacca. A very serious defect of this magazine is that it contains no editorials and gives no college notes. It thus misses the essential character of a college magazine which should reflect all the manifestations and movement of collegiate life. The article on *Rabindranath* in the August number (1915) is a light and refreshing treatment of some points of the poet's life and art. It is curious to remark that the Bengali portion of this number is all in verse. Prof. Bhattacharyya contributes an essay on *The Conception of Philosophy*. There is another good article in the September and October number, entitled *A Glimpse into the Progress of Science in the Nineteenth Century*.

The College Magazine (Chittagong).—We have received the initial Autumn number which is very promising—well got-up and well-written. The history, educational statistics and dialect of Chittagong are discussed in three interesting articles. J. K. B. who writes the introductory note makes a very pertinent remark which all college magazines will do well to bear in mind: "All the college magazines that I have seen," says he, "would be vastly improved by a stronger infusion of a spirit of levity. That spirit has as good a right to literary expression as any other." Mr. Latif contributes an article on *Sufism or the Spiritual Side of Islam*.

The Krishnagar College Magazine.—We have received only the initial number of this magazine. Principal De in the *Foreword* informs us that this magazine was started in manuscript under the name of 'Life and Light' as early as 1908, but its appearance in print is a new venture. The two articles worth mention in this number are *Subarnabihara* (a legendary account of the ruins of a royal palace in the Nadia District) and *Nadiu Raj Family*. We hope the magazine will have a prosperous career.

Patna College Magazine.—We have received only the September (1915) number of this magazine. It is published only thrice a year, and considering all circumstances, it would not be unjust to expect some improvement in size and get-up. W. O. S. contributes a fascinating

article on *College Life in England* an extract from which we have much pleasure in publishing below. The Archaeological Society is a unique feature of this college. Besides the regular programme of work, it organises trips for the students to places of archaeological interest near Patna and also extraordinary meetings where the students have the privilege of listening to learned discourses from such scholars and specialists as Prof. Jadunath Sarkar and Mahamahopadaya Hara Prasad Sastri.

The Central Hindu College Magazine—This magazine is published regularly every month from Benares and maintains a uniform level of excellence. In the *Crow's Nest* the editor takes a wider scope for comments and observations than we find in the editorials of most of the college magazines. This magazine is identified with a particular movement and as such, it has a distinct character of its own. Among the many good articles that appear in its pages we may select for special mention the two serial articles on *Some Hindu Feasts and Festivals* and *Orissa and Her Remains, Ancient and Medieval*. Several articles in this magazine relate to Hindu religion and theology.

The St. John's College Magazine—This magazine is published from Agra. It is very decent in size and get-up, though the colour is rather sombre and unattractive. The pages are full of interesting matter, both topical and academic. In the November number (1915), Mr. Bonnaud contributes a suggestive article on *The Teaching of English* which ought to attract the attention of those engaged in this branch of teaching. Prof. H. P. Chaudhury's *Some Wild Plants of Agra* is an interesting contribution to Botany. Two other articles worthy of note in number of November (1915), are *An Agra Bazar* and *A Hindu Symbol*. The Prize Competitions in essay and verse writing constitute a new feature.

The Bareilly College Magazine—We have received only the September number (1915) of this magazine. A beautiful half-tone portrait of Sir Rabindranath Tagore forms the frontispiece. The college rejoices in a Logarithms Society, the exact meaning and connotation of which name is not apparent. There is a good and readable article on *The Act of Settlement, 1701*.

Besides the college magazines noticed above, we thankfully acknowledge receipt of the following magazines and periodicals in exchange—(1) बौद्धबन्धु (2) प्रज्ञा (the organ of Dacca Sahitya Parishad) (3) सञ्जीवनी (4) The Mahamandal Magazine (the organ of the Bharat Dharma Mahamandal of Benares) (5) The Collegian, and (6) साहित्यपरिषद् पत्रिका।

(From Patna College Magazine, September, 1915.)

COLLEGE LIFE IN ENGLAND.

"In some respects students are much freer than in a college in this country. They need not attend any special course of lectures. Generally there are several to choose from. Lectures are not given for any particular examination and students do not all take the same examinations or in the same order. Greek History may be taken in the Classical Tripos (Hons. course) or in the Historical Tripos, Part I or Part II. A student after taking one tripos often takes another or part of another. Consequently there may be in the same lecture-room men in the 2nd., 3rd., and 4th.

years. There is no percentage of lectures to make. The term is counted by nights spent in the college, not by lectures. The whole college is surrounded by high walls, and at each gate there is a porter's lodge, with one or more porters always in attendance. If a student returns to his rooms after 10 P.M., he pays a trifling fine. He is not allowed to stay out after 12. He can get up when he likes. There is no roll-call. Some lecturers have their rooms in the same courts as the students. Usually they pay no attention to them. There are always double, or even triple doors outside a set of rooms. If there were a noise in the court the lecturer would be more likely to shut all his doors to keep it out than to come out and stop it.

Although students have nothing to do with the management of the cooking, there are other things which are in their own hands. There is a College Debating Society. Those who join pay a small subscription, and elect the officials from among themselves. In each college there is an athletic association, generally known as the Amalgamated Club. Membership is not compulsory by college rules, but the students expect all new comers to join. The subscription is from 16 to 32 rupees a term, and this entitles the member to join the football, tennis and boating clubs without further fee. The Union is a general club for the whole University. Membership is optional. It provides a large library, reading and dining rooms &c. But its most interesting feature is the hall in which debates are held weekly. These are often on political subjects, and here future members of both Houses of Parliament sometimes first make their mark. Each term one of the most popular speakers is elected President. This is considered a great honour. In former days, Gladstone, Asquith and other statesmen occupied this position during their 'Varsity career.

Most students are reading some subject or other with a view to take a degree, and perhaps two-thirds or more of the whole number ultimately do so. But the idea of working for an examination is kept in the background as much as possible. There are no set text-books in the sense in which we use the word here. No student would think of asking a lecturer whether something were included in the syllabus or not, or whether a particular book contained answers to all the probable questions. There is no syllabus, and as far as possible questions are set for which no special preparation can be made. The object of the examinations is to test ability rather than memory, and the range of a Tripos is so wide that men are expected to answer some of the questions almost as unseen. For this reason, the Honours examination must be taken at a fixed time, and in case of failure a second attempt is not allowed. Even those who fail receive the degree if they have shown some merit. Then it is called the poll (ordinary) degree. This is because no importance is attached to the letters B. A. and M. A.

University life is a test of character. Men have great opportunities of giving and getting good. But they have also much liberty, and may, if they wish, throw away their chances. That is why some parents have regretted sending their sons to the University. They were not fit for freedom and ought to have gone to some place, where they would have been treated as children and kept in leading strings.

W. O. S.—"

বাংলা-রচনা ।

গতি ও স্থিতি ।

অধ্যাপক দেবপ্রসাদ ঘোষ, এম্, এ।)

[পূর্বানুবৃত্তির পর]

আমরা সবাই জানি, বলবিজ্ঞানের ২টা শাখা আছে—স্থিতিবিজ্ঞান বা Statics, গতিবিজ্ঞান বা Dynamics । এই উভয়ে Force বা বল, Energy বা শক্তি এ দুইএর বহুল প্রয়োগ রহিয়াছে । Force বা বলের সংজ্ঞা আমরা পড়িয়াছি—যাহা কোনও বস্তুর স্থিতি বা গতির অবস্থান্তর সাধন করে বা করিবার প্রয়াস পায় তাহাকেই বল বলা যায় । একটা বস্তু যদি স্থির হইয়া থাকে এক একটু পরেই যদি আমরা দেখি যে, তাহা গড়-গড় করিয়া ছুটিয়া চলিয়াছে তাহা হইলে আমরা নিশ্চয়ই এই অনুমান করিব যে ইহার উপর কোন প্রকার বল প্রয়োগ করা হইয়াছে । অথবা যদি চলিতে চলিতে কোন বস্তু হঠাৎ থামিয়া যায় অথবা তাহার গতিবেগ পরিবর্তিত হয়, তাহা হইলেও বুঝিব যে, কোন প্রকার বল ইহার উপর কার্য্য করিয়াছে । এতদ্বারা আমরা এই সিদ্ধান্তে উপনীত হই যে, যদি কোন বস্তুর গতিবেগ পরিবর্তিত না হয় অথবা স্থিতির কোন ব্যাঘাত না হয় তাহা হইলে ইহার উপর কোন বলের প্রয়োগ হয় নাই ; কারণ যদি হইত তবে এতদুভয়ের একটা কিছু ঘটতই । ইহাই নিউটন-ব্যাখ্যাত গতিবিজ্ঞানের প্রথম সূত্র । সুতরাং দেখিতে পাইতেছি যে, বলের সংজ্ঞা এই সূত্রের উপরই প্রতিষ্ঠিত । প্রথম সূত্র হইতে বলের সম্বন্ধে মোটামুটি একটা ধারণা যেন পাওয়া গেল ; কিন্তু ইহাই ত যথেষ্ট নহে ; কারণ মোটামুটি ধারণায় বৈজ্ঞানিকের বেশী লাভ নাই । বলের মাপক কোনও কিছুই সন্ধান না পাইলে ইহাতে কোনও কাজ হয় না ; এইখানেই নিউটনের দ্বিতীয় সূত্রের সার্থকতা । একটা বল যেন একটা বস্তুর উপর প্রযুক্ত হইয়াছে ; যদি ধরি যে, বস্তুটা পূর্বে স্থির ছিল, তাহা হইলে বলের প্রয়োগে ইহার ক্রমে ক্রমে একটু গতিবেগ উদ্ভূত হইবে এবং যতই সময় যাইবে ততই বিবৃদ্ধগতিতে বস্তুটা চলিতে থাকিবে । বল যত বেশী হইবে গতিবেগও তত তাড়াতাড়ি বাড়িতে থাকিবে এবং এই বেগবৃদ্ধির যে কালানুসারে হ্রাস-বৃদ্ধি বা Rate তাহাই বলের মাপক । অর্থাৎ যদি ১ সেকেন্ড পরে একটা বস্তুর

গতিবেগ সেকেন্ডে ২ ফুট হয়, আর সেই সময়ের মধ্যে যদি সমপরিমাণ আর একটা বস্তুর গতিবেগ সেকেন্ডে ৪ ফুট হয়, তাহা হইলে বুঝিতে হইবে যে, শেষের বস্তুটির উপর পূর্বোক্ত বস্তুটি অপেক্ষা দ্বিগুণ বল প্রয়োগ করা হইয়াছে। আর একথাও বেশ বুঝিতে পারা যায় যে, যদি একটা বস্তু আর একটা বস্তুর দ্বিগুণ হয়, তাহা হইলে একই বলের প্রয়োগে তাহারা বিভিন্ন বেগ ধারণ করিবে, প্রথমটির বেগ দ্বিতীয়টির অর্দ্ধেক হইবে। তবেই আমরা দেখিতে পাইতেছি যে, প্রযুক্ত বলের পরিমাণ গতিবৃদ্ধির (acceleration) পরিমাণ ও যে বস্তুটির উপর বল প্রয়োগ করা হইতেছে তাহার জড়পিণ্ডের (mass) পরিমাণের উপর নির্ভর করিতেছে। ইহাই নিউটনের বিখ্যাত দ্বিতীয় সূত্র। এতক্ষণে আমরা বলের মানের একটা সূত্র পাইলাম। এই দ্বিতীয় সূত্র হইতে আরও একটা সিদ্ধান্ত করা যায় যে, একটা বস্তুর উপর যদি বিভিন্ন দিকে বিভিন্ন বল প্রযুক্ত হয়, তাহা হইলে বস্তুটির গতি-বিসৃদ্ধি যথাক্রমে সেই সেই বলের দিকেই হইবে এবং পরস্পর পরস্পরের কোনও ব্যাঘাত উৎপাদন করিবে না। ইহাকেই বলে The Principle of the Physical Independence of Force. ইহার সাহায্যে আমরা জটিল গতিকে নানাদিকে সরলতর গতিতে ভাগ করিয়া লইয়া বস্তুটির গতি-পর্যালোচনা করিতে পারি। ‘সে যাহা হউক, আমরা দ্বিতীয় সূত্রের সাহায্যে বলের পরিমাণ করিবার একটা উপায় দেখিতে পাইলাম। কিন্তু বলের প্রকৃতি কিরূপ সে সম্বন্ধে এখনও বিশেষ কিছুই জানিলাম না। প্রথম সূত্রে বলের প্রয়োগে কি ফল হয় তাহাই কতকটা জানা গেল, দ্বিতীয় সূত্রে কোন্ বস্তুর উপরে কি পরিমাণ ফল হয়, তাহা জানা গেল; কিন্তু বল জিনিসটা কিরূপ, তাহার কি কি লক্ষণ আছে, সে সম্বন্ধে স্পষ্ট কিছু বুঝা গেল না। এই অস্পষ্টতা কতকটা দূর করিয়াছে নিউটনের তৃতীয় সূত্র।

তৃতীয় সূত্র বলে যে, প্রত্যেক বলের প্রয়োগমাত্র বিপরীতমুখী ও সমপরিমাণ আর এক বলের উদ্ভব হয়। আর একভাবে বলিলে বলা যায়, ক্রিয়া ও প্রতিক্রিয়া সমান ও বিপরীতমুখী। যখন দুই মল্ল উভয়ে উভয়কে আঁকড়াইয়া ধরিয়া পরস্পরকে কিছুতেই জঙ্গ করিতে পারে না, তখন এই সত্য সহজেই উপলব্ধি করা যায়। কিন্তু যখন কোনও নিশ্চল বস্তুর উপর বলপ্রয়োগ করা যায় তখন সহসা মনে হয় না যে, বস্তুটাও ফিরিয়া বলপ্রয়োগ করিতেছে; কিন্তু সেটা যে বাস্তবিকই বলপ্রয়োগ করিতেছে তাহা আঘাত-কর্তার অঙ্গুলি দৃষ্টেই বেশ বুঝা যায়; উপবে কিছু দেখা না যাইতে পারে কিন্তু ভিতরে ততক্ষণ বলটা Molecular energyতে পরিণত হইয়া অঙ্গুলিটাকে বিম-বিম করাইতেছে, অথবা তাপে পরিণত হইয়া গাত্রকে স্বেদসিক্ত করাইতেছে। এই তৃতীয় সূত্রটি সম্বন্ধে অনেক সময়ে অনেক অদ্ভুত কথা শোনা যায়; যথা—গাড়ী চালিবার সময়ে ঘোড়া গাড়ীকে যত জোরে টানে, গাড়ীও ঘোড়াকে যদি ঠিক তত

জোরের টানে, তবে গাড়ী চলে কেন ? যদি একটা বস্তু উত্তোলন করিবার সময়ে আমি যত জোর দিই, বস্তুটা তত জোরের আমার হাত নাড়াইতে চায়, তাহা হইলে আমি বস্তুটা উঠাইতে পারি কেন ? এই কথার উত্তর এই যে, যখন আমরা ঘোড়ার গাড়ীর কথা অথবা হাত ও জনের কথা ভাবি, তখন ভুলিয়া যাই যে, এই দুইটা জিনিস ছাড়া আরও অনেক জিনিস ইহাদের উপর বল প্রয়োগ করিতেছে । পরস্পরের ঘাত-প্রতিঘাত ব্যতীত আরও কতকগুলি বস্তু তাহাদের উপর কাজ করিতেছে । ঘোড়া যখন গাড়ী টানে, তখন সে আকাশে ভর করিয়া টানে না, পরন্তু মাটির উপর ভর করিয়া টানে, সুতরাং ঘোড়ার উপর যে বলগুলি প্রযুক্ত হইতেছে, তাহা কেবল গাড়ীর টানই নহে, মাটির প্রতিক্রিয়া (Re-action) ও বন্ধুরতা-প্রযুক্ত যে বল (Force of friction) তাহাও ঘোড়ার উপর কাজ করে । এই দ্বিবিধ বল ঘোড়ার নিজের বলের সহিত সংযুক্ত হইয়া গাড়ীর নিশ্চলতা দূর করে । নির্বাত-নিষ্কম্প-ব্যোমপ্রদেশে পক্ষিরাজ ঘোড়াও রথ টানিতে অক্ষম, কারণ নিউটনের তৃতীয় সূত্র তাহাব পথ আটকাইয়া রাখিয়াছে । ওজন তোলায় সম্বন্ধে যে আপত্তি তাহাও এইরূপে নিরাকৃত হয় । সুতরাং আমরা দেখিতে পাইতেছি যে, নিউটনের তৃতীয় সূত্রে বল-সম্বন্ধে আমাদের একই জানায় যে, বল দ্ব্যাত্মক, ইহার দুইদিক আছে । সেই দুইদিকের একদিক বাদ দিলে বলসম্বন্ধে কল্পনাই চলে না । বলের যে এই দুইদিক—ক্রিয়া ও প্রতিক্রিয়া, ইহার এক অতি সুন্দর ও সুলভ দৃষ্টান্ত দড়ির টান । আমি যদি দড়ির মাথায় একটা টিল বাঁধিয়া ঘুরাইতে থাকি, তাহা হইলে দড়ি টিলটাকে যে বলে আটকাইয়া রাখে, ঠিক সেই সমান বলে আমার হাত হইতে দড়িটা ছুটিয়া যাইতে চেষ্টা করে । ঠিক এই ব্যাপার বড় আকারে লক্ষ্যমণ্ডল ও সৌরজগতে দেখা যায় । সূর্য্যের যে আকর্ষণ-বল গ্রহগণকে টানিয়া তাহাদিগকে স্ব স্ব কক্ষপথে নির্দিষ্ট রাখিয়াছে, গ্রহগণও ঠিক সমপরিমাণ আকর্ষণ-বল সূর্য্যের উপর প্রয়োগ করিতেছে । যদি প্রশ্ন করা যায় যে, তাহা হইলে কেনে গ্রহ থাকিয়া সূর্য্যদেবকে ঘুরাইয়া লয় না কেন ? তাহার উত্তর এই যে, প্রযুক্ত বল এক হইলেও জড়পিণ্ডের পার্থক্যহেতু গতিবৃদ্ধির পার্থক্য হইবে । গ্রহের জড়পিণ্ড অপেক্ষা সূর্য্যের জড়পিণ্ড লক্ষ লক্ষগুণ অধিক, সূর্য্যের গতি-বিসৃদ্ধি গ্রহের গতি-বিসৃদ্ধি অপেক্ষা লক্ষ লক্ষগুণ অল্প, সুতরাং গ্রহের গতির তুলনায় সূর্য্যকে এক প্রকার স্থির বলা যাইতে পারে । ঠিক কথা বলিতে গেলে সূর্য্যদেব একেবারে স্থির থাকিতে পারেন না, এবং বাস্তবিকও গ্রহগণের সম্পর্কে সূর্য্যদেবের সামান্য একটু গতি আছে । সেই জন্তই সূর্য্যদেব সর্ব্বদা ঠিক ক্রান্তিবৃত্তের উপরে থাকেন না, এদিক ওদিক সামান্য একটু নড়াচড়া করেন । বল এক হইলেও যে বলের ফল বিভিন্ন বস্তুতে বিভিন্ন পরিমাণে হইবে একথা বিস্মৃত হইলে চলিবে না । ক্রিয়া ও প্রতিক্রিয়া এক হইলেও জড়পিণ্ডের বিভিন্নতায় যে গতি-বিসৃদ্ধির বিভিন্নতা হয়, পাত্রের

বিভিন্নতায় যে ফলেরও বিভিন্নতা হয়, তাহা কথামালার সুপ্রসিদ্ধ কাংস্থ ও মৃগায় পাত্রেয় উপকথা হইতেও কতকটা অনুমিত হইবে। নিউটনের তৃতীয় সূত্র যে বলের দ্বৈতভাব প্রকটিত করে তাহা আমরা দেখিলাম। বলের প্রকৃতি ও লক্ষণসম্বন্ধে বলবিজ্ঞানের পক্ষে যেটুকু আবশ্যক তাহাও অনেকটা বলা হইল। এতদ্ব্যতীত বল-সম্বন্ধে আরও অনেক প্রশ্ন উঠিতে পারে। বলের প্রকৃত স্বরূপ কি, বলের আধার কি, জড়ত্ব বস্তু বলাধান করিতে পারে কি না, সমস্ত বলের উৎপত্তি কোথায়, ইহার লয় হইতে পারে কি না, ইত্যাদি দার্শনিক প্রশ্নের অবতারণায় বর্তমান বিষয়ের পক্ষে কোন লাভ নাই; আর সত্য বলিতে কি, বর্তমান প্রবন্ধলেখকের এসব বিষয়ে জ্ঞান অতি সংসামান্য।

বলের প্রকৃতি নিরূপণ করিতে যাইয়া একটি কথা আমাদের কাছে বারংবার উল্লেখ করিতে হইয়াছে, সে কথাটা—গতি। সূত্রাং বল-সম্বন্ধে ঠিক ধারণা হইবার পূর্বে গতি-সম্বন্ধে আমাদের অনেকটা জ্ঞান থাকা আবশ্যক। গতির স্বরূপ কি ও গতির কিরূপে পরিমাণ করিতে হয় তাহা আমাদের জানা উচিত। গতি অর্থে স্থানচ্যুতি (Displacement)। এক স্থান হইতে স্থানান্তর প্রাপ্তির নামই গমন। সূত্রাং গতি জিনিষটা স্বভাবতঃই আপেক্ষিক। যখন আমরা বলি যে একটা বস্তু মাটির উপর দিয়া একহাত পরিমিত স্থান সরিয়া গেল, তখন আমরা মাটিকে অলক্ষ্যে স্থির বলিয়া কল্পনা করি। সেইরূপ যখনই আমরা কোনও চলন্ত বস্তুর কল্পনা করি, তখন বস্তুটির চলতা কোনও স্থির বস্তুর তুলনায় প্রতীয়মান স্বীকার করি। প্রত্যেক বস্তুরই গতি কোন স্থিতিশীল বস্তুর অস্তিত্বের উপর নির্ভর করে। কোনও বস্তুর অপর-বস্তু-নিরপেক্ষ বা আসল গতি যে কি, তাহা নির্ণয় করিবার কোনও উপায় নাই। কারণ অত্র বস্তুর সহিত তুলনা না করিলে কোন বস্তুর গতির অস্তিত্ব পর্য্যন্ত নির্দ্ধারণ করিতে পারা যায় না। এক অনন্ত শূন্যের মধ্য দিয়া কোনও বস্তু যদি চলিতে থাকে এবং সেই শূন্য মধ্যে অত্র বস্তু না থাকে, তাহার চলার বেগ এমন কি তাহার চলার অস্তিত্ব পর্য্যন্ত স্থির করিবার জো নাই। ধরুন রেলগাড়ী ঘণ্টায় ৫০ মাইল বেগে ছুটিতেছে; ইহার এই যে বেগ ইহা পৃথিবীর তুলনায়। আসল বেগ যদি নিরূপণ করিতে চেষ্টা করি, তাহা হইলে পৃথিবীর আঙ্গিক আবর্তন হেতু ভূপৃষ্ঠের যে বেগ তাহা ধরিতে হইবে, পৃথিবীর সূর্য্যের চারিদিকে বার্ষিকগতি হেতু যে বেগ তাহা ধরিতে হইবে, তারপর নক্ষত্রমণ্ডলীর তুলনায় সমগ্র সৌরজগৎ যে বেগে প্রধাবিত হইতেছে তাহাও ধরিতে হইবে। কিন্তু এত গণনা করিয়াও ত আমরা আসল গতিবেগ নির্দ্ধারণ করিতে পারিলাম না, কারণ পরিশেষে আমাদের কাছে নক্ষত্রমণ্ডলীকে স্থির বলিয়া কল্পনা করিতে হইতেছে। সূত্রাং নিরপেক্ষ (Absolute) গতির ধারণা ও পরিমাণ হওয়া অসম্ভব। স্থিতি-নিরপেক্ষ গতির অর্থ নাই। স্থিতি ও 'গতির সম্বন্ধনির্ণয় করিতে যাইয়া কবি

হয়ত বলিবেন যে, স্থিতির সার্থকতা গতিতে, চিন্তের প্রাণ-স্পন্দনকে যতটুকু পূর্ণতর করিয়া তুলিতে পারে ততটুকুই স্থিতির উপযোগিতা। কিন্তু বৈজ্ঞানিক এতটুকুতেই সন্তুষ্ট নহেন, তিনি আরও বাড়াইয়া বলিবেন যে, কেবল যে সার্থকতা তাহাই নহে, গতি ও স্থিতির এককে ছাড়িয়ঃ অপরের অস্তিত্বও ধারণা হইতে পারে না। এ'ত গেল গতির অস্তিত্ব লইয়া কথা। গতির পরিমাণ করা যে আরও বেশী পরিমাণে আপেক্ষিক, তাহা ত আমরা সচরাচর দেখিতে পাই। আপেক্ষিক গতির (Relative motion) দৃষ্টান্ত অতি সহজেই দেওয়া যায়। আমরা দেখি যে, সূর্য্য-চন্দ্র-গ্রহ-তারাসমন্ভিত আকাশ দিনের পর দিন ঘুরিয়া যাইতেছে; এই ঘূর্ণন ত আপেক্ষিক গতির দৃষ্টান্ত। রেলগাড়ীতে বসিয়া আমরা যে দেখি, কাছের জিনিসগুলি খুব দ্রুত ছুটিয়া যাইতেছে, অপেক্ষাকৃত দূরের জিনিসগুলি তদপেক্ষা ধীরে ছুটিতেছে এবং এই ছোট্টার বেগের তারতম্য হেতু সমস্ত ভূভাগ যেন আস্তে আস্তে ঘুরিয়া যাইতেছে, ইহাও গতির আপেক্ষিকত্বের ফল। দিনকয়েক হইল আমি দেওঘর যাইতেছিলাম; গাড়ী বেশ ছুটিতেছিল; হঠাৎ একদিকে চাহিয়া দেখি যে, আমাদের গাড়ী অতি ধীরে ধীরে চলিতেছে, অপরদিকে চাহিয়া দেখি গাড়ী পূর্ববৎ দ্রুতই চলিতেছে। ব্যাপারটা বড় মজার মনে হইল। আগে যেদিকে চাহিয়াছিলাম সেইদিকে আবার চাহিয়া দেখি আমাদেরই পাশের লাইনে আর একখানি রেলগাড়ী আমাদের গাড়ী অপেক্ষা কিছু মন্দবেগে আমরা যেদিকে যাইতেছি সেইদিকেই চলিতেছে। ইহার দরুণ আমাদের গাড়ীখানির বেগ অত্যন্ত কম বলিয়া মনে হইতেছিল। ইহা গতির আপেক্ষিকত্বের ফল ভিন্ন আর কিছুই নহে। পৃথিবীর আঙ্গিক আবর্তনের বিরুদ্ধে একটা মজার যুক্তি শিশুদিগের ও নিরক্ষর ব্যক্তিদিগের মুখে হইতে শুনিতে পাওয়া যায়। যদি পৃথিবী বাস্তবিকই অত বেগে ঘোরে তাহা হইলে লোকের শিরোঘূর্ণন উপস্থিত হয় না কেন? এই যুক্তির সম্পূর্ণ খণ্ডন-ভার আমরা চিকিৎসকদিগের হস্তে অর্পণ করিতেছি; তবে একটা কথা বলিতে পারি যে, মাথা ঘুরিতে আরম্ভ করিবার পূর্বে চারিদিক যে ঘুরিতেছে তাহা ত টের পাওয়া চাই, না হইলে মাথা ঘুরিবে কেন? পৃথিবীর সঙ্গে সঙ্গে আমরা সকলেই সমপরিমাণে ঘুরিতেছি, কাজেই আমরা সে গতি ত আর টের পাইতে পারি না। আমরা আমাদেরকে যখন স্থির বলিয়া মনে করি, তখন কাজেই আমাদের তুলনায় পৃথিবীও স্থিরই বোধ হইবে। সুতরাং শিরোঘূর্ণনের অভাবে পৃথিবী-ঘূর্ণনের অভাব প্রমাণিত হইল না।

এই গতি ও স্থানচ্যুতির ধারণা হইতেই বলবিজ্ঞানের আর একটা ধারণার উৎপত্তি হইয়াছে, সেটা শক্তি বা Energyর ধারণা। বলবিজ্ঞান-সৌধের প্রথম স্তম্ভ যেমন বল বা Force, দ্বিতীয় স্তম্ভ সেইরূপ শক্তি বা Energy। এই দুই বিরাট স্তম্ভের উপর সমস্ত সোধ নির্ভর করিতেছে। Energy বা শক্তিসম্বন্ধে আমরা পূর্বে প্রসঙ্গক্রমে

কিছু বলিয়াছি ; আমরা এখন ইহার আর একটু স্পষ্ট ধারণা করিতে প্রয়াস পাঠিব। কোন বস্তুর উপর যদি একটা বল প্রযুক্ত হয় এবং সেই প্রয়োগহেতু যদি বস্তুটা স্থানচ্যুত হয়, তাহা হইলে আমরা বলিয়া থাকি যে, বলটা কতকটা কার্য্য করিল। এই কার্য্যের (Work) পরিমাণ অবশ্য বলের ও স্থানচ্যুতির পরিমাণের উপর নির্ভব করে। কার্য্যের পরিমাণ-ফল স্থানচ্যুতির গুণফলের সমান বলিয়া ধরা হয়। বলের কার্য্য কবিবার ক্ষমতাকেই শক্তি বলে। বলবিজ্ঞানে যে শক্তির আলোচনা হইয়া থাকে, সে শক্তিকে দুই ভাগে ভাগ করা যায়—এক, গতিগত (Kinetic), অপর স্থিতিগত (Potential বা Static)। কোন বস্তুকে যদি কিছু বেগে চালিত করা যায়, তাহা হইলে সেটা গতিবেগ বশতঃই কতকটা বাধা অতিক্রম করিতে সমর্থ হইবে। এই বাধা অতিক্রম করাতেই সে অনেক কার্য্য করিল। গতি হইতে উদ্ভূত এই যে শক্তি ইহাকেই গতিগত শক্তি বলা হইয়া থাকে। আবার, কোন বস্তু তাহার অবস্থানের দ্রুণ অনেক কার্য্য করিতে পারে। যদি একটা উচ্চ স্থানে কতক জল সঞ্চিত থাকে, তাহা হইলে সেই জল পতনের মুখে অনেক কার্য্য করিতে পারে। সেই কার্য্য রূপান্তরিত করিয়া কল চালাইতে পারা যায়, বৈদ্যুতিক শক্তিতে পরিণত করিতে পারা যায় এবং আরও নানাবিধ কাজে লাগাইতে পারা যায়। এই অবস্থান-জনিত শক্তিকেই স্থিতিগতশক্তি বলা হয়। এই দুই প্রকার শক্তি এক হইতে অপর পরিণত হইতে পারে। একটা চিল যখন উপরে ছোঁড়া হয় তখন শক্তি গতিগতই থাকে, ক্রমে গতিবেগ কমিয়া আসে এবং চিলটা উচ্ছে উঠিতে থাকে, সূতরাং গতিগত শক্তি ক্রমে ক্রমে স্থিতিগত শক্তিতে পরিণত হইতে থাকে। পরিশেষে যখন চিলটা উঠিতে উঠিতে থামিয়া যায় তখন গতিগত শক্তি আর থাকে না, সমস্তটা স্থিতিগত হইয়া যায়। এখন বিশেষত্ব এই যে, বায়ুজনিত সংঘর্ষ বাদ দিলে গতিগত ও স্থিতিগত শক্তির সমষ্টি গতির সব অবস্থাতেই সমান। যদি আমরা বায়ুর সংঘর্ষ বাদ না দিই তাহা হইলে সমষ্টি ক্রমে ক্রমে একটু কমিয়া যায় ; কারণ সমবেত শক্তির অনেকটা সংঘর্ষ-জনিত উত্তাপে পরিণত হয়। আমরা যদি এই তাপ-শক্তিকে আমাদের মধ্যে আনি, তাহা হইলে আর আমরা শক্তির কোন অপচয় দেখিতে পাই না। বাস্তবিক, আধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের মূল সূত্র এই যে, জগতে শক্তি-সমুচ্চয়ের রূপান্তর হইতে পারে কিন্তু বিনাশ হইতে পারে না। এই সিদ্ধান্তকেই Conservation of Energy বলে।

বল, গতি ও শক্তি যে যে অর্থে বলবিজ্ঞানে প্রযুক্ত হয় আমরা মোটামুটি তাহা বলিলাম। এখন, কি প্রকার বলের প্রয়োগে কি প্রকার গতির উদ্ভব হয় তাহা নিরূপণ করিবার প্রণালী সম্বন্ধে ছোট্ট একটা কথা বলিব। এক জড়বিন্দুর উপর যদি কতকগুলি বল কার্য্য করিতে থাকে তাহা হইলে বিভিন্ন দিকে বিন্দুটির যে গতি-বিবৃদ্ধি

হয় তাহা তত্ত্বসূত্রীয় বলগুলিরই সমাহুগতিক । একথা আমরা পূর্বেই বলিয়াছি, এবং এই একটা সূত্র অবলম্বন করিয়াই বিন্দুর গতি আমরা স্থির করিতে পারি । কিন্তু যখন আমাদের একটা বৃহৎ বস্তু বা বস্তু-সমষ্টির গতিবিধি নির্ণয় করিতে হয়, তখন এ প্রকারে ঠিক চলা সম্ভব হয় না । গতিবিজ্ঞানের মূলসূত্রগুলি এক্ষেত্রে খাটাইবার পূর্বে একটু চিন্তা করিয়া দেখিতে হইবে । বৃহৎ বস্তু যখন ক্ষুদ্র ক্ষুদ্র জড়কণার সমন্বয়ে নির্মিত এবং সেই কণাগুলি যখন পরস্পর-সংবদ্ধ, তখন একটা কণার উপর প্রযুক্ত বল যে অপরাপর কণাগুলিতে, তথা সমগ্র বস্তুটীতে, কিরূপ গতিবিধান করিবে তাহা গণনা করিবার পূর্বে ব্যাপারটার জটিলতা একটু কমাইয়া লইতে হইবে । ব্যাপারটা কি দাঁড়ায় একটু তলাইয়া দেখিতে চেষ্টা করি । বৃহৎ বস্তুটির একটা কণার উপর কতকগুলি বল কার্য্য করিতেছে । বাহির হইতে প্রযুক্ত যে বল সেত আছেই, তত্বপরি বিভিন্ন কণাগুলির পরস্পর-সম্পর্কজাত কতকগুলি আভ্যন্তরীণ বলও কণাটির উপর কাজ করিতেছে ; এইরূপ প্রত্যেক কণারই অবস্থা । তাহা হইলে মোটের উপর বস্তুটির উপর ক্রিয়া করিতেছে বাহিরের বলগুলি এবং ভিন্ন ভিন্ন কণার সম্বন্ধজনিত ভিতরের বলগুলি । এখন এই যে ভিতরের বলগুলি ইহা কতকটা দড়ির টানের অনুরূপ । আমরা নিউটনের • তৃতীয় সূত্রের আলোচনাকালে দেখিয়াছি, এইরূপ প্রত্যেক টানেরই দুইটা দিক আছে । প্রথম কণা দ্বিতীয় কণাকে যত জোরে টানে, দ্বিতীয় কণা ঠিক তত জোরেই প্রথম কণাকে বিপরীত দিকে টানে । এই টানাটানির ফল দাঁড়াইতেছে এই যে, সমগ্র বস্তুটির উপর আভ্যন্তরীণ বলগুলির মোটের উপর কোনই ক্রিয়া হইতেছে না । সতরাং সমস্ত বস্তুটির গতি নিরূপণ করিবার সময়ে আভ্যন্তরীণ বলগুলিকে আমরা নিঃসন্দেহে বাদ দিতে পারি । বস্তুটির গতি কাজেই কেবল বাহিরের প্রযুক্ত বলগুলির ঘাত-প্রতিঘাতেই নিষ্পন্ন হইবে । ইহাই বলবিজ্ঞানের বিখ্যাত D'Alembert's Principle । ফরাসী-বৈজ্ঞানিক দালঁবেয়ারের পূর্বে বস্তুসংঘের গতি-নিরূপণ ব্যাপারে একটা অনিশ্চিত ভাব ছিল ; এইরূপ গতি-নির্ণয় একটা পদ্ধতির ভিতরে ফেলিতে পারা যায় নাই ; কিন্তু যখন ১৭৪৩ খ্রীষ্টাব্দে দালঁবেয়ার তাঁহার বিখ্যাত Traite de Dynamique গ্রন্থে এই সিদ্ধান্তটী প্রতিষ্ঠা করিলেন, তাহার পর হইতে বস্তু-সমষ্টির গতি-নির্ণয় ব্যাপারটাও সম্পূর্ণ আয়ত্ত হইয়া গেল । এখনও যে সমস্ত দুরূহ প্রশ্ন এই সম্পর্কে উঠে তাহা প্রধানতঃ গণিতের সমাধান লইয়া, বলবিজ্ঞানের মতবাদ লইয়া নহে । D'Alembert's Principleএ তাহা হইলে এই দাঁড়াইল যে, কোন বস্তু বা বস্তুসমষ্টির গতি একমাত্র বহিঃপ্রযুক্ত বলের দ্বারা নিরূপিত হয়, আভ্যন্তরীণ বলগুলি গতিনিরূপণে কোন কাজে আসে না । ইহার সাহায্যে আমরা অনেক সুন্দর সুন্দর তথ্যে উপনীত হইতে পারি ।

যথা, যদি কোন দিকে বহিঃপ্রযুক্ত বলের সমষ্টির মাত্রা একেবারে কিছুই না হয়, তাহা হইলে সমগ্র বস্তুটির গতিবেগ সেই দিকে অপরিবর্তিত থাকে ; যদি কোন বৃহৎ বস্তুর উপরে বলপ্রয়োগ করা যায়, তাহা হইলে তাহার ভাঃকেন্দ্রের গতির সহিত ভারকেন্দ্রের চতুর্দিকে বস্তুটির গতির কোনই সম্পর্ক থাকে না ; এবং সমস্ত বল যদি এক ভারকেন্দ্রেই প্রযুক্ত হইত, তাহা হইলে তাহার যে প্রকার গতি হইত, এ ক্ষেত্রেও তাহাই হইবে । D'Alembert's Principleএর বিশেষ সুবিধা এই যে, ইহার সাহায্যে সমস্ত গতিবিজ্ঞান স্থিতিবিজ্ঞানে পরিণত হয় । যখন কতগুলি বলের প্রয়োগে বস্তুটির কোন দিকে গতি হয়, তখন আমরা বলিতে পারি যে, প্রযুক্ত বলের সঙ্গে যদি নিপরীত দিকে সেই গতি-বলটী (Effective force) সংযুক্ত হইত তাহা হইলে বস্তুটী স্থির থাকিত । ব্যাপারটা এই ভাবে দেখিলেই স্বতঃই গতিবিজ্ঞানকে স্থিতিবিজ্ঞানরূপে আলোচনা করা যায় ।

এই Principle অবলম্বন করিয়া Lagrange ও Hamilton গতিবিজ্ঞানের নূতন আকার প্রদান করিয়াছেন । Lagrange সমস্ত বলবিজ্ঞানের উপরেই তাঁহার নিখ্যাত Principle of Virtual Work প্রয়োগ করিয়াছেন । এই Principleএর মূলকথা এই যে, যদি কোন বস্তু বা বস্তু সমবায় কতকগুলি বলের ক্রিয়াধীন হইয়া স্থির অবস্থায় থাকে, তাহা হইলে, তাহার যদি একটু সামান্য স্থান-বিচ্যুতি হয়, তবে প্রযুক্ত বলগুলির, বাহির ও ভিতর উভয়েরই যে কাজ (work) করা হইবে, তাহার সমষ্টি কিছুই দাঁড়াইবে না । অপর পক্ষে, যদি সর্বপ্রকার সামান্য স্থান-বিচ্যুতিতেই কার্য-সমষ্টি শূন্য হয়, তবে প্রযুক্ত বলগুলির দরুণ বস্তু বা বস্তু-সমবায় স্থির অবস্থায় থাকিবে । এই Principle দ্বারা বলগুলির 'কি রকম সম্বন্ধ ও অনুপাত হইলে বস্তুটী স্থির থাকিবে, আমরা তাহা সহজেই বাহির করিতে পারি । সামান্য একটা উদাহরণ লওয়া যাক । একগাছি দড়ি দিয়া একটা জিনিষ ঝুলাইয়া রাখা হইয়াছে । দড়িতে কতটা টান পড়িতেছে তাহা নির্ণয় করিতে হইবে । মনে করা যাক যে, জিনিষটা আরও একটু নীচে নামিয়া আসিল । জিনিষটার ভার কতকটা কাজ করিতেছে, তাহার পরিমাণ = ভার \times স্থান-বিচ্যুতি । দড়ির টানের বিরুদ্ধে জিনিষটা নামিয়া আসিল কাজেই দড়ির টানের বিরুদ্ধে কতকটা কাজ হইল, তাহার পরিমাণ = টান \times স্থান-চ্যুতি । স্থান-চ্যুতি দুই স্থলেই সমান বলিয়া দড়ির টান ভারের সমান প্রতিপন্ন হইল । অবশ্য এ স্থলে যাহা আমরা প্রমাণ করিলাম, তাহা সহজ বুদ্ধিতেই বেশ বোঝা যায় ; কিন্তু এতদপেক্ষা অনেক জটিল ক্ষেত্রেও Principle of Virtual Work দ্বারা অতি সহজে প্রশ্ন সমাধান হয় ।

Hamilton আর একটা সূত্রের অবতারণা করিয়াছেন, তাহার নাম Principle of Least Action । এই Principleএর অর্থ এই যে, কোন বস্তু-সমবায় এক

অবস্থান হইতে অল্প অবস্থানে গমন করিতে হইলে সেই পথ অবলম্বন করিয়া যায়, যে পথে Action বা ক্রিয়া সৰ্বাপেক্ষা অল্প। এই Action বা ক্রিয়া এস্থলে একটা বিশেষ অর্থে ব্যবহৃত হয়, তাহা বিশদ করিয়া বলা আবশ্যক। অবস্থান হইতে অবস্থানান্তরে পৌঁছিতে যে সময় লাগে, সেই সময়টুকুকে যদি খুব ছোট ছোট ভাগে বা কণায় ভাগ করা যায়, এবং বস্তুর যে গতিগত শক্তি (Kinetic energy) তাহাকে যদি কাল-কণার দ্বারা পূরণ করা যায়, তাহা হইলে সমস্ত সময়টুকু ধরিয়া এই পূরণ ফলগুলির যে সমাস বা Integral তাহাকে ক্রিয়া বা Action বলা হইয়া থাকে। সুতরাং মোটামুটি দেখিতে গেলে অবস্থান হইতে অবস্থানান্তরে পৌঁছিতে গেলে মোটের উপর যে শক্তি (energy) ব্যয়িত হয়, ক্রিয়া (action) জিনিষটা তাহারই কতকটা পরিমাণ নির্দেশ করে। পূর্বকালে এই Principle একেবারেই যে অজ্ঞাত ছিল তাহা নহে, তবে সেকালের লোকেরা অজ্ঞভাবে এই সূত্রটির প্রতিষ্ঠা করিতে প্রয়াস পাইতেন। প্রসিদ্ধ Maupertuis দর্শন ও ধর্মবিজ্ঞানের দিক দিয়া ইহা প্রমাণ করিতে চেষ্টা করিয়াছিলেন। অনেকে এই রকম যুক্তি অবলম্বন করিত যে, প্রকৃতিদেবী স্বভাবতঃই মিতব্যয়ী, এই হেতু কোন কাজ করিতে স্মরণতম শক্তির প্রয়োগ করেন। কিন্তু এ রকম যুক্তিতে এত বড় একটা তথ্যের প্রতিষ্ঠা হয় না। Hamilton তাই এই তত্ত্বকে অকাটা গণিতের প্রমাণের উপর দাঁড় করাইয়াছেন।

বর্তমান বলবিজ্ঞান যে কয়েকটা মোটা মোটা সত্যের উপর প্রতিষ্ঠিত তাহার অনেকটা আলোচনা হইল। স্থিতিবিজ্ঞান বা Staticsএর বিষয়ে বিশেষ কিছু পুনর্বাণ বলা অনাবশ্যক। কারণ ইহাতে নূতন কোন Principleএর দরকার হয় না। ইহা বলবিজ্ঞানের একটা শাখামাত্র। তবে বল-সম্বন্ধে আরও কিছু বলা আবশ্যক। প্রত্যেক বলেরই যে দুইটা দিক আছে, তাহা আমরা দেখিয়াছি। বল আবার দুই প্রকারে প্রযুক্ত হইতে পারে। এক, দূর হইতে আকর্ষণ বা বিকর্ষণ (Action at a distance); অপর, পরস্পর-সংঘাত (Impact বা Collision)। সচরাচর এই দুই প্রকার প্রয়োগ দেখিতে পাওয়া যায়। সূর্য ও নক্ষত্রমণ্ডল যে আপনাপন আকর্ষণ ও বিকর্ষণে বিধৃত হইয়া আছে, তাহার কারণ তাহাদের পরস্পর সংঘাত নহে, পরস্তু দূর হইতে বল-প্রয়োগ। অল্পদিকে রেলের এঞ্জিন যে আপনাদিগের বলে সমগ্র রেলগাড়ীটা টানিতেছে, এটা সংঘাত বা সংস্পর্শজনিত। এই দুই প্রকার বল-প্রয়োগের মধ্যে শেষোক্তটা আমরা সহজে বুঝিতে পারি, কিন্তু প্রথমোক্তটা সম্বন্ধে কেমন যেন একটু সন্দেহ থাকিয়া যায়। Action at a distanceকে Action by impactএর মত সহজ ও সুখবোধ্য বলিয়া মনে হয় না। মাঝের ব্যবধানে কোথাও কিছু নাই, কি প্রকারে এক বস্তু অপর বস্তুকে নড়াইবে? Action at a distance বলিলে যেন জিজ্ঞাসা-প্রবৃত্তি নিবাসিত হইতে চাহে না, ইহার যেন আরও ব্যাখ্যা ও কারণ-প্রদর্শন আবশ্যক হয়।

একজ্ঞ আধুনিক বিজ্ঞান দূরাকর্ষণকে চরম বলিয়া স্বীকার করিতে চাহে না ; পরন্তু ইহাকে পরস্পর সংবান্ধরূপে, ব্যাখ্যা করিতে প্রয়াসী । বিখ্যাত বৈজ্ঞানিক Maxwellএর মাধ্যাকর্ষণ-ব্যাখ্যানের জ্ঞান Electro-static Stress-systemএর অবতারণা করা ইহার একটি প্রকৃষ্ট উদাহরণ । তিনি বলেন,—মনে করা যাক্, যেন দুইটা বস্তু পরস্পর অনেক তরফে থাকিয়া পরস্পরের গতি নিয়ন্ত্রিত করিতেছে । দেখা যাক্, কিরূপে এই বলাধান ব্যাখ্যা করা যাইতে পারে । নিউটনের মতে ত দূরাকর্ষণই এই বলাধানের হেতু । কিন্তু অত্র উপায়েও ইহার ব্যাখ্যা সম্ভব । যদি দুইটা বস্তু যে স্থান ব্যাপিয়া রহিয়াছে, তদ্ব্যতীত সকল স্থান ঈথর দ্বারা পরিপূর্ণ মনে করা যায়, তাহা হইলে সেই ঈথরের উপর একটা বস্তুর দরুণ যে চাপ পড়ে, সেই চাপে ঈথর-রাশি সর্বত্র বিস্তৃত হয়, এবং অপব বস্তুটির গাত্রে ঈথরের সেই চাপ আসিয়া পড়িতে থাকে ; সেই চাপের দরুণ দ্বিতীয় বস্তুটির গতির পরিবর্তন সংসাধিত হইয়া থাকে । একটা বিশেষ প্রকারের চাপ বা Stress-system কল্পনা করিয়া লইলে মাধ্যাকর্ষণ-জনিত ফল ঠিক যথায়থরূপে পাওয়া যায় । কাজেই মাধ্যাকর্ষণ আর কিছুই নহে, ওতপ্রোত-পরিব্যাপ্ত ঈথর-সাগরের মধ্য দিয়া চাপের বিকিরণ । এই মতের মধ্যে য়ে কোন জটিলতা বা অসম্পূর্ণতা নাই তাহা নহে, তবে বিজ্ঞানের বর্তমান যৌকের নিদর্শনস্বরূপ ইহার উল্লেখ করিলাম ।

এ যাবৎ আমরা যাহা বলিলাম, তাহাতে বিশ্বের সমস্ত ঘটনাপুঞ্জের মূল কারণ বা উপাদানরূপে জড় ও শক্তিকে দেখিতে পাইলাম । এ পর্য্যন্ত এট বৈত আমরা ছাড়াইয়া উঠিতে পারি নাই । কিন্তু বৈজ্ঞানিক ইহাতেও সন্তুষ্ট নহেন । তিনি এই দুইকে একেই রূপান্তর বলিয়া প্রমাণ করিতে চাহেন । এ কথা অবশ্যই ঠিক যে, জড়পদার্থ ব্যতিরেকে বা জড়পদার্থ অবলম্বন না করিয়া শক্তির বিকাশ আমরা দেখিতে পাই না, সুতরাং জড় ও শক্তির মধ্যে যে অভ্রাঙ্গি-সম্বন্ধ আছে তাহা অস্বীকার করিতে পারা যায় না ; কিন্তু তাই বলিয়া এককে যে অন্ত্রতে পরিণত করিতে পারা যায় তাহা সহজে বিশ্বাস হয় না । কিন্তু বৈজ্ঞানিক ইহা বলিতে কিছুমাত্র সঙ্কুচিত হন না । হয় তিনি Boscovichএর জ্ঞান জড়-কণাকে Persistent Centres of Force বলিয়া বর্ণনা করেন, জড়কে শক্তির ঘনীভূত প্রকাশ বলিয়া মনে করেন ; না হয়, তিনি যদি অতদূর বলিতে সাহসী না হন, তাহা হইলে জড়কণাকে Kelvinএর জ্ঞান Vortex-atom বলিয়া বলিয়া ব্যাখ্যা করেন । Lord Kelvinএর বিখ্যাত Vortex-atom Theory of Matterএর মর্ম্ম এই যে, জড়কণা কোন স্ফুটাস্ফুট, ব্যোমপদার্থের দ্রুত আবর্তনজনিত রূপান্তরবিশেষ । এই সিদ্ধান্তের ভিত্তি সলিল-বিজ্ঞান বা Hydro-dynamics এর উপর প্রতিষ্ঠিত । সলিল-বিজ্ঞানে গণিতের সাহায্যে ইহাই প্রমাণিত হয় যে, যদি সংহতিশূন্য (Frictionless) তরল পদার্থের কোন অংশ

কোন কালে আবর্তনযুক্ত হয়, তবে সেই অংশ অনন্তকাল ধরিয়া আবর্তিত হইতে থাকিবে, আবর্তনের শক্তির হ্রাস-বৃদ্ধি হইবে না। এইরূপ একটা আবর্ত অনন্তকাল-স্থায়ী শক্তির আধারবিশিষ্ট। ইহার উৎপত্তিও নাই, লয়ও হইতে পারে না। সেইরূপ আমরা যদি মনে করি যে, ঈশ্বরের স্ফুটানিস্থ অংশের ভিতরে এমন একটা আবর্তনের বেগ আছে, যাহা চিরকালের জন্য অপরিবর্তনীয় থাকিয়া যায়, তবে সেই ঈশ্বর-আবর্তকেই ত আমরা জড়গুণ বলিয়া ধরিয়া লইতে পারি। কারণ অনন্তরত্ন ও অক্ষয়ত্ব ছাড়া জড়গুণ ত আর বিশিষ্ট লক্ষণ নাই। এই Theoryর দিক্ দিয়া দেখিলে আমরা বিশ্বে গতি ও স্থিতির একটা অপূর্ণ সম্বন্ধ দেখিতে পাই। যে জড় অপেক্ষা স্থবির, স্থিতিশীল ও জীবনহীন আর কিছুই কথা মনে করিতে পারা যায় না, সেই জড় আপনার প্রতি অণু-পরমাণুর ভিতরে কি ভীষণ গতিবেগ প্রচ্ছন্ন রাখিয়াছে ; শ্রামল সম্পূর্ণ উপত্যাকাভূমির তলদেশে যেন একটা বিরাট আগ্নেয়গিরি লুক্কায়িত রহিয়াছে, স্থিতির নিরুপদ্রব শাস্তির অন্তরালে গতির কি একটা উদ্দাম উচ্ছ্বলতা নিহিত রহিয়াছে ! যাহার উপরে বার্কিকোর নিশ্চল কাঠিন্য চাপিয়া বসিয়াছে বলিয়া বোধ হয় তাহার ভিতরে যৌবনের কি উদ্দাম চাঞ্চল্য ! স্থিতির ভিতরে গতির ইহা অপেক্ষা প্রকৃষ্ট পরিচয় আর কি হইতে পারে ?

আবার আর একদিক্ দিয়া দেখিলে, যেমন আমরা পূর্বে বলিয়াছি, ঘটনাচক্রে এই অবিশ্রান্ত কোলাহলের মধ্য হইতে গভীর নিঃশব্দে কি উদাত্ত গীতধ্বনি উথিত হইতেছে ! বাহ্য জগতের সহস্র আক্ষেপ-বিক্ষেপের মধ্য দিয়া বিশ্বাত্মা আপনার চিরন্তন ধারাকে অক্ষুণ্ণ রাখিয়াছেন ! সমস্ত দর্শন-বিজ্ঞান, শিল্পকলা, কৰ্ম ও চিন্তা এই সুবিশাল বিশ্বের বহুত্বের মধ্যে সেই অসাদৃশ্যমধ্যস্থ একের সন্ধানে ছুটিতেছে। বাহ্য নিত্য তাহা আপনার কুক্ষির ভিতর কত কণিকাকে পোষণ করিতেছে, কত স্থিতি প্রচ্ছন্ন বা প্রবল গতিরই নামান্তরমাত্র। পক্ষান্তরে, বাহ্য অনিত্য, কণিক, চঞ্চল তাহা তাহার চাঞ্চল্যের ভিতর দিয়াই কত নিত্য আদর্শকে ফুটাইয়া তুলিতেছে, কত উদ্দাম গতি স্থিতিকে পূর্ণতা প্রদান করিতেছে। এই যে নিত্য ও অনিত্যের, চিরন্তন ও কণিকের, স্থিতি ও গতির বিরোধ ও সামঞ্জস্য, ইহাতেই বিশ্বের কারণ-প্রবাহের বৈচিত্র্য ও সার্থকতা।

প্রার্থনা ।

তব শাস্ত শীতল স্নিগ্ধ ও পদে
 লহগো তুলিয়ে অধমে ;
 কর শাস্ত শীতল স্নিগ্ধ এ দীনে
 অমিয় সিক্তে মরমে ।
 তব রূপাকণ বিনে কি দিয়ে বল
 পূজিব রাতুল চরণে ;
 তাই বিকশিত কর ভক্তি-কুসুম
 সেবক-হৃদয়-কাননে ।

শ্রীবিবেকশোভন সেন,
 তৃতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

সারস্বতোৎসব ।*

তপস্ত্রাব পরে যেমন সিদ্ধি,—বিতর্কের পরে যেমন মীমাংসা,—চিন্তার পরে যেমন সংকল্প,—শিশিরের পরে তেমনি বসন্ত। তখন বিশ্ব-প্রকৃতির স্রষ্টৃপ্তির সমস্ত চিহ্ন একে একে বিলুপ্ত হইয়া যায়। বৃক্ষশাখাগ্রসংলগ্ন শেষশুকপত্র প্রান্তবিলম্বী নীহার-বিন্দুর সহিত স্থলিত হইয়া পড়ে ; প্রান্তর-পট-চিত্রিত সরিৎ-রেখাসমূহ নববিগলিত তুষার ধারায় পরিপুষ্ট হয়। নিবিড় কুস্মাটিকার অবগুষ্ঠন আর থাকে না ; গগনে গহনে সমুজ্জল রৌদ্রদীপ্তি ; সমীরে সলিলে অবিরাম নৃত্য-চঞ্চলতা ; কাননে কঙ্করে কুসুমকিসলয়রাজি ; বিশ্বরাজ্যব্যাপী এক বিপুল আনন্দ-সম্মিলন ;—অপূর্ব, মহান্ ও সুন্দর ।

মানুষ ধর্ম-জগতের শিশু। পুষ্প তাহাদের খেলা। স্থান, বস্তু ও বিষয়ভেদে এই খেলা নানা প্রকারের বলিয়া বোধ হয় ; কিন্তু সকলেরই এক ভাব, এক উদ্দেশ্য ও এক লক্ষ্য। কেহ চক্ষু বুজিয়া খেলা করে, কেহ চক্ষু খুলিয়া খেলা করে। কাহারও খেলায় আচারের কড়াকড়ি, কাহারও খেলায় প্রচারের বাড়াবাড়ি। কেহ হাতে হাতে পুতুল গড়িয়া পুষ্পচন্দনে সাজায় ;—কেহ মনে মনে পুতুল গড়িয়া ধ্যান-চিন্তনে সাজায়। কেহ সংসারের ভোগে খেলা করে, কেহ বা ঋশানের বৈরাগ্যে খেলা করে ;

* রিপণ কলেজ ছাত্রাবাসে চতুর্থ বার্ষিক বার্ষিক সন্মিলনে শ্রীকৃষ্ণ শ্রীরামদাস বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, ভাইস-চ্যান্সেলর শ্রীকৃষ্ণ দেবপ্রসাদ সর্বাঙ্গিকারী ও রিপণ কলেজের সাবেক অধ্যাপক-মণ্ডলীর সমক্ষে পঠিত।

—কেহ মন্দিরের পবিত্রতায় খেলা করে, কেহবা মশানের বীভৎসতায় খেলা করে । মানবের এই প্রকার পূজার অনুষ্ঠান ক্রীড়ামাত্র হইলেও তাহা তুচ্ছ অথবা মিথ্যা নহে, পরন্তু তাহা উচ্চ ও সম্মত ।

যে ছোট ছেলেটা আঙিনায় ধূলা মাটি মাখিয়া আপনার খেলাঘর ভাঙ্গে ও গড়ে, আমার কাছে সে অবজ্ঞার বিষয় হইতে পারে, কারণ আমি একজন কস্মী পুরুষ ;— আমার হয়ত আফিসের বেলা হইয়াছে, অথবা কলেজের ঘণ্টা পড়িয়াছে । কিন্তু নিকটে যে মা দাঁড়াইয়া আছেন, তাঁহার সমগ্র স্নেহময় দৃষ্টি এই শিশুর খেলায় আকৃষ্ট হইয়াছে । শিশুর সেই অর্দ্ধফুট কথা আমি না বুঝিতে পারি, কিন্তু মায়ের কাছে তাহার অর্থ আছে ; শিশুর হাস ও ক্রন্দনের কারণ আমি ‘ফিলসফার’ অথবা ডাক্তার হইলেও বলিতে পারিব না, কিন্তু মায়ের নিকট তাহা করামতকবৎ নিত্য-প্রত্যক্ষ । বাস্তবিক ভক্ত ও ভগবানের মধ্যে যে সম্বন্ধ, মাতা ও পুত্রের মধ্যে তাহার একটা পার্থিব প্রতিমা দেখিতে পাওয়া যায় । আমরা জানি,— মায়ের পূজোপকরণ সংগ্রহে আমাদের ধনভাণ্ডার কত দীন ; আমরা বুঝি,— এই পূজার স্নোচ্চারণে আমাদের কর্তব্যের কত ক্ষীণ ; আমরা দেখি,— এই পূজার ভক্ত-সম্প্রদায়ে আমাদের ভক্তি-সম্পদ কত হীন ;—কিন্তু যাহার করুণাভ্রের সম্মুখে এই বিশাল বৈখলীলাভিনয় নিত্য সংঘটিত হইতেছে, যাহার বরাভয়দ-বাহুবলুগলাশ্রয়ে এই ক্রীড়া নিত্য চলিতেছে, তিনি আমাদের জননী-স্বরূপিনী ।

“বাচো যত্র নিবর্তন্তে অপ্রাপ্য মনসা সহ” ;

“তত্র চক্ষুর্গচ্ছতি ন বাক্ গচ্ছতি নো মনঃ”—

বৈদিক যুগের ব্রহ্মের ধারণা এইরূপ । একটা কেনবিকাশের ধারা অবলম্বন করিয়া চলিলে আমরা দেখিতে পাইব যে পৌরাণিক যুগে এই ধারণা সম্পূর্ণ পরিবর্তিত হইয়া গিয়াছিল । তখন ভগবান অতি নিকটে, নিতান্ত আত্মীয় ও ভক্তের চক্ষে নিত্য-প্রত্যক্ষ । স্বাপদসম্বুল দূরবাসিনী অরণ্যানীর মধ্যে মাতৃকোড়চ্যুত পথহারা নিরাশ্রয় শিশু যেখানে কাতর প্রাণে ‘পদ্মপলাশলোচন হরি’ বলিয়া সিংহ শাব্দলুকে নির্ভয়ে আলিঙ্গন করিতেছে, ভগবান সেইখানে শিশুর সম্মুখে উপস্থিত হইয়াছেন । তীব্র জ্বালাময়ী হতাশন-শিখায় আবৃত-দেহ লাক্ষিত বালক যেইখানে অলস্ত-অঙ্গার-শয়নে ক্রুদ্ধ পিতার প্রতি শাস্তভাবে বলিতেছে—

তাতৈষ বহ্নিঃ পবনৈরিতোহপি

ন মাং দহত্যত্র সমস্ততোহম্ ।

পশ্যামি পদ্মাস্তরগাশ্বতানি

শীতানি সর্বাণি দিশাং যুথানি ॥

ভগবান সেইখানে বালককে আপনার অঙ্গে ধারণ করিয়া রাখিয়াছেন । যেইখানে

কথা এই “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” এই Word আমাদের ‘বাক্’ অথবা শব্দব্রহ্ম, পাশ্চাত্য কবিঃ Music of the Spheres, বৈজ্ঞানিকের Sound Energy । সৃষ্টি বিষয়ে আধুনিক বিজ্ঞান-সম্মত ব্যাখ্যান ও পৌরাণিকতত্ত্ব আলোচনা করিলে উভয়ের মধ্যে একটা সুন্দর সামঞ্জস্য দেখা যায় । বিষ্ণুপুরাণে আছে,—

সসৰ্জ্জ শব্দতন্মাত্রাৎ আকাশং শব্দলক্ষণং ।

শব্দমাত্রং তদাকাশং ভূতাদিঃ স সমাবৃণোৎ ॥

ইহাকে বর্তমান সময়ের বিজ্ঞানের ভাষায় এইরূপ বলা যায়—“Out of the all-pervasive rudiment matter appeared ether, first as a subtle matter charged with the potential energy of sound, etc.” এই সাদৃশ্যের মধ্যে আমরা শব্দকেই সৃষ্টির আদি-কারণস্বরূপ বিজ্ঞমান দেখিতে পাইতেছি । সুতরাং সরস্বতীকে যখন আমরা বাগ্‌দেবী স্বরূপে চিন্তা করি, তখন আমরা প্রকৃত পক্ষে ব্রহ্মের ধ্যান করি, তখন আমাদের দৃষ্টি আর ক্ষুদ্রে আসক্ত থাকে না ; তখন আমাদের চেষ্টাও আর সীমায় আবদ্ধ থাকে না । তখন আমরা দেখিতে পাইব—এই অনাভ্যস্ত প্রকাণ্ড ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের কোটা কোটা সূর্য্যের, সপ্ত রশ্মির সম্মিলনে তাঁহার কলেবরকাস্তি স্নিগ্ধ-শুভ্র ; শত শত সূধ্যাংগুর বিমল চন্দ্রিকায় তাঁহার খেতাব-সুঘমা অভিব্যক্ত ; নীলাশ্বধির তরঙ্গগর্জ্জন, পত্রাস্তরালপ্রবাহী সমীরণস্বনন, ক্রমদল-বিহারী বিহঙ্গমগণের শ্রুতিসুখকর অশ্রুটকলকূজন, নিত্য বীণাপাণিব করধৃত মনোরম বীণায় বহৃত । বিচিত্র কর্ম্মকোলাহলের তরঙ্গে আন্দোলিত, ভক্তিপরিমলপূরিত চিদাম্বুজাসনে তাঁহার নিত্য অধিষ্ঠান-আর তাঁহার হস্তে বিপুল বিরাট বিশ্ব-গ্রন্থ—যাহার একপৃষ্ঠ আকাশ, আর একপৃষ্ঠ ধরাতল—যাহার পত্রে পত্রে যুগযুগান্তরের শিক্ষা সঞ্চিত রহিয়াছে ।

এই আমাদের বাগীশ্বরী মহাদেবী সরস্বতীর প্রকৃত প্রতিমা । তাঁহার আশীর্বাদ আমাদের উপর বৃষ্টিধারার মত পতিত হউক—একবার মৃগয় আধারে চিন্ময়ী মূর্তির আবির্ভাব দেখিয়া আমাদের জীবন ধন্য হউক ।

শ্রীরাজকুমার চক্রবর্তী,

চতুর্থ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

সৌন্দর্য্য ।

“সত্যং শিবং সুন্দরম্।”

সুন্দর কি ? তোমার নিকট যাহা সুন্দর আমার পক্ষে তাহা সুন্দর না হইতে পারে। আমার নিকট যাহা সুন্দর অতের নিকট তাহা কদর্য্য। অতএব প্রশ্ন হইতেছে—সৌন্দর্য্যের সত্তা বস্তুগত না মনোগত ?

একপক্ষ বলিয়া থাকেন পাত্রভেদে সৌন্দর্য্যের তারতম্য দৃষ্ট হয়। আমার যাহা সুন্দর লাগে তোমার নিকট তাহা অসুন্দর ; অতএব সৌন্দর্য্য মনের বস্তু। পুনশ্চ একই বস্তু নানা ভাবে সুন্দর বা কদর্য্য বলিয়া প্রতিপন্ন হইয়া থাকে। এই সমস্ত কারণে সৌন্দর্য্যকে বস্তুগত না বলিয়া মনোগত বলাই যুক্তি-সঙ্গত। এই শরীর বৈষ্ণবের নিকট ভগবৎ-মন্দির—ভোগীর নিকট ভোগের আয়তন—কুকুরের নিকট মাংসপিণ্ড মাত্র—সকলেরই নিকট সুন্দর। কিন্তু এই সৌন্দর্য্য জ্ঞান প্রত্যেকেরই বিভিন্ন প্রকার—প্রত্যেকেরই জ্ঞানের মধ্যে আকাশ-পাতাল প্রভেদ। অতএব সৌন্দর্য্যের কোন বস্তুগত সত্তা নাই—ইহা মানসিক সত্য (subjective reality)।

অপর পক্ষের মত ঠিক বিপরীত। এই পক্ষ বলেন সুন্দর চিরসুন্দর। ইহার একটা নিজস্ব মূল্য (intrinsic value) আছে। তাজমহল পিরামিড্‌ই বল আর দৈহিক লাবণ্যই বল বা স্বভাবের শোভাই বল—রথী যেমন প্রগ্রহের দ্বারা অশ্বের মুখ আকর্ষণ করিয়া থাকে যাহা কিছু সুন্দর তাহা অপরের মন বলের সহিত আকর্ষণ করিয়া আনিবে। অতএব সুন্দরবস্তুগত সৌন্দর্য্যের তারতম্যও বস্তুগত। কিন্তু এই মতের বিরুদ্ধে একটা আপত্তি আছে। এই মত মানিয়া লইতে হইলে দুই প্রকার সুন্দর ও কুৎসিত পদার্থও মানিয়া লইতে হয়। এই মতে দুইটা গুণ—সু ও কু প্রতিপদিত হইতেছে।

সৌন্দর্য্য সম্বন্ধে দুই পক্ষের বিবাদের কোন মীমাংসা হয় কি না তাহা দেখা কর্তব্য। দুই পক্ষের মত সত্যের দুইটা পৃষ্ঠ—দুইই সত্য। দুই এর সংযোগ সাধনে পূর্ণ সত্য পাওয়া যাইবে।

মানব স্বভাবতঃই সৌন্দর্য্যের ভক্ত। নীল আকাশে রৌপ্যস্থালীর ত্রায় চাঁদ ভাসিয়া ভাসিয়া চলিয়া যায়—মানব বিস্ফারিত নয়নে তাহা উপভোগ করে। চন্দ্রিকা-ধবল নিশায় মলয় মারুৎ শরীর জুড়াইয়া দেয়। ইহাতে দিবসের তাপতপ্ত দেহ শীতল হইয়া যায় কিন্তু তাহার সহিত হৃদয়েও লহরী খেলে। রজনীগন্ধার মৃদু গন্ধ যখন পবনহিল্লোলে দিগন্ত বিস্তৃত হইয়া পড়ে—তখন এক হৃদয় ভাঙ্গিয়া চুরিয়া বহুধা হইতে চায়। চক্ষু চাহে রূপ, কণ্ঠ স্বস্বর শুনিতে ইচ্ছুক, স্বর্গ-পার্শ্ব-বিলাসী, জ্ঞান গন্ধাভিলাষী—কদর্য্য কাহারও ধাতুতে সহ্য হয় না। সৌন্দর্য্য

মানবের প্রকৃতিগত—প্রকৃতিও সৌন্দর্যময়। প্রকৃতি যখন সৌন্দর্যের আকর—
আর মানব যখন প্রকৃতির সন্তান—তখন মানব-মনে যে সৌন্দর্য-পিপাসা প্রবল হইবে
তদ্বিষয়ে আশ্চর্য্য কি! এই সৌন্দর্য্য পাইলে মানব হৃদয় সার্থক হয়—হৃদয়ের
পূর্ণতা হয়। সৌন্দর্য্যরস রূপের মধ্য দিয়া অভিব্যক্ত—রূপ না পাইলে সৌন্দর্য্য
অবস্থান করিতে পারে না। সৌন্দর্য্যের প্রতিমা সাকার, এই ভাবে শরীর
দিয়া—রসকে মূর্ত্ত করিয়া—আমাদের বৈষ্ণব কবিগণ সৌন্দর্য্যের সৃষ্টি করিয়াছেন।
এক একটা পদ যেন রসের সাকার মূর্ত্তি—তাহাতে প্রাণ আছে, ভাব আছে,
উন্মাদনা আছে। সে প্রতিমা এমনি সাকার এবং এমনি জীবন্ত যে তাহাতে এখন
বৈষ্ণব পদাবলীর তাত্ত্বিক দিকটা লুপ্ত হইয়া গিয়াছে। সে কবির কল্পনা বাস্তবে
দাঁড়াইয়াছে। ভক্তের মানসী কল্পনা—‘হৃদি বৃন্দাবন’ আজ সত্যকার বাস্তব বৃন্দাবন।
সৌন্দর্য্যকে নিরাকার করিলে চলে না—রূপ না হইলে রস জমে না—ভাষা না
থাকিলে ভাব ফুটে না। এই সৌন্দর্য্যের লালসায় জগৎ উন্মত্ত, সৌন্দর্য্যের জগ্ন
মানব কেন পশু পক্ষী পর্য্যন্ত ব্যস্ত। পশু-জগৎ বহিরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্য লইয়া ব্যস্ত,
কিন্তু মানব সৌন্দর্য্যের অন্তরঙ্গ দিকটা ফুটাইতে পারে। এক্ষণে বহিরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্যই
না কি এবং অন্তরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্যই বা কাকে বলে? বহিরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্য কেবল ইন্দ্রিয়-
বহি জ্বালায় বিকাশ মাত্র। ইন্দ্রিয় তৃপ্তিরও একটা সূত্র আছে, তাহা কণিক
হইতে পারে, তাহা গরিণামে হুঃখপ্রদ হইতে পারে, কিন্তু তাহাতেও সূত্র
আছে, তাহারও আবশ্যকতা আছে। এই সৌন্দর্য্যেরও বহুপ্রয়োজন, যাহা মদন-লালসায়
প্রকটিত। এই বহিরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্য লাভের চেষ্টায় মানব হইতে তির্য্যক্‌ষোনি পর্য্যন্ত
ব্যস্ত। ইহা সৃষ্টিপ্রবাহ অব্যাহত রাখিবাব মহামায়ার মহোপায়। এই
সৌন্দর্য্য সাধনায় গ্রীস্ ব্রতী হইয়াছিল এবং সিদ্ধিও লাভ করিয়াছিল। এই
বহিরঙ্গ সৌন্দর্য্য সাধনার প্রভাব তাহাদের সাহিত্যে, বিশেষতঃ কলায় ও ভাস্কর্য্যে
পূর্ণ প্রকট। নগ্নমূর্ত্তি তাহাদের নিকট পরম সৌন্দর্য্যের বিষয়। এই দেশে বহিরঙ্গ
সৌন্দর্য্য সাধনায় জয়দেবের সঙ্গীত—এই সাধনার কাব্য বিতাপতির পদাবলি।
কিন্তু সৌন্দর্য্যের অন্তরঙ্গমূর্ত্তি ভাবময়। বাহিরের সত্তা অন্তরে প্রতিফলিত আপনার
অন্তরস্থ সৌন্দর্য্যের পূর্ক্সমুভূতিই সৌন্দর্য্যের অন্তরঙ্গ দিক। এই সৌন্দর্য্য ভোগের
জগ্ন মনকে অন্তর্মুখী করিতে হয়। এই সৌন্দর্য্যের দেবতা মদনমোহন। ইহা
কাম-লেশ হীন—ইহার কবি চণ্ডীদাস। আর এই সৌন্দর্য্য সাধনার লীলাভূমি
ভারতবর্ষ।

আমরা সুন্দর বস্ত্র বড় ভালবাসি। সুন্দর দ্রব্য সকলেই ভাল বাসে। যে সুন্দর
বস্ত্র ভাল বাসে না, তাহার মধ্যে নিশ্চিতই কিঞ্চিৎ অভাব আছে—মহুয্যত্বের উপা-
দানের কিছু অপচয় ঘটিয়াছে বা অসম্ভাব আছে। আমরা প্রকৃতির বিদ্রোহী সন্তান—

প্রকৃতির বিরুদ্ধে যাইয়া কৃত্রিমতার আবরণে সর্বত্র আবৃত করিয়া সৌন্দর্য্য রসের অনেকটা হারাইয়াছি। ওয়ার্ডসওয়ার্থ এই কারণে—The world is too much with us বলিয়া কত দুঃখই প্রকাশ করিয়াছেন। আমাদের এই ভাষ্যারিত্রের অবস্থা ওয়ার্ডসওয়ার্থ অতি দুঃখের স্বরে গাহিয়া গিয়াছেন। সৌন্দর্য্য বোধ আমাদের ধাতুগত। এই সৌন্দর্য্য সঞ্চয় ক্ষণস্থায়ী ভাব নহে, পরন্তু ইহা মানবের ধর্ম্ম। সমাজের স্তরে স্তরে ইহা ব্যাপ্ত। যে সমাজে সৌন্দর্য্যতত্ত্ব যত প্রস্ফুট সেই সমাজ ততই উন্নত। কিন্তু এই স্থলে একটু কথা আছে। সৌন্দর্য্য কেবল সৌন্দর্য্যেই পর্য্যবসিত থাকিতে পারে না, খাঁটি সৌন্দর্য্য সত্য ও কল্যাণপ্রদ। যে সৌন্দর্য্যে কল্যাণ নাই, তাহার মধ্যে অসামঞ্জস্য আছে। সৌন্দর্য্যের অসামঞ্জস্য কি? এই কথার উত্তরে বলিতে হয়, সৌন্দর্য্যমাত্রেই সৌন্দর্য্যের প্রতিষ্ঠা হয় না। সুন্দরের মধ্যে শিব ও সত্যও চাই।

যাহার সৌন্দর্য্যবোধ আছে সে কখন অত্যাচার কার্য্য করিতে পারে না। যে সুন্দর ভাল বাসে না, তাহার দ্বারা না হইতে পারে এমন কার্য্যই নাই। সৌন্দর্য্য সাধনা মানব মাত্রেরই পরম ধর্ম্ম। সৌন্দর্য্যকে তিন ভাগে বিভক্ত করা যাইতে পারে, আধ্যাত্মিক, মানসিক ও বাহ্য সৌন্দর্য্য। ধর্ম্ম ও নীতির যে সম্বন্ধ—অধ্যাত্ম সৌন্দর্য্য ও মানস সৌন্দর্য্যে সেই সম্বন্ধ। অধ্যাত্ম সৌন্দর্য্যের পূর্ণ বিকাশ ভগবৎ-সম্মিলনে, মানস সৌন্দর্য্যের পূর্ণ বিকাশ সমাজ ও সংসারে; বাহ্য সৌন্দর্য্যের পূর্ণ বিকাশ শরীর ধর্ম্মে। আধ্যাত্ম সৌন্দর্য্য লাভের উপায় ধর্ম্মানুশীলন, ভগবৎ চিন্তা; মানস সৌন্দর্য্য লাভের উপায় নীতিসমূহের সম্যক পরিচালন ও হৃদয়ের সদ্বৃতি সমূহের সম্যক অনুশীলন। বাহ্য সৌন্দর্য্য লাভের উপায় বস্তুর ঘটনিক সম্যক নিয়ম পালন। এই ত্রিধারার সৌন্দর্য্য বহিয়া চলিয়াছে, ইহাতে মানব মাত্রেরই জ্ঞান অবশ্য কর্তব্য।

এই তিনটি সৌন্দর্য্যের পরস্পর সম্বন্ধ আছে। আধ্যাত্ম সৌন্দর্য্য ফুটিলে মানস সৌন্দর্য্য বিকসিত হইবে, আর মানস সৌন্দর্য্য দেহ আশ্রয় করিয়া দশদিক উজ্জ্বল করিবে। কেবল আপনা আপনি বাহ্য সৌন্দর্য্য ফুটিতে পারে না, তাহার ভিত্তি মানস সৌন্দর্য্য। মানস সৌন্দর্য্যের আশ্রয় ভূমি আধ্যাত্ম সৌন্দর্য্য। অতএব সর্বসৌন্দর্য্যের শেষ মিলনক্ষেত্র আধ্যাত্ম-সৌন্দর্য্য-মাগরে জ্ঞান মহাপুণ্য এবং মহামঙ্গলের নিদান। ইহার ফল শিবতম। হে দয়াময়, আমাদের এই রসের ভাগী করিও।

শ্রীধীরেন্দ্রকৃষ্ণ মুখোপাধ্যায়,

চতুর্থ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী।

পরীক্ষা ।

নিমেষের দেখা দিয়ে কেন চলে যাও ?
যত ভাবি ক'সে ধরি হ'টে যায় পাও ;
ব্যবসায়ী পাকা তুমি, পাকা কাজ কর,
যত সোনা নেও তুমি, আগুণেতে গৌড় ।

শ্রীনরেন্দ্রনাথ সেনগুপ্ত,
প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

আহ্বান ।

আজি মধুর পবনের মৃদল স্রোতে ভেসে
• এসেছে কার মূহু বাণী রে !
আজি কে যেন দূর হতে ডেকেছে কাছে যেতে
জুড়াতে মোর হিয়াখানি রে !
উদার আকাশের মধুর নীলিমায়,
সদা যে প্রাণ মোর আবেগে ছুটে যায়,
তটিনী-কলগানে শিহরি উঠি প্রাণে,
কোথা কে ডাকে তা'কি জানি রে ?
আড়ালে কে যে থাকি করিছে ডাকাডাকি,
শুধু যে শুনি তার বাণী রে !
কুসুমরাশি ফুটি' ধূলায় পড়ে লুটি'
স্ববাস ঢালি' যায় বাতাসে,
মেলিয়া পাখা ছুটি বিহগ যায় ছুটি'
কেবল ভাসে গান আকাশে ;
ডেকেছে কত সে যে ছিলাম আনমনে,
ছিলাম বাধা পড়ে অকাজে অকারণে,
ডাকের শেষস্বরে বেদনা মরে ঘুরে
আকুল হৃদয়ের হতাশে,—
ওগো ! থাকা যে হ'ল তার শুনেছি ডাক তার
আজি এ নিশীথের বাতাসে !

দে,
প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী

পাশাপাশি ।

উজ্জল দিবস-আড়ালে সন্ধ্যা পরিয়া আঁধার ভূষণে
 তিমির রজনী সম্মুখে রাখি' বসিয়া অরুণ উষা !

বিকট গোলাপে ঘেরিয়া নিয়ত থাকে কণ্টক রাশি,
 কাঁটার মাঝারে বাগান উজলি' ফোটে গোলাপের হাসি !

হাসির মাঝারে অশ্রুধারের বিজন গোপন বাস,
 অশ্রু আড়ালে আকুল হাসির উজ্জল পরকাশ !

হর্ষমুখের গি সন মাঝারে বিরহ বসিয়া কাঁদে,
 ক্রন্দন-ভরা বিরহ আড়ালে হাসিছে মিলন-চাঁদে ।

• মাণিক-মুকুতা উপরে থাকিয়া গরজে সিঁদু জল,
 সিঁদুর তলে মুক্তামাণিক শোভে চির উজ্জল !

জোছনার পাঁছে আঁধার পাথার বিস্তৃত চিরকাল,
 বিপুল আঁধার আড়ালে হাসিছে চাঁদের কিরণ-জাল !

মরণ সে খেলা খেলিছে নিয়ত বসিয়া জীবন-ছায়,
 মৃত্যু-আড়ালে নবীন জীবন হাসে নব সুবসায় !

ভালয়-মন্দে, আলোয়-আঁধারে চিরকাল ঘেরাধরা,
 হাসি-কান্নায়, মিলন-বিরহে নিয়ত জীবন ভরা !

শ্রীগণেশচন্দ্র রায়,
 প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।



PROFESSOR HARANCHANDRA BANERJI, M.A., B.L.
Vice-Principal & Secretary, College Council

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.

MARCH, 1916.

No. 4.

College Notes and Observations

With the present issue we come to the end of the first year of our existence as a College Magazine, and we take this opportunity of thanking those who have helped to make this venture a success. The Magazine has come into a place where it was wanted, and it is gratifying to note that as an expression of the corporate life of the college and as a communicative medium between the old and the new, its function and importance have been properly appreciated. Some day in the future an eager ex-student trying to recall the reminiscences of his past days, will find in the pages of this magazine, records of the time when life was worth living; some future authors or poets would turn back with curiosity to search in its contents the first scratching of their pen, the first flight of their fancy! We look forward to a period of maturity and development in the course of time.

The Second and Fourth year Students are gone, and with them have disappeared that pressure of work and want of time, of which we complained in our last number. But unnatural exertion is always followed by unnatural languor,—and Editors and contributors are no exception to the rule. We are loath to blame ourselves for not taking full advantage of our leisure;—but after all, is not Without haste, Without rest, a safer maxim to follow! It is with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow that we bid good bye to our outgoing students, but we hope that they will not forget their *alma mater*, and will continue to take lively interest in the magazine, which serves as a great link between the past and the present. Now it is high time for the First and Third Year Students to come forward to fill up the gap caused by their predecessors, and to do away with their easy notion, that the magazine is an automaton, that would go on for ever, whether they contribute to it or not.

Nothing would be more pleasing to us than their active and substantial co-operation. It however appears from the influx of poetic contributions, that the majority of our students are more or less of an ethereal temperament ; —but while fully appreciating their aerial flights, may we not ask them to come down, now and then, to a lower level, and speak out their mind in the harsh language of ordinary mortals ? It would at once fill up the pages of the magazine and prevent the Editors from going crazy. Once again we wish our outgoing students success, and hope that all of them would come out with flying colours. But the Editor proposes, the University disposes !

* * * * *

We are glad to inform our readers that following the laudable efforts of our science men in the direction of forming a Science Union with its multifarious activity and pastime, the College Council has been pleased to sanction a grant of Rs. 2,500 for the College Fund for the better equipment of the laboratory. Expensive as the teaching of science is, we still hope that this would be of some help towards the meeting of its increasing demands.

* * * * *

Of late, Ripon College was the scene of some brilliant campaigns of Hymen, in the course of which there were no less than three notable conquests. Even confirmed and inveterate bachelors who were long given up for lost as reckless rebels, were brought to subjection by the mighty feat of the all powerful god. The first victim of this manslaughter (or, should we say, *man's laughter*) was Dr. D. N. Chakravarti, Ph. D. (Berlin) who married a grand-daughter of the Hon'ble Surendra Nath Banerji. Next in order fell the joint-editors of this magazine, who jointly made up their mind to sacrifice their joint single-blessedness. Profs. Bose and Dutt, determined to prove to the world the strength of their affinity and faithfulness—which no conqueror could undermine—by capitulating on the same day, the 27th of February !* Here then is a series of marvellous coincidences which may well set a professor of logic to think of the cause. Surely they are not avoiding conscriptions ! The Staff, the obedient and faithful ally of Hymen presented a congratulatory address to Prof. Kiran Kumar Basu on the occasion, and a silver casket (सिन्दूर कौटा) to Mrs. Basu.

* * * * *

A very pleasant evening was enjoyed at the house of Prof. Gangadhar

* A later official communique informed us, that to avoid any further displeasure of that powerful deity, they decided to fall on separate days—Eds.

Banerji, on the occasion of his son's *Upanayan* ceremony. The staff with the Principal started in a body from the college, not without exciting some curiosity in the minds of the bystanders. We came back at about 9-30 p.m. after a sumptuous feast.

* * * * *

There has been a cry for reform in some of the departments of this college as will appear from the pages of our magazine. We admit that there is room for reform and the students' cry is not totally unjust. It is obvious that we must keep pace with the progressive needs of the time if we are to exist at all. But unfortunately reforms are difficult to carry out and often the reformers themselves stand in the way. We are however very glad to inform our young enthusiasts, that the College Council has at last decided to carry it out from the bottom, and resolutions have been adopted for reforming the School ; and we hope that in the course of time, the case of the College will be taken up, and the students' cry will not be a cry in the wilderness.

* * * * *

This year also the University thought it proper to utilise our College and School buildings for providing seats to the matriculation-candidates. The College had to be closed for a week and a half to accommodate those eager knockers at the university portals. The students enjoyed the holidays, but the staff had a busy time of it.

* * * * *

An interesting paper on mineralogy was read before the Indian Association for the cultivation of Science on Saturday, the 26th February, by Prof. Suresh Chandra Dutt, M. Sc., of our College, embodying the results of his research in our chemical laboratory. A summary of the paper is given elsewhere in this number.

* * * * *

A series of highly interesting and instructive papers was read before the Professors' union of our College. Prof. Umapati Bajpai's discourse on "*The place of love in biological evolution*" was highly appreciated by all present on the occasion. Written in a lucid and elegant style, the paper was a model of clear and picturesque exposition of biological laws. The all-absorbing function of love in the creative process of the world, and its moulding influence visible in all grades of life, beginning from plants and rising up to man—were clearly set forth. The chair was taken by Principal Trivedi. In the next meeting of the union held under the presidency of the Principal, Prof. Batuknath Bhattacharya read an illuminative paper on *The Poet and the Critic* (कवि औ समालोचक), in which he advocated the necessity of a greater control of the critics over

the poets. This article is published in the *Chaitra* issue of *Manasi and Marmavani*. The third meeting was held on the 18th of February, when Mr. Monomohon Ganguli B.E., author of "Orissa and Her Remains" entertained us with a learned paper on archæology. After dealing with the necessary qualifications of a student of archæology, and the dangers which beset his path, he spoke at large of its different modes and finally refuted the facile theory of the Greek influence upon the Gandhara architecture, "which according to him, was of pure Asiatic character. Though full of technics, the paper evinced a wide study and was enjoyed by all. Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri, M.A., C.I.E., presided. We offer our best thanks to Mr. Ganguli and Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri for the interest they take in our union. The fourth and the last meeting of the term took place on the 26th of February, under the presidency of Dr. B. L. Chowdhury, D. Sc. when Principal Trivedi read another instalment of his brilliant thesis *Science and the Objective world*, a critical resumé of which is regularly appearing in our issues. In speaking of "*The Ether of Science*," he pointed out that the so called material bodies served merely to differentiate an otherwise homogeneous space and that they had no special right to be regarded as real "substances." If we are to trust the speculations of modern scientists, it would appear that the *hitherto* void ether is the true "substance," and the so called material bodies represent the void. Next he went on to observe that the notion of substance is really the outcome of the resistance which the external world offers to the individual consciousness and proceeded to his main thesis, that this objectification of a part of our psychic experience, this notion of a world external to ourselves, had been made possible by the existence of a plurality of conscious beings. Since they do exist, the concept of an external world has been a biological necessity. Besides the members of the staff, there were present, Rai Sahab Abinash Chandra Bose M.A., F.R.S., Dr. Ramdas Khan, Ph. D., Profs. Rabindranarayan Ghose, Prasulla Chandra Ghose, Hemuchandra Dasgupta, Srikumar Banerji, Panchanandas Mukherji, Srishchandra Sen and Babus Sisir Kumar Maitra, M.A. and Bankubehari Dhar. Our best thanks to the gentlemen present on the occasion.

*

*

*

*

*

We are shocked to hear of the premature death of Babu Sisirkumar Banerji, M.A., son of Prof. Lalitkumar Banerji. Ripon College more than any other institution of Calcutta is affected by this sad loss. Prof. Banerji was closely connected with this College for sometime, and it was from this institution that Sisirkumar graduated in 1912, with Honours in

English. We offer our heart-felt sympathy to Prof. Lalitkumar Banerji and his family at this sad bereavement.

* * * * *

One cannot but recall without pain the deplorable series of incidents in the Presidency College which culminated in the cowardly assault on Prof. Oaten and the temporary suspension of Principal James from the office. When we remember the popularity and esteem with which he was held by his students and the services he has done to the cause of education in this province, we cannot but feel sorry for the situation in which he was placed. The steps taken by the Government were unparalleled in the history of Indian Education and this itself had created a profound sensation. The Government might have its own reason for its action and it is not for us at present to discuss the circumstances of the case already in the hands of a Special Committee. We are however glad to see the order of suspension withdrawn by the Government, after he has submitted a full apology and an expression of regret, though we can not at the same time help feeling sorry that his services could probably be no longer utilised in this country. But it is with a sense of profound regret that we are to remind the students that over and above their duty towards their professors, they ought to possess a sense of loyalty to their *alma mater*. This would have saved the prestige and dignity of the College and would have prevented the calumny which had been brought upon it principally through their rash conduct. Such a conduct is contrary to the Indian tradition of the relation between the teacher and the taught, and we sincerely hope that this will be the last error of judgment on their part.

* * * * *

The increasing demand for the establishment of new universities and colleges throughout India is a sure sign of the insufficiency of the existing Universities and institutions to cope with the ever-increasing thirst for education in this country. We know that after some difficulty and opposition, the Hindu University has been founded at last ; and we trust that it would realise the high ideals which it has set before it. The Dacca University is progressing and perhaps would have been complete but for the war. From the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy on the occasion of the opening of the Patna High Court, we are informed of the possibility of the establishment of the Patna and Central Province Universities. There is also a probability of the foundation of a Mysore University. In Bombay, Prof. Karve is busy with his plan of women's University. Coming down to Colleges we know that the proposal of a College at Bhowanipour, and another at Calcutta to be financed by the Maharaja of

Cossimbazar, are on foot. A new College at Cuttuck and another at Rangpur have been founded. In the Punjab also Mangal Singh has proposed to found a new College at Gujranwala and the Punjab University has appointed a committee to make a local enquiry. All these are hopeful signs of the time.

* * * * *

We have much pleasure in publishing below the Reports of the Literary and Athletic Sections of the Ripon College Union. Mr. Badrikanath Bhattacharya, Secretary of the literary section, writes :—

A meeting of the Literary Section was held under the presidentship of Prof. Devaprosad Ghosh, M. A. Srijut Baidyanath Chatterjee read an essay on Mass Education. The essay was fairly written, evincing on the part of the essayist a careful consideration of the whole thing from a generous stand point. The critic and the speakers tried to hold the subject in a brighter light and to push the point home to the audience. But the speech from the chair was an exceedingly interesting one. It clearly showed that in social or national movements the mass should not be kept in the back ground, but placed in front. This perilous position in the van requires in return an adequate equipment, which education alone can furnish. We heartily thank Prof. Ghosh for his kindly gracing us with his presence and encouraging us with his learned speech.

Mr. Anath Bandhu Dutt and Mr. Khagendra Nath Sircar, Secretaries, write :—

Our College Cricket team has done well this Season. Mr. Bikesh Lobhon Sen, the worthy Captain, tried his best for the improvement of the team. Now the Season being over, our Cricket team has been closed and we like to close it after paying our hearty thanks to

MR. BIKESH LOBHON SEN, CAPTAIN.

,, NAGENDRA NATH GUPTA, VICE CAPTAIN.

This copy of the College Magazine being the last for this year, we like to draw the attention of our authority to the fact that our College Football and Cricket teams had to suffer much for want of a field. Next year, we hope, our grievance will be removed.

The next thing is that we have no Hockey team. We hope the authorities will allow us to start it next year.

* * * * *

The following is an account of our college messes and the Collegiate School, kindly supplied to us by Mr. Bikesh Lobhon Sen, of the Third year Class.

• **60. Mirzapur Street.** This is the most prominent of all the messes

attached to our College. Its common-room is progressing daily and the boarders are utilising its benefit calmly.

It has got a series of disadvantages which the Worthy Superintendent is expected to remove without delay. In our former issue, we complained of the insufficient supply of water and the unclean and filthy nature of the building. But we are sorry to say that no sign of improvement is still visible. We beg to repeat our grievances. The glass panes of the shutters of a number of rooms are broken. This was brought to the notice of the Superintendent, but nothing is done yet. The next thing is that it is a pity that such a building has no arrangement for electric light. The boarders feel much discomfort for its want. We hope to have this disadvantage removed next year.

On the night of January 5th last, a very successful New year's feast was arranged in this hostel, on the occasion of the "Twelfth Night." A gramophone was entertaining the guests.

The Saraswati Puja was celebrated as usual with great pomp and eclat in this hostel. The college staff and all the Ex-boarders of the Hostel were invited and were entertained with recitations and light refreshments. Mr. Rajkumar Chakravarti read the last year's report of the Saraswati Puja, which was followed by his brilliant paper read on that occasion. Among those present were: Sir Gooroodas Banerji, Kt., principal Ramendra Sunder Trivedi, M.A., Dr. S. K. Gupta, M.A., B.L., B. Litt. (Oxen), Ph. D. (Berlin), Bar-at-law and Profs. Bepinvehari Gupta, M.A., Sukumar Dutt, M.A., P. C. Benerji, B. Sc. (London) and Panchanandas Mukherji. (Late of Ripon College.)

127-A. Bow Bazar Street. The Situation of this Hostel is diametrically opposite to the proper locality of a students' mess.

The boarders are disturbed day and night by the noise of the Street and the attached Press. Moreover it has got a very poor supply of water. We hope the authorities will remove the Mess to some other locality next year and stop all the complaints thereby.

Ripon Collegiate School. Like other years, this year also the students celebrated the Saraswati Puja in the School premises. A large number of distinguished guests were invited, and an arrangement for Bioscope was made, and all were entertained with light refreshments.

* * * * *

We beg to invite the attention of our readers to the good services which the students' fund of our College is doing. We publish else a full report of its proceedings.

Besides the magazines noticed in our last number, we thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following :—Dacca College Magazine (Dec. 1915) The Bankura Wesleyan College Magazine (Jan. 1916), The Holkar College Magazine, Indore (Jan. 1916), Midnapur College Magazine (Jan. 1916), St. John's College Magazine, Agra (Jan. 1916), The Jagannath College Magazine (Jan. 1916.) Patna College Magazine (Dec. 1915), Central Hindu College Magazine (Jan. 1916.) The Comilla Victoria College Magazine, Hare School Magazine (Jan. 1916) বোগবল, বৌদ্ধ বন্ধু (ষাণ ১৩২২) and প্রতিভা (ফাল্গুন, ১৩২২) We hope to review them in a subsequent number.

* * * * *

The following statistics taken from the Vice-Chancellor's address in the recent Convocation is very interesting to read and is an effective reply to those, who horrified by the increasing percentage of passing at the University examinations stand pale and aghast with wonder.

“We had 12,617 candidates for the Matriculation examination as against the modest 244 with which we began in 1857. The number of candidates for the Intermediate examination rose from 163 in 1861 to 6,908 in 1915. Our would be Bachelors were 13 in 1858 and 3,499 last year and against the single aspirant for Mastership of Arts in 1861 the number of candidates for Masterships in 1915 stood at 718, candidates for the newly instituted Licentiateship in Teaching rose from 12 in 1909 to 40 in 1915, in those for the degree of Bachelor of Teaching rose from 16 in 1909 to 60 last year. The number of candidates for Bachelor in Law in 1858 was 19 and the number in 1915 was 590—by no means the largest on our records, for we had 993 candidates in 1911, 704 candidates in 1902, 705 in 1912. The number of candidates for Bachelor of Medicine was 2 in 1867 and 137 in 1915. The number of candidates for Bachelor of Engineering was 1 in 1869 and was 26 in 1915. The number of candidates for Master of Law in 1908 was 4 in 1913 was 14 and in 1915, 11.”

Is this something abnormal in a population of 98,085,866 ?

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS

Prof. of History, Ripon College.

THE OARSMEN.

Do you hear the roar of death through the listening hush of distance
And that awful call midst fire-floods and poison clouds and the

• wrestle of earth and sky in mortal combat,

—The captain's call to steer the ship towards a shore yet unnamed?
For that time is over—the stagnant time in the port—
Where the same old store is bought and sold in an endless round,
Where dead things gather in the exhaustion and emptiness of truth.

They wake up in sudden fear and ask, "Comrades what is the hour
of the night? When shall open the golden gate of the new death?"
The murky clouds have blotted out all stars.—
Who are there to see the beckoning finger of the day?

'They rush out with oars in hand, the beds are emptied in the house, the
mother prays, the silent wife watches by the door.
The wail of separation sweeps the sky like rushing wings of night birds,
And there rings the Captain's voice in the dark,
"Come sailors, for the time in the haven is over!"

All the black evils in the world have overflowed their banks,—
Yet, oarsmen, take your places with the blessing of sorrow in your souls!
Whom do you blame, brothers? Bow your heads down!

The sin has been yours and ours.
The heat growing in the heart of God for ages—
The cowardice of the weak, the arrogance of the strong, the greed of fat
prosperity, the rancour of the deprived, pride of race, and insult to man—
Has burst God's peace, raging in storm.

Like a ripe pod, let the tempest break its heart into pieces scattering
thunders,

Stop your bluster of abuse and self-praise, my friends,
And with the calm of silent prayer on your brows sail forward to the
shore of the new world.

We have known sins and evils every day and death we have met.

They pass over our world like clouds mocking us with their transient

lightning laughter.

Suddenly they have stopped, growing stupendous,

And men must stand before them saying—

“We do not fear you, O Monster ! for we have lived every

moment of our life by conquering you,

“And we die with the faith that Peace is true and Good is true, and

true is the Eternal One !”

If the Deathless dwell not on the heart of death,

If glad wisdom bloom not bursting the sheath of sorrow,

If sin do not die of its own revealment,

If pride break not under its load of decorations,

Then whence comes the hope that drives these men from their house

like stars rushing to their death in the morning light ?

Shall the value of the martyrs' blood and mothers' tears be utterly lost

in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price ?

And when Man bursts his mortal bounds, is not the Boundless

revealed that moment ?

The Fortnightly Review.—**February, 1916** : Mr. Sidney Low writes as follows : “We are conscious that the War has given a new orientation to our historical studies. Now as ever the historian is subject to the influences of his environment. He can not abstract himself from the tone and temper which prevail outside his library. And however single-minded he may be in his pursuit of what he deems undiluted truth he must necessarily be affected by the atmosphere in which he moves. Art, according to Zola's definition, is ‘Nature seen through the medium of a temperament.’ The same may be said of history. It is the presentation of the past through the temperament of the writer ; and the temperament itself is moulded by circumstances as much as personality.” The writer goes on to point out how in the nineteenth century English historians were endeavouring to make a place for history among the sciences, or the quasi-sciences, like jurisprudence, ethnology, philology and economics. They were “reluctant to accept the suggestion that the tremendous results recorded in the annals of the world could be due in the main to accident, to violence, or the uncertain and unforeseen play of individual character.” They thought of general tendencies, of the laws of genesis and growth and of the gradual realisation of a design which might be inherent in the nature of things. ‘This attempt to rationalise history,’ he continues, ‘is an inheritance from the eighteenth century thinkers who wanted to rationalize everything.’ English historians

"threw themselves with enthusiasm upon the speculations and researches of German Scholars ..and accepted with effusion the whole quasi-scientific apparatus of these authorities." The Englishman of the Mid-Victorian period hated France. He was attracted to Germany; he imbibed the Germanic idea of racial superiority; he exaggerated the Teutonic element in European civilization, and paid scant regard to the part which Rome had played in the development of Britain. "The war" says the writer, "has gone far to complete the reaction against this current of opinion. It is impossible that the 'Anglo-Saxon' theory will ever be pressed so far again. We now recognise, and gladly recognise, that alike in our blood and in our culture we are extremely mixed." In another respect also we have a new orientation of history. Between 1815 and 1899, Britain with her peaceful industry and expanding commerce, chequered only by remote and secondary campaigns, was steeped in optimistic illusions. I. R. Green was proud that he did not allow his work to sink into a drum-and-trumpet affair. Tennyson thought of the far-off divine event to which all creation was moving. Herbert Spencer was leaving a sigh of relief that humanity was steadily progressing from militarism to industrialism. Alas for Herbert Spencer! "The philosopher of evolution lived long enough to discover, if he did not acknowledge, that a social system based on industry offers no better security against war than one grounded on theocracy or feudalism. If he had lived a few years longer, he would have seen that industrialism itself may only be another facet of militarism... The historians who were Spencer's contemporaries might also have found reason to question some of the confident inferences they had drawn from their studies...We find it more difficult to get back into that 'stream of tendency' which was supposed to flow beneficently through the centuries till it lost itself in the ocean of moral and intellectual perfection...Evolution itself is no longer satisfying...Historians may be doubtful whether history is after all a rational process...In the light of all that is happening history will have less encouragement to pursue that somewhat arid path of generalisation and abstraction which the feet of Clio never tread with ease."

The International Journal of Ethics.—January, 1916.—Prof. Johnston of Glasgow writes—"The plain man cherishes the distinction between manners and morals. Morals, he believes, are of the heart; manners are only skin-deep. Morality is the expression of a man's inmost character; courtesy a superficial veneer. Morals are natural; manners artificial. Morals are spontaneous; manners petrified. Morals are honest and straightforward; manners deceitful and sinuous. The popular mind delights in such contrasts as that in "The Cloister and the Hearth".

between the rough unmannerly German who sells good shoes and the smooth polite Frenchman who sells bad shoes." Criticising this popular view the writer says—"All manners are morals, but all morals are not manners. Manners constitute a special department of morals...Morality involves exceedingly numerous sets of relations between persons in different circumstances and in different connections...We must clearly state what we mean by morality...There is general agreement that the science which deals with morality has as its subject matter conduct." The writer then proceeds with his analysis thus :—(1) "Conduct involves consciousness. It involves self-consciousness. In conduct we must be capable of having an idea of ourselves as acting...Self-consciousness refers to that stage of reflective nationality which in the process of evolution has been attained only by man...Manners are possible only at the self-conscious or reflective stage. In this aspect, morals certainly include manners. (2) All conduct implies some end...In all moral acts, some purpose to be realised must be present explicitly or implicitly...Manners may be directed to some end. They involve intention and meaning...All manners in their origin are significant, and are directed purposively towards the attainment of some end, though through the influence of habit and tradition that end often becomes obscure. (3) All conduct is the expression of character. Conduct is a general name for an aggregate of isolated acts ; character has a certain permanence and a stability. Conduct springs only from character, and character manifests itself only in conduct...Manners are a most important form of self-expression...A mannerly action in the abstract, like a moral action in the abstract, is a blank cheque. It has no value till it is filled in. All mannerly actions and all moral actions owe their peculiar tints, shades, tones, nuances to the character which performs and informs them...All types of ethical theory can be shown to apply to manners as well as to morals in the narrow sense." After discussing these various types of ethical theory he says that "in general, by ancient and mediæval thought, manners and morals were not sharply distinguished. (1) Plato did not separate them. The undifferentiated unity of both is his ideal...(2) The Mediæval church, with all its passion for distinctions, did not sharply separate morals and manners...For the Mediæval church, the important thing was sin, and an unmannerly action might be much more sinful than one in the narrow sense immoral. Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is rather a breach of good manners than an offence against morality. (3) In Scholastic philosophy we find the intimate relation of morals and manners." The writer then tries to meet some difficulties regarding our feeling attitude for what is beautiful in manners as distinct from moral judgment.

English Articles

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF ASOKA.

By Lalit Mohan Kar, M.A.

Prof. of Sanskrit, Ripon College.

The Asokan inscriptions,—the oldest Indian monuments of records made on ever-lasting rocks—have been for more than twenty-two centuries standing the inclemencies of weather on the plains of India. They give evidence of a bright age when most of the present-day civilised nations on the face of the earth hardly knew to clothe themselves in anything better than animal skin, they breathe forth the spirit of a universal religion remarkable for its catholicity which had illumined the ancient world in the east, long before the two great later religions saw the light in western Asia. They have witnessed the passing of races and generations of kings, the foundation and decay of empires, invasions from without of mighty nations, and convulsions within of people justly proud of their valour and chivalry, the birth, struggle and death of many important religions and of thoughts of science and of art. And in all of these they have directly or indirectly claimed a place, more important than those which the inscriptions of other countries—earlier or later—had honour to fill up. Men have come and men have gone but they remain for ever.

Their study has, therefore, an interest deeper than merely academical, with the students of history, religion, language, philosophy, and the like, and we feel a peculiar pride when we perceive that the Indian mind was not cynically averse to chronicling, and has often left permanent materials for the construction of history, as we understand it now.

It will be of interest to notice how the discovery of these archæological monuments was made. The indefatigable labours of the members of the covenanted civil and military service should be thankfully remembered in this connexion and the Archæological Department has been doing much to bring to light many of the ancient relics which would otherwise lie deep in the darkness of oblivion for ages, if not, for ever. Most of the Great Rock Inscriptions are situated in places which for centuries have been quite out of the way, if not inaccessible, and many of them have been brought to light from the midst of the deepest jungles, while others were found lurking in corners the least suspected. Who could

think that the opposite side of a villager's piece of stone to paste spices on, contained half of an inscribed document recording a great historical event, while the other half was doing the lowly duties of a stepping stone to his cottage door? Pieces of stone which had once been honoured in a King's Court and carefully and respectfully established on a rich pedestal are now trampled upon by human and animal feet !

Some of the inscriptions have indeed been living in cities—or at least among men. But the pity of it is that they had no less missed their vocation. Many of the stone Pillars bearing the series of eight edicts of Piyadasi have been mistaken for the real clubs of Bhima, the Indian Hercules. One, in particular, is now a quadrilingual monument,—the Pillar in the Fort of Allahabad has got an inscription in Brahmi characters of Asoka, in the Gupta characters of Samudragupta, in the Persian of Jahangir—mutilating much of the earlier two,—while at the bottom is an inscription in English stating these facts.

These rock-cut records have been brought to general notice at various dates since about a century. It must have presented no small difficulty to the first readers of them who had recourse to the most ingenious tricks of the art of detection in disclosing the most enigmatical epistles. The clue was supplied by the constant repetition of what appeared like two letters of the alphabet with a point added—which correspond to दान in Nagari. Another letter which helped a good deal in the deciphering of its brothers was the letter which corresponding to Nagari ह the final letter of many a name—which means (बभ्रुव) ब्रह्म दान. Starting with these data and reading into coherency the other hieroglyphics, the complete Brahmi alphabet has been reconstructed.

The inscriptions may be broadly classed into four groups—(a) these on great rocks or the Great Rock Edicts, (b) those on stone pillars—or the Pillar Edicts, (c) those on smaller rocks, or slabs of stone—the Minor Rock Edicts and (d) those in dedicated caves and stone walls.

(a) The Great Rock Edicts have been discovered in 7 places :—(1) at Shahabazgarhi in the Frontier Provinces—forty miles from Peshawar—(2) at Mansera in the Hazara District of the same Provinces, (3) at Kalsi in the United Provinces—in the District of Dehra Dun, (4) on the Girnar Hill in Guzerat, in the District of Junagad, (5) at Sopara in the Thana District of the Bombay Presidency, (6) at Dhauli, seven miles south of Bhuvaneswar, and (7) at Janguda in the Ganjam District of the Madras Presidency. Of these (1) and (2) are in the Kharoshthi characters (so called because they resemble the lips of a mule) to be read from right to left like Arabic and Persian.) The others like the best of the Asokan inscriptions are in the Brahmi characters,—the mother or

rather the grandmother of all the northern Indian alphabets—(and of some trans-Indian ones too) and are read from left to right. One small, but very peculiar feature of it is that the vowel **ঐ** when joined to a consonant (**ঐ**) is a compound of **ঐ** and **ঐ** (**ঐ** + **ঐ** in Bengali) which survives in the Burmese, Ceylonese, and Siamese characters as every reader of the Buddhist Pitaka written in those characters, is familiar with. The contrast presented by the direction of reading—one from right to left and the other from left to right—has been the source of diverse theories as to the probable origin and the birth place of these,—whether they are indigenous products of India or have been imported from abroad like potatoes and cauliflowers, and have later on taken root in the Indian soil. This topic though interesting I leave for the present for fear of a digression, with the remark, that there have been found inscriptions in the Brahmi character, *e.g.*, in Ceylon, which are to be read quite differently from the ordinary ones,—*viz.*,—from right to left.

No less amount of scholarship has been spent in tracing the origin of these characters from hieroglyphics,—starting from the theory that all alphabets are born of hieroglyphics, and that the Brahmi is no exception to the rule. It has been suggested, for instance, that the letter of Brahmi which is very much like the Roman letter D is derived from a **𑀤** (being the first letter of it), the curve line being the bow and the straight line the bow-string. But these theories—though very ingenious, no doubt, are to be accepted with caution, as their foundations are rather inadequate,—reasoning by analogy is not thoroughly trustworthy, the state of human knowledge at the creation of those alphabets is a matter of conjecture, and the history of words have not been traced back to that period.

Nos. (1) to (7) contain a series of 14 edicts each of which with the exception of (5) contains a fragment of the eighth one only—by which we may presume that the others were destroyed by the agency of nature. Nos. (6) and (7) contain two additional edicts which were of local importance and hence are not found in the other ones.

(b) The inscribed Pillars are 10 in number :—

(1) The Pillar at Lauria Nundan Gurh—in the Champaran District. North Behar. (2) at Lauria Araraj in the same District. (3) at Ferozabad near Delhi—bodily removed by Feroz Shah Tughlak in 1356, from Topra in the District of Ambala—100 miles from Delhi, one of the most remarkable feats of engineering in the Pathan period, (4) in the vicinity of Delhi—similarly removed by the same monarch in the same year from Meerut and hence distinguished from the preceding one as the Delhi-Meerut Pillar, (5) in the Fort of Allahabad, (which

has been already referred to)—(6) in the District of Champaran said to have been brought by King Freroz from Kausambi (associated in Sanskrit literature with the name of Raja Udayana of *Katha saritsagara* and *Brihat Katha Manjari*—the scene of the Sanskrit dramatic composition named *Ratnavali*—and closely connected with Buddhism) 30 miles up the Jumna (6) at Rampur in the District of Champaran, (7) at San̄hi in the Bhupal State, Central India—at the Southern gate of the great stupa—Cupola, M. S. M. Ry. (8) at Sarnath near Benares the Isipattana (Rishipattana) of the Buddhist beside the great Stupa visible from a long distance by travellers by the B. N. W. Ry. (*viz.*, within a mile from the station of that name) (9) at Nigliva—in the Basti District formerly Gurakhpur District.) In the Nepal Tarai—and the last (10) though certainly not the least to a Buddhist Monarach—at Rusmindevi in the Paderia Tahsil 14 miles from Gorakhpur the state of the Lumbini Garden where Buddha was born.

(c) The important inscriptions on the minor rocks are as follows :—

(1) at Rupnath in the Jubbulpur District (2) near Saseram—the well-known subdivisional town on the Grand Chord section of the E. I. Ry. (3) at Bairat in Jaypur in Rajputana, (4) (5) and (6) at Siddhapur, Brahmagiri and Jatingarameswar in Mysore (7) at Bhabda—in the Jaypur District, a very important edict—the original of which can be seen in the library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Park Street, Calcutta. It may be mentioned here that casts of most of the original inscriptions are preserved in the Indian Museum and were formerly to be seen in its Art Gallery.

(d) The inscriptions in caves are very small and mostly fragmentary. The large extent of country covered by these inscriptions is worth notice. From the Frontier Provinces in the North to Mysore in the South and Kathiawar in the West to Champaran in the East is a range within which the discovered inscriptions are to be found ; and it is quite evident that there are Asokan inscriptions yet unearthed and unveiled,—and this gives us some idea of the vast extent of the Empire of the great votary of Buddhism—or at least the vast tract of the country over which he had control.

Now to come to the inscriptions themselves. We are never to lose sight of the fact that the name Asoka never occurs in these documents. Nearly all of them begin as—देवानं पियो पियदसि राजा देव' चाङ्गः—thus says Piyadasi the favourite of the 'Devas. The great oriental scholar Sir W. Jones—having proved the identity of Sandukotos of the Greeks with Chandra Gupta of the Indian traditions, it was an easy step to establish

Piyadasi and Asoka as one and the same person. This has indeed been disputed of late years by oriental scholars, but the internal evidence in the inscriptions themselves (edicts) has placed the question beyond all reasonable doubt.

These inscriptions were meant to be understood by the common people and hence the language of each varies from that of the other of a different district or province. It is possible that where there are different versions e.g., the Rock Edicts, they were originally composed in one place, presumably the capital Pataliputra, and then rewritten in the local dialects of the different provinces where they were afterwards inscribed. The philology and grammar of the edicts cut in rock are an interesting branch of linguistic study.

The First Great Rock Edict prohibits sacrificial slaughters, and states that in the place of elaborate dishes for the king requiring the slaughter of many hundreds of animals, the king now allows the killing of two peafowls and one deer for his kitchen which will be soon stopped altogether.

The second one mentions Antiochos of Syria (261-246 B. C.) and of the establishment possibly of hospitals and medical aid for men, and, which is more interesting, for animals; the next one deals with the appointment of officers to make quinquennial rounds for the spread of morality, and the following one states how the king sent manifestos and processions for instilling principles of morality in the hearts of men. The fifth one speaks of his brothers and sisters (thus giving the direct lie to the popular tradition that Asoka waded his way to the throne through the blood of his relations) and of the appointment of overseers of religion to look after cities and districts; and in the succeeding one the royal devotee expresses his willingness to be accessible at any time and in any place even in the harem or the privy, and breathes consciousness of his duties as a debt due to his people—भूतानां ऋणं गच्छेदं—let me release myself of debt to all creatures. The seventh exalts morality over religions, the eighth speaks of his visit to Sambodhi (Buddha Gaya). The ninth proclaims real piety, the tenth, real benefaction (exaltation for future life) the eleventh, pious gifts and toleration of religions of different sects.

This edict is interesting in another way. It states how *pasandas* (first used in the 5th edict) were honoured by the royal Buddhist by gifts and other marks of respect. This word is an illustrative instance of the degradation of terms so interesting to a student of Philology—and means one who is of a different religious persuasion,—an indifferent term—and sometimes one of respect (as with Asoka),—has been relegated like “infidel” or “kafir” to a position of contempt.

The thirteenth describes the cruelties and the fatal consequence of his conquest of the Kalingas—(the country of which Orissa,—उत्तर कलिङ्ग or उत्तर कलिङ्ग is the northern part) and the painful effect of it on the king's mind, and mentions five contemporaries (p. 107); and the last one is an epilogue to the rest. The supplementary edicts in Dhauli and Jaugurh addressed to the Mahamatras of the newly conquered districts, Terate and Somapa respectively, expresses the king's high sense of royal responsibility and how king's good name which Asoka aspires after is dependent on the exertions of his officers and on his conciliatory views towards the people recently brought under his subjection. The pillar edicts among other topics define piety (edict 2) and prohibit the slaughter of, and cruelties to various animals and wanton taking of life (edict 5). In the minor rock edicts we read of Asoka's regret for his inability to do all that he wished to do, his encouraging words to the great and the small for exerting themselves to the attainment of goodness and piety. The Bhabhr edict deserves special mention as reciting certain texts which have been identified with parts of the Trepitaka.

The Rusmindevi Pillar inscription is specially interesting as setting at rest the question of the place where the great seer (the Buddha) first hailed the light.

THE NOMINAL WORLD.

A REVIEW—IV.

By Pramathnath Mukherjee, M.A.

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College,

In the foregoing issues of the Magazine we have sought to put the main conception of Principal Trivedi and its metaphysical implications in a clear light. The original essay, however, being the perfection of luminous exposition itself, the light, in which we have been able to put it in this review, can at the best appear only as borrowed light. In point of luminosity and liveliness of presentation the original paper certainly leaves no room for improvement; hence a reviewer and critic who like myself has not the soul of an artist is secretly dismayed and palpably nervous when Fate passes the brush into his unwonted fingers and urges him to *represent* a masterpiece in a few sure and bold strokes, which he, left to himself, would fain regard and enjoy in meek fascination. The

provinces of the reviewer and the creator do not ofcourse coincide : a Shakespeare conquers, a Newton overpowers, a Mozart overwhelms, and yet the soul of Humanity has been broad enough to make room for critics, reproducers, popularisers, and even for many a penny-a-liner. The sympathetic joy of creation seems to strike us into a state of dumb appreciation and entire satisfaction, and yet the occupation of the analyser and reviewer, unlike Othello's, remains. And probably the genius of our race has never seriously repented for leaving this occupation to lesser mortals.

In the present instalment we shall confine ourselves to the much more humble and much less onerous task of summarising. We have already described Principal Trivedi's *pratibhasika* world and the process by which the *vyabaharika* world is carved out of it : in our own terminology, we have seen how the Fact or the given whole of experience is induced to eject a section or limb of its own body and regard it in some manner of isolation. As we have also noticed, Principal Trivedi starts with the assumption of a plurality of such wholes of experience each belonging to an individual Ego : the metaphysics of this postulate of his pluralistic scheme has perhaps been fairly presented in the two foregoing instalments of this review. We shall take leave of metaphysics now, not because the digression into metaphysics is unnecessary and barren either for the essayist himself or for his modest reviewers like ourselves, but because we feel that it is a business which ought not to be taken up while our hands are already full of more tangible problems, which cannot and need not wait for their solution till the delusive quest of metaphysics, like the classical thirst of Tantalus, has been lulled into satisfaction. * There can of course be no sharp partition of problems between physics and metaphysics ; the quest of metaphysics does not begin where the enquiry of physics ends ; rather a metaphysician is simply a physicist beginning to feel unsatisfied and uneasy, stretching his eyes beyond the bands of his spectroscopes and extending his cares beyond the familiar grooves of his formulæ ; the philosopher's quest is simply the savant's investigation deepened, intensified and persisted in. A Du Bois-Raymond may find philosophy to be after all only a puzzle-box and the universe to be only a problem of riddles ; a Mach may choose to introduce his constructions in philosophy with a glaringly anti-metaphysical label ; but there is undoubtedly a fatal beginning or the question, a surreptitious avowal of that which has been noisily disavowed, in all such pretensions to do without metaphysics as naturalism and agnosticism. A philosopher who would cut the "ground" from underneath his objects and would complacently regard them to be "permanent possibilities of sensations" as Mill does or "relatively permanent

complexes of sensations or elements" as Mach does, has to be a metaphysician before everything else, in making good such positions. The anti-metaphysical tendencies are thus metaphysical currents only diverted but never arrested: physics and metaphysics have been the two wings of the soaring intelligence of man ever since the creative impulse of evolution, the *elan vital*, stuck feathers to this 'tool-making organ' and rendered it such a mighty instrument for good or for evil. This co-ordination of the ends and functions of physics and metaphysics is admirably illustrated in our essayist himself; the present reviewer in venturing upon metaphysics, has merely followed suit, though he is a metaphysician by profession and a physicist only by an *ignoramus*. However this may be, we shall do well perhaps to keep clear of metaphysics for a little while, particularly when after the birth of the objective world in which we are all vitally interested, we are invited by our essayist to stand sponsors to the birth of the world of Physical Science—the world of abstract concepts and names, as he tells us.

The birth of this nominal world involves a double process of ejection or abstraction. In the first place, out of the original given mass of experience which, strictly speaking, is neither subjective nor objective, I separate a part which I habitually live in common with other beings like myself, and regard it as though it were independent and objective. Our essayist has been very careful in explaining the meaning of this objectivity. I say that this electric fan whirling and droning above my head is an external thing while the sensation of soft stealthy drowsiness which it induces in me is an internal fact: but what precisely is implied in the externality of the one and the internality of the other? Metaphysically, the idea of externality can never be really squeezed out of strictly internal facts, as by no logical alchemy can the idea of pure succession be transmuted into an idea of co-existence. The moment you start with the assumption of plurality of sentient individuals you have laid this idea of externality or objectivity under contribution. So long as you are content to remain snug and secure within the indisputable boundaries of your *pratibhasika* world, and are prepared to give quarters to no rival owners of such worlds, you need not have any inkling of externality and independence. The concession of rival ownership implies or carries with it the charter of externality and independence: it precisely *means* this. Any attempt therefore to deduce externality as a logical conclusion from the premise of plural individual owners will be vitiated by a begging of the whole question. Nevertheless, though this idea of externality refuses to submit to a process of logical deduction, it will gain and not lose by going in for a precise statement from Principal

Trivedi. * Externality, as he explains, means the independence of any one individual ; as he laconically puts it : what is everybody's comes to be regarded as nobody's ; what we can all equally claim need not belong to any one in particular, may be taken as independent of any one's wishes, and may therefore be projected into objectivity by any one ; and indeed by all. The fact of the matter is that a plurality of individual centres means externality, and the striking of a common element out of the various experiences of these various centres carries out and illustrates what has been already given. You really go in a circle if you seek to prove plurality or externality (one is just the other) by the common element, and the common element again by the assumption of a plurality of centres. The common element means nothing without a many, and many in the case of sentient beings at least means nothing without externality : we have thus merely an equation of statements, very strikingly happy and materially useful ; but I think they should be neither given nor taken as the steps or limbs of a process of *logical* deduction. Principal Trivedi himself is both clear and careful : in a mathematico-scientific brain the confusion never exists between an equation or identity and a demonstration. But we lay readers, and most of all the dealers in the abstractions of metaphysics (James' eulogium that it is an obstinate effort of clear thinking notwithstanding) should beware. Descartes was a creator of mathematics and metaphysics, yet possibly the soul of that great man has sighed now and then in its ethereal repose and olympian unconcern to undo an irrevocable pseudo-logical link between *cogito* and *sum* which it had forged in its sojourn upon this quixotic orb of ours !

In the second place, the objective of *lyabaharika* world is subjected to a further process of abstraction. The objective world is after all only a segment of my real world of experience projected and objectified : it is that portion of the Given or total mass of experience upon which we have been driven to agree habitually under the exigencies of life. It is a part of the concrete, the given, the actual. We may be apt to imagine that Physical Science deals with this portion of our experience. But as a matter of fact it deals with not experience at all, not with warm actualities that we may immediately perceive, but with an etherealised ghost of experience, with subtle, cold abstractions that can be rendered only in conceptual and nominal terms. The world of Physics is made up not of elements of inner or outer perception : airy concepts with distinguishing labels or names attached to them make the body of this world. This indeed is no disparagement of the office of Physical Science. Science would not be possible at all without such conceptual abstraction and nominal device. In the

language of Plato which our essayist employs, the world of 'percepts' is not pure enough for the ends of the philosopher: life may be possible only in a world of actual percepts but thought is not. What is real from the standpoint of practical living becomes unreal when that standpoint is given up: the ideal and the conceptual becomes the real when one chooses to raise one's cares above the belly. 'Man is mortal': this is a general form of judgment, one without which no thinking is possible. But that judgment would not be possible without first forming the concepts of 'man' and 'mortal'; further, a systematic employment of these concepts and their communication to other minds at least (we may if we choose keep clear of the absolute inseparability of thought and language pleaded by Max Muller and referred to by our essayist in his incidental rendering of the doctrine of *spṛṣṭa*) would not be possible without that mechanism of arbitrary signs attached to ideas and known as nomenclature.

But this is the old, familiar *sine qua non* of scientific procedure. We require hardly to be reminded that science must deal in concepts and names. A perceptual object may be thought of (that is to say, not merely imagined but judged) in conceptual terms, so that the subject of my treatment may be an actual element of experience. Is it merely so with Physical Science? It is in the reply to this question that the speculative boldness of our essayist has been prominently in evidence. Science is not a conceptual shorthand rendering (I quote from the writer himself who in turn perhaps borrows from Karl Pearson) of the perceptual world; Physics deals not with that actual common element of our experiences called the *vyabāharika* world and is not merely reduced to the fatal, inevitable employment of conceptual and nominal mechanism; she has not a real world to be necessarily dressed up in ethereal robes and presented in the court of public recognition; she plays the usherer to a world that is abstract and nominal, from start to finish, and humanity has regarded this feat of her mighty witchcraft with gaping wonder.

What I take as the objective world is only pragmatically the same as what you take as the objective world. The agreement is rough and only such as would serve as regards what Bain would call the object-properties. But we have learnt to ignore this difference. Now, Physical Science knows full well that this difference, though commonly ignored, exists and must certainly be allowed for in any attempt at an accurate description of facts. Whose facts is it that we are going to describe and account for? Mine? Or yours? Certainly we agree but *not quite*; the margin of discrepancy may be more or less wide according to the varying

circumstances of habit, temperament, standpoint, and so on, and though the margin is commonly negligible in life, it is relevant and important in knowledge. Therefore I cannot give a description of the facts from my own private notes, nor you from yours: to be valid it must be a description given by an hypothetical man who is supposed to represent in himself the mean or average of the experiences of many normal individuals. I make an observation and take my notes; but I am not to trust my own notes in giving a description of the fact, and the more so if I have a brain seething with theories and preceived notions. I must bow to the hypothetical mean man (a very happy conception modelled after the pattern of the mean sun in Astronomy) and be prepared to stand or fall by his account of the matter. Well; but is not this mean man who is to be the arbiter in all matters of fact a conceptual agent only, and possibly a near cousin of the Sorting Demon of Maxwell? This then is the physicist's first treatment of the perceptual objective world: he would admit no actual body's experiences, and least of all the testimony of the daring speculator himself.

Then again he would not leave this mean man wholly to himself: he may observe to little or no purpose. Like a Copernicus he is always suggesting new standpoints to the hypothetical man and placing him in new angles of vision: here lies his glory as a designer and creator. Like the African magician in the Arabian Nights he must not himself go down for the Wonderful Lamp but choose an instrument for that purpose; but how far is our familiar objective world again metamorphosed by such hypnotic suggestion of new angles of vision?

• Lastly, as our essayist explains more fully in the succeeding papers, the real Space, Time, objects and their relations of the real objective world (being a section of the *pratibhasika* itself) are robbed of so much of their real content that they become concepts only with nominal symbols attached to them, so that his equations and formulæ represent only relations among concepts which exist in a sort of Platonic heaven of pure ideas and can never be translated into the world of actual percepts without losing much of their harmony, fitness and exactness of relations. The Euclidian point, line, surface, and so on, may serve as types. But such spiriting away of reality is essential, as we shall see, for the very existence of scientific methodology.

(To be continued.)

JEROME AND KENNEDY AS WRITERS OF RELIGIOUS DRAMA

Harendrakumar Mukhopadhyaya, M.A.*

Assistant Professor of English, Calcutta University.

It is our purpose to consider two plays which in theme and purpose, though not in literary quality and dramatic power, may be called companion pieces, Jerome K. Jerome's '*The Passing of the Third Floor Back*,' and Charles Rann Kennedy's '*The Servant in the House*.' The scene of the former play is laid in the living room of a second-class boarding house in Bloomsbury, London. The epilogue reverts directly to the old Morality manner in presenting a group of personified vices : a Cheat, a Bully, a Hussy, a Satyr, a Coward, a Rogue, and a Cad, all guests of this boarding house, and all exemplifying the epithets that characterize them. After the author has made an exposition of their characters, he brings to the house a person whom he denominates a *Passer-by*, who engages the third floor back, and who at once enters this unlovely circle. But, as the servant girl told the landlady when she announced the *Passer-by*, he was not like the rest. While the author at no time avowedly depicts this *Passer-by* as the Christ, yet it is obvious it is He. At once his kind and gentle nature, his sweet voice, his benign countenance, and eyes that penetrate into the innermost recesses of these petty, marred souls, begin to have their influence.

After a month has elapsed, these characters are shown in a new light. The landlady has become honest, the swindler has repented, the bickerings of the husband and wife have given way to domestic felicity, the painted lady has thrown off her affectations and has become her real self, the artist has been made to see the true worth of himself and of his profession, while the girl who loves him, but who was about to sell herself to a dissipated wretch for the sake of luxury, asserts her self-respect and finds happiness with him. It is the Christ-idea at work among men ; the reassertion of their own better natures which have lain dormant under strata of selfishness and sin. It is the cleansing power of the good, the true, the holy. And when happiness and hope and love have triumphed, and the circle has been transformed, the *Passer-by* with joy in his heart goes out into the night to allay the strife and worldly turmoil in other souls.

One wants to linger over this phase of the drama. for unhappily it is

* Prof. Harendrakumar Mukherji is an ex-student of Ripon College. We have great pleasure in welcoming contributions from our ex-students. —Eds.

a rare one on the stage to-day. But the success of the play, together with that of *'The Servant in the House,'* indicates that such themes when adequately presented meet with sympathetic response, and demonstrates that the stage can be made a vehicle to teach men better ways and inculcate in them more wholesome thoughts. Something of the same sort of influence is felt in these plays as in *'Everyman.'* Indeed, both plays in motive hark back to this old morality. ;

The Reverend William Smythe is a vicar in the Church of England. To native ability of high order he added the asset of University training, and has made a place for himself among scholarly divines. It appears, however, that he is of humble origin, and that what he has finally become has not been entirely due to himself, but largely to the self-sacrifice of his two brothers, Joshua and Robert who having recognized his talent, "picked and slaved the skin off their bones," as the latter says, to send him to school ; "Cos we was proud of 'is 'ead piece." The Vicar, however, as he climbed the ladder of success and married into a family of considerable High-Church repute, has not only forgotten the sacrifices of these two brothers, but come to consider himself so far risen, in his own estimation of himself and in that of the world, as to look upon these brothers as much beneath him. Moreover, he regards a recognition of them a burden which he is not called upon to carry. Along with this feeling, and under the influences of his wife whose social position was considerably above his own, he has lost sight of true ministerial mission, and has become the type of clergyman, whose main interest lies in the gratification of self, and whose chief desire is to gain the good opinion of people of high social distinction. In other words, he is the fashionable vicar of a fashionable church, which had forgotten the example of the Master's attitude towards humility and towards the poor and unfortunate of the world. Mr. Kennedy aims to depict him as the type of clergyman who is really doing more harm than good in the church, and whose life and example are surely pointing to the cessation of the true mission of the church.

The Vicar's religion has become one of dogma and ritual, one in which forms and ceremonies dominate. He has forgotten entirely the practice of the Golden Rule and the doctrine of human brotherhood, though continues to preach them. And herein lies the tragedy of his own soul. He is no longer what he professes to be. Self-interest and hollow form have all but sapped the life-blood of his religion, and he is beginning to pay the penalty. His church is filled with empty pews, and even his fashionable parishioners now stand at the street corner, drinking in the words of an atheist. The church itself has fallen into decay and exhales

a putrescent odour. People will not attend. Curiously enough, and here comes in one part of the author's allegory, the smell is not so bad in the pews; it is quite noticeable in the choir, while in the pulpit it is almost unbearable. But more curious still is the fact, that it is just as bad, or even worse, in the Vicar's study; indeed it seems to originate there. The Vicar has tried all the modern methods of raising funds to repair the church, such as bazaars, socials, fairs, etc., but has not succeeded in arousing any interest among his people. He has almost given up in despair, when he receives a letter from the Bishop of Benares, whose fame has extended from India to England for the wonderful church he has built, and for his extraordinary power among the people. Much to the Vicar's astonishment, the Bishop of Benares is his brother Joshua, of whom he has heard nothing for years, but whom he can welcome now as a man who has attained great dignity and repute.

The kindness of this long lost and neglected brother, who with true Christian spirit comes to help the Vicar in his spiritual difficulty, strikes a chord in the Vicar's soul which has not vibrated for a long time. But if he has treated this brother with neglect, he has treated another, Robert, with open contumely. Smitten in conscience, the Vicar begins to feel that if he has a mission in the world, and if the church has a mission, both must welcome just such outcasts as Robert. The latter's characterization of him was only too true; "'E might a-made a man o' me once, if 'e'd tried; but 'e didn't—'im and 'is like'".

Robert's words are at once an index to his own character and to his attitude towards life and the church. Time was, as he himself says, when he did not have a bad nature. But the ingratitude of his brother, and the storms and buffetings of a pitiless and relentless world had soured the milk of human kindness in him; while the modern church, as he understood it, had no place for such as he, in its fold. As a consequence, he had sunk lower and lower in the social scale until he had become a drunkard, a hater and reviler of God and man, with the unsavoury occupation of a drain-cleaner as a means of livelihood, and with socialism in its most radical form as a religion. Mr. Kennedy means to show in Robert a type of labourer constantly growing more numerous, and the logical outcome of modern commercialism and modern civilization. Robert has been led to look upon Christianity as a symbol of oppression, largely because his brother, the Vicar, had treated him with scorn, and had taken from him his own daughter, when he had fallen so low as to be unable to provide for her himself, after the death of his wife, fifteen years before. During these years he had not seen his child, for on account of his own follies, and especially because of his occupation, he

had been refused admittance to the refined home of his proud brother. But in those years the standard of life of the working man had risen; he had gradually become so important in the economy of civilization as to be a force to be reckoned with, and Robert had risen with his class. He had a better outlook on life and a better inlook into his own soul. With the consciousness of his importance and improvement, and with a spirit militant against any sort of class oppression, he has come, in spite of the Vicar's request to the contrary, to see his daughter, and to be present at the drain-cleaning of his brother's study and church.

Mary is a bright buoyant girl just entering conscious womanhood. She has been reared amidst the refining influences of the Vicar's home with all the love that he and his wife could have bestowed on a child of their own. She has been brought up with a full sense of the importance of class distinction, but has not yet arrived at the age when her uncle's religious practices could have taken root in her mind. Rather, her impressionable nature has been filled with his precepts about right living, and she is eager to give them outward manifestation in kind deeds. She breakfasts with old, blind and deaf Granny Durden, and is anxious to help her father, whom she mistakes for a thief, to a sense of higher and better things. But she has also arrived at an age when she begins to think of her own condition. She had all along accepted the love and kindness of her uncle and aunt without question. But she has begun to think of her own father, and wonders why she knows so little about him, and why she has never been told of him. The void in her life grows suddenly large, and her heart aches. Consequently, when she and Manson play her soul is filled with the want of her father.

The one most responsible for Mary's ignorance of her father is her aunt, the Vicar's wife. Born and bred an aristocrat, she has always possessed innate contempt for the working class. When she became the wife of the Vicar, she incurred the displeasure of her brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, because she had married beneath her station. Since then, it has been the sole and continuous effort of her life to raise her husband to a position of high repute in the world. In doing this, she has been the chief instrument in sundering the ties that attached him to his brothers, and indeed has been largely responsible for his false attitude to himself and to the things that he really cherishes within the depths of his heart. Not that she is a worldly woman in the common meaning of that term. She is kind in her home and loves her husband and her niece dearly. She is selfish and ambitious, not for herself, but for her husband. Her whole thought, almost to the exclusion of her personal religion, is for him and his advancement. Her religion has been trans-

formed into an idolatrous husband-worship. She has kept Mary absolutely ignorant of her father, largely for the sake of her husband's reputation. It would not do for the world to know that he has a brother who has been a drunkard, and who is a common working-man. She has never quite lost hope of a reconciliation with her brother the Bishop of Lancashire, whose recognition of her husband would mean all the worldly advancement which she could desire. Consequently, she has seized the opportunity of the coming of the Bishop of Benares, to bring her brother into their home.

Upon this brother, the Bishop of Lancashire, Mr. Kennedy heaps all the force of his invective. He is exactly what the Vicar describes him, a Bishop of stocks and shares! A Bishop of the counting house! A Bishop of mammon! A gaitered snob posing as a servant of God. He is concerned not about the good the church may do, but how much it can be made to pour into his own coffers. He is quite ready to embrace Manson's suggestion to grab all they can of the church funds. He is the vampire of the Church of God, who would stop at nothing so long as it was done secretly. This is the Bishop whom the Vicar's wife had invited to meet her husband and the Bishop of Benares to consult over the rebuilding of the decayed and drain-stenched church.

The Vicar, his wife and the Bishop of Lancashire constitute a group of characters whose souls are warped, whose lives have ceased to vibrate with harmonious music, and whose feet have wandered from the path of right and duty in which God had placed them. To this group, gathered in the breakfast room of the vicarage, comes the Bishop of Benares, the long lost brother of the Vicar, (and Mr. Kennedy's replica of the Christ) under the name of Manson in the disguise of an Indian butler. From the very beginning he is depicted as a man of extraordinary and mysterious power; he has had wonderful success in India in building up a church whose membership runs into millions. He has come now, ostensibly, to help his brother to rebuild and regenerate his church, but finds that his first mission is to regenerate some souls. In his disguise of an Indian butler he begins his work by smiting the conscience of the Vicar with a sense of his hypocrisy. The Vicar's confession to his wife shows that the iron has entered his soul: "I am a good man! I don't drink, I don't swear, I am respectable, I don't blaspheme like Bletchley! Oh, yes, and I am a scholar: I can cackle in Greek; I can wrangle about God's name; I know Latin and Hebrew and all the 'cursed little pedantries of my trade. But do you know what I am? Do you know what your husband is in the sight of God? He is a *Liar*!" The years of systematic neglect of his brother Robert, the same years of deception

toward his niece Mary, convict him of his false attitude toward God and man. His repentance begun, his regeneration is soon accomplished in the hearty recognition of Robert, in his new insight into the dignity of labour, and in his going with Robert to cleanse the deadly drains under the church.

But Robert also had something to learn. He had come to his brother's home with his heart full of bitterness and hatred. He also, but in a different way, had lost the sense of brotherly feeling. But when Manson meets him more than half way upon his own ground and gently probes his heart, his better nature, which, after all, was bruised, not crushed, begins to reassert itself, and his soul is led back into the sunlight and purified to meet the purified souls of his brother and daughter.

It is with the Vicar's wife, however, that Manson has the hardest struggle. The basic tenet of her religion is respectability—active love for those beneath her station in life finds no lodgment in it. Her burning ambition is the worldly reputation of her husband. Her life has been spent for this, and to bring about its accomplishment she has not only distorted his soul and her own, but she has trampled the rights of others under her feet. The soul of her husband, tortured with its guilt, finds no sympathy from her when its cure depends upon an open recognition of Robert. The stained windows and sky-reaching spire of the prospective church, whose pulpit her husband is to fill, appeal to her far more than the religion dispensed within the church, while the questionable source of the funds with which to build such a church finds no consideration with her. She fights the repentant soul of her husband, until fully aware of the hypocrisy and godlessness of her own brother's schemes, and under the influence of Manson who almost uses force, her will is finally broken and the tumult in her soul is calmed.

Short work is made of the Bishop of Lancashire. He stands as one already condemned. His spiritual blindness has become complete. His idea of a church is the complete antithesis of what the Master left with his servants, which Manson describes, and which is the other side of the author's allegory. To the Bishop he says :

"I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones, and unmeaning timber. It is a living thing.

When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you

have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder !

The pilars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes : the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable : the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone : the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades ; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness : sometimes in blinding light : now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish : now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.”

But if in such a church the Bishop can find no place, Robert can and he offers the services of a drain-man in its construction.

We respectfully invite the attention of those who can find nothing worthy in the drama of the present day to a consideration of this play. In the first place the theme is not only new, at least new to modern times, but it is in every respect worthy. The play is cast in the broad mould of non-sectarianism, is entirely independent of any and all creeds except the universal one of the brotherhood of all mankind, and its corollary, the observance of the Golden Rule ; in fact it is quite marked in its contempt for dogma of all sorts, and has, thereby, a wider appeal. Furthermore, one would cast about a long time to find illustrations more vital, and motives more genuinely human. Its satire is true and timely and its message uplifting.

The theme of *The Servant in the House* is the universal brotherhood of all mankind, and its appeal is for a religion of the heart, not of the head. Its problem, if it has one, harks back to the time when God asked Cain the whereabouts of his brother, and reaches up to the present and asks the same question to the modern church, and will project itself into the future as long as the human spirit struggles upward. It is a biting satire on conventional religion. It is a “bitter smelling allegory of the church built over a festering tomb only to be cleaned up by a common labourer, proud of his station, and a vicar who throws away his cassock.”

The play is not one in which the plot is a striking feature. It contains only so much narrative as is necessary to keep it from being static, perhaps not enough even for that, as the play has been criticized for being slow of movement and overweighted with long dialogue. It is rather a drama of character-interest than of plot-interest. It contains seven characters, each of whom, with the exception of the boy Rogers, is of

equal importance for the author's purpose, and each of whom he has delineated with equal care.

As we have called this play and '*The Passing of the third floor Back*' companion pieces, it may be well to draw out some of their similarities and differences. Both conceive of a visit to a modern household by a Mysterious Stranger who is the incarnation of Christ, or the personification of the Christ-idea. Mr. Jerome leaves the postulating of Christ largely to the minds of his auditors and readers. He does not make the *Passer-by* resemble Christ, though he indicates the supernatural. Just before the *Passer-by* enters, a ray of light strikes across the stage, lingers there for a moment as he leaves, and after his work of transformation has been accomplished and he goes out into the night, his head is enveloped in a halo. On the other hand, Mr. Kennedy openly manifests Christ in dress and action, while the name "Manson" is only an anagrammatic form of "Son of Man." In both, the influence of Christ is seen transforming the lives and natures of the individuals of both households, though Mr. Kennedy denies salvation to one of his characters viz the Bishop of Lancashire. The *Passer-by* of Mr. Jerome comes on an equal footing with the other members of the Bloomsbury household: Mr. Kennedy sends his visitor to a clergyman's vicarage in the guise of a servant, thereby setting himself a far more difficult task of exposition. Mr. Jerome's Stranger is the embodiment of mercy, working his reformation through gentleness and kindness; Mr. Kennedy's is stern, and at times almost assumes the character of an autocrat,—he is a pronounced reformer. The sins which Mr. Jerome's *Passer-by* cleanses are bad and unhappily too common, while those in Mr. Kennedy's play are of the type of the earlier dramas of Ibsen, another influence for good or bad, of this great Norwegian.

Similarities so striking as these, and still others which might be pointed out, suggest a debt on the part of one playwright to the other. Mr. Jerome's original version in short story form preceded by some years Mr. Kennedy's drama, but if the latter owes anything to the former, its author has assimilated the obligation in so individual a manner that his drama bears all the marks of an original production; while it is not too much to say that the success of *The Servant in the House* led directly to the dramatization of Mr. Jerome's story.

In dramatic technique and literary value Mr. Kennedy's is the superior play. Instead of subtle psychological character analysis, Mr. Jerome gives only sketches. His play in plot, sequence, and dramatic value is not satisfying. There is too much evidence of the "made-to-order" in it—it lacks inevitability. The characters one by one take their turn with

mathematical precision in appearing before the *Passer-by* as if purposely to be reformed. The action does not grow naturally out of the plot or the characters. Moreover, the play is not true to life. Complete transformation of character, as has been observed, comes gradually, not suddenly, and from the living of life, not from words alone.

In spite of these shortcomings, however, one feels that Mr. Jerome's message is a more practical one than Mr. Kennedy's and therefore broader in its appeal. At least it gives us something definite to do. It calls our attention to the little failures in our lives and in the lives of others, which we can constantly correct, while Mr. Kennedy bids us revolutionize church and state, quite an indefinite task. On the whole Mr. Jerome's play is one in which the message is uplifting, the moral unexceptionable and wholesome, but it has very small claim to a place in literature.

THE EXAMINATION.

By Sailendramohan Banerjee.

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

The subject matter of this essay is a grave one. So to prevent my readers from disappointment, I am in duty bound to furnish them with some necessary precautions. 'Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.' I, being a *College Student* must be regarded above grammar. This is the precaution number one. Secondly to give full expression to my ideas, I often have to take recourse to quotations from some famous poets. But I could not make time to verify them, whether they are correct ; 'so if any modification occurs in them, they should overlook it. This is my last precaution.

The duty of an essayist is first of all to give a definition of the subject matter and I am not to violate it. The following definition is the best one, I have ever met with and have preferred to put it down here :— Examination is the precaution for the prevention of conversation in the hall for 3 or 4 hours together, a sort of permission for the continuation of higher education and graduation, the recommendation for the possession of clerical occupation, and an invention which raises the position and the valuation of bridegrooms and thereby makes the fathers-in-law bankrupt. For the completion of the definition this is my last addition, that after graduation, we practise dissimulation of the Oriental habitation by the adoption of European fashion for our separation from the illiterate population,

Now let me put down some important aspect of an examination hall and its system of working. To lose no vividness, I should prefer the hall wherein I myself once appeared. In the year *19—, I appeared in the—A. Examination. On the 15th of March, the day of the examination at about 9-45 A.M., the Senate Hall hailed me in. I found out my seat which consisted of an oval headed stool, a three legged desk,—(one of the legs, I inferred from its conditions, was probably lost in the Franco Prussian War), besmeared all over with ink and upon it a book with a piece of blotting-paper in it. No sooner have I taught, after military discipline, the desk to be steady, than I found all the guards, arranged in two phalanx before us with papers in their hands; and in the middle of them was the old man, the Registrar. All the guards waited with their looks fixed on their old man, like hounds awaiting the orders of the hunter, to fall on us. We all, scholars and beaux, with

“The thought of rivalry, the pomp of fashion,

All that study, all that wealth ever gave, . .

Await'd alike the inevitable motion

That would teach the students but to be grave.

We got our papers. Then the guards began their rounds with the gravity, which even the brain of Newton could have hardly found out. They were on the day no less great than the generals and no less punctual than the mail trains. Three hours were allowed to answer each paper and two papers were answered every day. Thus in a few days the examination was over.

When the examination is over, the examinees, with some exceptions, pass their time in out-door and in-door games and all sorts of merry-makings till the month of May, when the result is expected to be out. All kinds of amusements then suddenly come to a close and they discuss with one another about the rumour the number of successful candidates. They begin to linger on the brink of a great suspense till the result is out. At last the result is out; candidates in crowds rush to the Senate Hall to have a glance at the list of the successful ones put up on the notice board. The list, a strange thing indeed, is always fond of the extremes; it crowns with success only those who either studied well or copied well. O list, how many of the candidates hast thou taught to appreciate the beneficence of opium and acids!

. “O thou art fairer than the evening airs, .

Clad in addresses to the examiners!”

THE ART OF PAINTING IN MODERN INDIA.

By Anadi Prasad Das, B.L.

Ex-Student, Ripon College.

I. THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF INDIAN ART.

Whatever might have been the case in Ancient India, there can be no denying the fact that the art of painting is in a most neglected condition in British India—in India of the twentieth century.

In India the profession of Art is not considered very honourable and if there are young boys who have a natural aptitude for it, they are never given the opportunity of taking it up as a profession, but they are only to rest content with a rudimentary knowledge of it to beguile their leisure hours. Students who enter the art-schools are students who have been pronounced failures in their University career. Ninety per cent. of the students who study art in India are those who have been plucked either in the Matriculation or Intermediate Examination of the Indian Universities. I do not mean to say that it is necessary for students of art to pass the B.A. or M.A. Examinations of the University. What I mean is that students in India study art not because they have an *inspiration* for art but because having failed in other walks of life or having no capacity for them, they adopt the profession of art as the ultimate course. The result is that his knowledge is confined to the lowest stage of art *viz.* its mechanical portion; and they perhaps ultimately become drawing masters with a knowledge of insipid portrait painting, or worse, painters of sign-boards and cheap theatrical scenes.

Thus, there is a dearth of artists in India,—artists in the true sense of the term.

Again, the people at large do not care for painting; they consider spending money on pictorial art so much waste of money; all that they care for are the selfish pleasures of life and no aesthetic ones. It is no wonder, therefore, that there is no profession of art in India worth the name; for, in order that there should be a profession of art, there must be a public to appreciate and understand art.

We can not blame the people of India wholly if they, circumstanced as they are at present, are apathetic to and neglectful of their national art of painting. A nation's art is the index of its condition. Where the people are prosperous and rich, where they are hale and hearty in mind as well as in body, there the art flourishes. But with no very good prospect to win even their daily bread, with the prices of food-stuff ever on the increase and with many pernicious customs and habits under-

mining their energy and health, it is no wonder if the people of India do not turn their attention to the development of their national art.

And yet we do not despair of the future. In spite of its present neglected condition the future of Indian art is most hopeful. Time was when India had a great enthusiasm for art and had developed her national art to a height which called forth the admiration of the people of other countries. The fire of her enthusiasm for art, at present only dimmed and not wholly extinguished, is only awaiting the breeze of manly effort on the part of the people, and divine help through the inspired genius of art, to burn once again in the time to come with the splendour and lustre of old. There have already arisen in India, of late, certain eminent artists who have done real good work in drawing the attention of the people towards the neglected condition of art and by their own individual efforts have somewhat roused their enthusiasm in this direction. Chief amongst these, stand the names of Raja Ravi Varma of Bombay and Abanindranath Tagore of Bengal. These eminent men are not only fine artists themselves and have drawn some very fine pictures, but they have also by their paintings created in others a taste for art. They are the morning star which has heralded the approach of a glorious dawn in Indian art.

II. HOW TO DEVELOP OUR ART OF PAINTING.

To strive to make an Indian art a reality is the problem set before every inspired artist in India. Here we come to the practical question,—what are the ways of developing our national art?

Now there are two principal ways which naturally present themselves to our mind as to the method we should adopt to create an Indian School of art. According to one view we should introduce European art into our midst either by sending our artists to Europe or by bringing in foreign artists to India. The chief practical exponent of this view is Raja Ravi Varma. The other view is that we should try to bring back to modern India the art pure and simple as it was in ancient India. This is the view of S. J. Abanindranath Tagore and his followers.

A. METHOD I.—INTRODUCTION OF EUROPEAN ART.

RAVI VARMA AND HIS WORKS.

Let us first examine the view that in order to develop our art we should introduce in India, art such as it exists in its most highly developed form in Europe. In discussing this view we cannot but introduce the commanding personality of Ravi Varma, the chief practical exponent of this theory and then criticise his work.

There are three possible systems, each of which has attained its highest perfection in Europe, according to which a painter works. The three systems are :—(1) That which attends principally to the external form and relations of natural objects as indicated by their circumscribing lines—this may be called the System of Lines. (2) That which attends chiefly to their external form and relations as indicated by the incidence and distribution of their lights and shades. This may be called the System of Light and Shade. (3) That which attends mainly not to their outward form but to the distribution, qualities and relations of colours upon their surface. This may be called the System of Colours.

Line, light-and-shade and colour these three kinds of appearances among them make up the whole world of sight. In the complete and most highly developed art of painting all these three methods are employed at once. It is Ravi Varma who has introduced in India such a complete and most highly developed art. In his paintings we find the three systems blending together in a most perfect and harmonious development. He is the first great Indian artist who has brought about a happy blending of the Western method of painting with purely oriental ideas. It is therefore not a mere imitation of the process of European art but an originality infused into his paintings that has made his work so very valuable. His "Mohini," "Malati," "Ahalya," soothe our eyes and produce in us pure aesthetic pleasures never before produced by any artist in India.

But while recognising that painting would have remained in the same neglected condition as it is at present, had not Ravi Varma's genius brought it to prominence and public notice, we can not shut our eyes to the fact that in the great artist's work we find depicted only the *outer*—the *objective* aspect of art and not its *inner*—its *subjective* aspect. The art of painting addresses not only our eyes but also our imagination. Ravi Varma's painting is pleasing to our eyes but there is no suggestiveness in it. It does not at all appeal to our imagination. The pictures of Ravi Varma are complete. They are accomplished pictures in which all the resources of line, colour and light-and-shade have been used to the uttermost of the artist's power. But although his pictures have always been distinguished by noble qualities of elegance and refinement of design, there is no Indian spirit in them.

Thus, in trying to bring over the foreign artist into the atmosphere of Indian life or in sending over our own artists with their home-born ideals to take shape under the training of the best foreign schools, we expose ourselves to two-fold dangers. First, it results either in the loss of Indian tone and inspiration or in its subordination to school mannerism and technique to such an extent that any distinctive native element disappears.

Secondly, our artist is apt to bring from abroad not only the technique of the foreign school but the more depressing and repellant aspect of its spirit.

India inspite of its contact with the materialised West is essentially a spiritual country—a country of spiritual symbolism and mysticism. If ever we create an art in India which will be distinctly national in character that art must be a spiritual one.

B. Method II.—Revival of our ancient art.

Abanindranath Tagore and his works.

This brings us to Sreejut Abanindranath Tagore who is the chief practical exponent of the view that in order to develop an Indian School of art we must introduce art, pure and simple, as it was in ancient India. Now, the ancient Indian art was essentially ideal. Every picture of the ancient Indian artist was a symbolism with a deeper spiritual meaning hidden within. To him the physical form of the object was nothing. To him the abstract ideal was the true and real part of the picture, the form of the object depicted was its symbolical and unreal part. This subjective aspect of art—this symbolism and mysticism, this essentially Indian spirit which we miss in the paintings of Ravi Varma, we find in the pictures of Abanindranath and some of his followers. The paintings of Tagore are of a very superior order. Take, for instance, his "Buddha and Sujata." Don't look at the details but take a general and yet a deep view of the whole picture. There is a mystic ethereal spirituality and a distinct Indian spirit of devotion and religion about this master-piece. A balmy odour of incense and soft murmuring words of devotion of a spirit freed and purified of evil passions, like some diamond cleansed of impure matters, seem to arise from the picture and make our minds for the time being purified and raised above the sordid level of earth.

But this tendency to ignore form is fraught with a danger. We are afraid, this talk about imitating the ancient art of India is being converted into a *cant*. In blindly imitating the ancient Indian art, some modern artists are *purposely* making their figures grotesque. Whatever might have been the fault of the ancient art, it was natural and spontaneous, the direct outcome of the inward conception of the artist. Such is not the case with the modern students of art in India. These students deliberately ignore form and make their pictures grotesque and often heinous. The result of this would be that the Indian art while losing its pristine beauty of naturalness and spontaneity would gain nothing by way of compensation. Besides, times are now altered. The ideas of the Indian nation are not what they once were. The abstract ideals of the ancient artists of India are clothed in a form which would scarcely have

any meaning or attraction for the imagination of the people at large and therefore whose interest is not likely to be very deep or permanent. This very exclusiveness of the Indian art from the world is one of the many reasons which have prevented the growth of a truly national school of art in this country. In order that a national art may be developed to its greatest height, it is absolutely necessary that it should appeal to the universal heart of humanity and not merely to any particular section of it.

Beside the above two methods, there is a third method which we should adopt in order to develop our art of painting.

C. METHOD III.—RETAINING THE SPIRIT OF INDIAN ART
WITHOUT IGNORING ALTOGETHER THE
OBJECTIVE ASPECT OF ART.

The art of painting is, unlike the arts of music and poetry, a *shaping* art. Therefore, we can not, indeed should not, altogether do away with its objective aspect. The objective aspect of art is a minor—a most minor point in the art of painting; still, it is a point and however subordinate we may make it to the higher aspect of art, we can not altogether ignore it. The shrine of God must be worthy of God. Perfect idealism and the imperfect form in which it is clothed go ill together. Because the Indian artist should try to make his art spiritual, because he should always have before his mind's eye ideals at once the highest and the noblest which human nature is capable of conceiving, it is all the more necessary that he should clothe his idealism with an outward symbol which would be worthy of the great spiritualism within, with a form which would appeal to the heart of the Indian people, if not of the whole world. The artist must and should learn the technique of his art, although, no doubt, in the "fine arts *mere* technique and its application will go but a little way towards success. It is absurd to suppose that a painting in order to be perfectly ideal must be grotesque in form, that a painting in its higher stage giving scope to the play of our imagination must be displeasing to our eyes. The form and technique are part and parcel of the idealism in art. The great ideal painter will never labour for perfection of form but the perfect form will come to his magical brush naturally and spontaneously.

Let us not for a moment be misunderstood here. We are not at all going to lay down here what perfect form is. It is not for us to define what beauty of form is. It is only the instinctive and inspired genius of the great artist that can catch hold of the form appropriate to circumstance, time and place. A fully developed muscular form, for example, is by no means the perfect form of man. If the figure of Buddha in Abanindranath's "Buddha and Sujata" instead of being slim

and aerial in body which seems to vanish at the mere touch of matters earthly, were like that of Hercules or Sandow, surely that would not have been perfection of form. Indeed whatever might be the theoretical view of Tagore, in practice he does care for form and in "Buddha and Sujata", the general outline of the figure is soothing and gratifying to our eyes. It is only when we come to the details of the form, we find them to be disproportionate and not in keeping with the whole figure. None can define what beauty of form is because the beautiful forms are unlimited.

The conclusion that we arrive at is this :— Besides the two ways of developing our Indian art mentioned above *viz.*, either implanting the highly developed art of Europe in India, or going back to art just as it was in ancient India, there is a third way open to us, *viz.*, retaining the *spirit*—the *subjective* aspect of Indian art but not neglecting the lower aspect of art—its *form*—its *objective* side. The objective side of art should not be given mastery over its subjective side, as is the tendency with the art in Europe. The former should be subordinated to the latter without the latter being altogether ignored. In art as in Ethics the point of virtue lies midway between two opposite extremes.

MYSTERY AND REVERENCE.

By Lalbehari Ray.

Fourth year Class, Ripon College.

It is a doubtful question whether there is any necessary connection between mystery and reverence, whether they are causally connected or not. It would be seriously diminishing the value and worth of reverence if it be counted as the sole result of mystery and ignorance. It would be highly presumptuous to assail its lofty position, but there is no doubt that reverence is often times the pure issue of mystery.

When a thing or an occurrence cannot be explained by our ordinary knowledge we are filled with wonder and this wonder is the sure precursor of reverence. It is from this wonder—which Carlyle calls "transcendent wonder"—that the worship of Nature by the primitive man, overpowered with the mysteries of the unknown, took its origin. It is this wonder for the unfathomable and the inscurtable character of the Universe, that explains our deep veneration for the Great Creator. The mighty creation of the vast Universe teeming with wonders,—the heaven-kissing mountain, the illimitable azure above, the ever-expansive ocean below, the radiant sun, the glowing stars and the dazzling exhalations tax our highest

imagination and mock our proudest scientific knowledge in the attempt to find out their real causes, and at last we exclaim "mysterious are the ways of the world." 'This very mystery fills us with reverential awe and devout meditation.

It is this mystery which induces us to attribute divinity to human beings. When we find men moving in a mysterious way, not followed by the ordinary run, we call them incarnations, messengers of God and with such other dignified appellations. Mahammad, Christ Bhuddha, were regarded as the angels of God, His representatives here below. So we see, mystery is greatly responsible for our reverence. But when the mystery is gone, reverence suffers. It is best expressed by the popular proverb, "too much familiarity breeds contempt." To keep reverence intact, a little mystery should be attached to it. When we know the great men in all particulars, in all the phases of their conduct in the very nook and corner of their life, much of our reverence vanishes away. When their conspicuous virtues are known to us, we feel prostrate before them in deep love and veneration, but when the least defect of their character (as perfection is not the lot of mortals) is revealed, our high esteem sinks to a lower ebb.

Let us take the cases of Milton, Elizabeth and Cromwell, the three grand representatives of poets, sovereigns and leaders of men. Milton was a grand epic poet, the mighty-mouthed-organ-voice of England, the man whom Wordsworth invoked to come down from heaven to give virtue, character and piety to the sunken people of England. So also Milton is to us, the grand man of heaven's special care, the all-immaculate poet of England. But when we peep into his character in all its bearings, we get a stern repellent. From his high position he sinks down to an ordinary libeller, an ordinary creature of passion. His furious invectives, his wounding libels against his religious and political opponents are really repelling.

Elizabeth, the mighty Queen, 'the gloriana' of Spenser was an ideal sovereign. As a sovereign, she was a perfect one but when her private character, her low morals, her vile amours come to our view, we are forced to lower our estimation, and the great Queen descends to a flirt, an abominable coquette.

Cromwell, the conspicuous leader of the republicans had a grave and noble cause in trying to put down tyranny and give his countrymen freedom and liberty—things worth having. But when his fierce outbursts of anger, his acts of violence come to our knowledge he appears to be a monster of cruelty.

Thus when mystery is gone, wonder vanishes and reverence dimi-

nishes. It is just for this reason that all forms of worship are clothed in some kind of mystery—not always intelligible, but of great use, as commanding reverence of the people.

So, there can be no denying that reverence, at least popular reverence, is largely determined by ignorance and mystery.

ON THE ALTERATION OF PYRITE OCCURRING IN STEATITE.*

By Sures Chandra Dutt, M. Sc.

Professor, Ripon College.

During the trip to the Pindari Glacier (lat $30^{\circ}-15\frac{1}{2}'$; long $80^{\circ}-2'$), in the month of June 1913, I collected, on the way, between Bageswar and Loharkhet several specimens of steatite with pseudomorphs of limonite after pyrite embedded in them. Subsequently when these specimens were examined, some interesting phenomena were observed. These are described below, in brief.

The American literature tells us that pyrite alters to limonite with increase in volume. But this increase in volume, as has been noticed in the case of Himalayan steatite, is responsible for the production of cracks originating from pseudomorphs and in directions more or less parallel to the direction of foliation of the steatitic schists. It is also responsible to some extent for the development of a peculiar structure having portions which are quite light and portions which are dark-coloured,—the other cause being the nature in which pyrite changes to limonite. The cracks round pseudomorphs are due to the relief of strain set up in the steatite by the increase in volume when limonite formed from pyrite.

Talc flakes have been observed in the foliation of the steatitic schists and in cracks where they are irregularly arranged. The materials necessary for the production of talc were accumulated in two different ways, *viz.*, (a) in situ (b) by transportation,—in the former case quartz and dolomite were present in the schists itself and talc was produced by the introduction of moisture, but in the latter case the quartz and dolomite were carried in solution to the cracks where they were deposited in the form of talc in irregular manner.

Chlorite a highly ferruginous secondary mineral characteristically decomposes into quartz, dolomite and limonite. The way in which the decomposition progresses is interesting and has no mention in current

* This is a summary of the paper read in the First Quarterly meeting of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science, February 26th, 1916,—Eds.

literature. Chlorite fibres decompose at the ends and not at sides and this Chlorite has been produced from iron bearing mineral in the original rock, which at its some period of geological history gave rise to pyrite crystals in deep seated zone, at the chemically active centres in the rock itself from the ferruginous matter present in it in some form or other.

The most interesting fact of which there is no mention in the current literature is the occurrence of the planes of alteration in pyrite. As a matter of fact, the original of which this is the summary was read in the Meeting of the Science Association to put on record this investigation. Compared with this the other facts, though of much scientific value are not so important. The great German geologist Rosenbush says alteration in pyrite starts from the periphery towards the interior. It has been observed that alteration starts from periphery no doubt but progresses inwards through planes parallel to (100) and (111), the former plane being more easily and energetically attacked and thus in the case of pyrite the cleavage planes and the alteration planes are in the same direction.

THE IDEAL STUDENT.*

By Baidyanath Chatterji.

First year class, Ripon College.

What is an ideal student?

An ideal student is not necessarily one who is best in intellect among his fellow students, an ideal student is not necessarily one who is most regular in his studies, an ideal student is not one who can work out a puzzling multiplication in the twinkling of an eye. Such low thoughts of an ideal we waive at the outset. The seeker of a student ideal must have to soar high,—very high from the region of the narrow thoughts aforesaid, and have to suffer not a little difficulty to find out his object of search. For, a ideal student, we are sorry to observe, is a very rare creature to be found in lots in every cottage, in every hamlet, in every house or in every town. If any-body thinks that an ideal student is so cheap a commodity in the market, he is awfully mistaken, and he can safely bid us good-bye.

The character of the ideal student is one which it is worth while to turn our attention to. In estimating the character of a student we often make serious blunders; the obvious smartness and good preparation of studies on the part of the student often delude our weak minds, and

* Read at a meeting of the Literary Union, Ripon College.

we are at once led to consider him as the ideal student. We are so foolish as to think that the quickness in answering questions in the class or the heading of the list of successful candidates at the examination are the only marks of distinction in the ideal student. Thus far we test a student, and when we find that up to this point he is all right, he begins to rise in our estimation day by day, and we most graciously bestow upon him the ostentatious and meaningless title of 'Good-boy.'

• Matters, however, look quite different if we examine the student in a different way. The ideal student, as the present Earl of Meath tells us, must bear in mind the four principles, Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice, and must strictly follow them in word and deed. The venerable old man laid such stress upon the four words in a lecture he delivered to the students of the Hare and Hindu Schools (of which I had the proud privilege of being one), that whenever I remember the good Earl, those four words happen to sooth my ears in the very voice and accent of the man. At least fifty times did the Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland repeat those four words and fifty times they were resounded in the hall.

But among all the qualities aforesaid, Duty is the most important, and duty involves everything. It is your duty to be good, it is your duty to be truthful, and it is your duty to be regular in your studies. Your duty is to be a patriot, and like the noble Circinnatus, you must fly from your calm work in the field and go on to lead your army for your king and country. Duty must be the predominant virtue of a student and he must do his duty at all costs. And the manner in which he does his duty will be the most splendid demonstrations of the character of the man himself. Like the renowned sentinel of Pompei he must stick to his post without caring whether the monstrous Vesuvius covers the earth with its ravaging ashes. Like the American legislator he must be seen in the act of doing his duty even if the Day of Judgment arrives with all its deluging aspects. Like the brave soldiers on board the Brikenhead, he must save others first and smilingly embrace as his reward, death,—a most ghastly but honoured death. Death will be his reward, his only reward, no doubt, but still he must do his duty. Like the preacher Savonarola he must profess the truth without caring whether the king and the people are against it, or whether they threaten or intimidate him with the loss of life.

If history is consulted, we find that from the earliest times there have been thousands of martyrs, thousands of people dying for their religion and their truth. Thousands have tolerated most dastardly crucifixions, thousands pined in hellish dungeons, and thousands have poured forth

their sacred blood on scaffolds. And all of them braved death to do their duty, they braved death because they preferred death to dishonour—dishonour of disobedience to duty. Let the student who aspires to be an ideal of his class bear in mind the high sense of duty mentioned above, let him jump down in the water to save his comrade, and die, if death be his share, let him help his poor class fellow with a little money he can afford to pay, let him nurse his diseased fellow student, sit by his bed-side, speak to him in consoling tone and give to his troubled heart hope and affection. If by his contact he contracts his malady and die, his death will be for a noble cause, and death is a trifling thing to a man who knows what duty is.

Two more things now remain which ought to be discussed in detail. They are duty towards God and duty towards parents.

Our present educational system is so awfully bad that the students of our time are gradually degenerating in character ; their condition is a deplorable deterioration of what they were a hundred years ago. Instead of the modest, devout, and simple figure, we now find a haughty and foppish scoffer, the most abominable of atheists. They laugh at the name of God because they cannot imagine the existence of a supernatural being, because they cannot even guess that there is a heavenly hand to guide us. And this sort of foolishness on the part of students, now-a-days, is the immediate outcome of the education of the present time, and they are not to be blamed for that. We have now forgotten the noble and edifying maxims of the Mahabharata and spend a great deal of time in worthless novel-reading. The student of our time will shut up in his room till midnight, busily engaged in poring over the worst of detective stories, but never even for a moment turn a leaf of the Ramayana. "

Such is the deplorable condition of students now-a-days, that it is a custom to call a student the ideal of his class even if he is bereft of Godliness. The second most important virtue of reverence to parents has also become a rarity in students. Our civilization has taught us to hold a stranger in greater reverence than our parents. We, students generally pay a great deal respect to an outsider, but never treat our parents as they desire. A so-called educated man of the present days is so foolish and unmannerly that his uneducated father is lowered in his estimation, and he does not lose the slightest opportunity of proving the ignorance of the father. The student-life of such people has been totally worthless, and all their education has been only to increase their brutality. By the general suffrage of the so-called civilised people of our time they may pass for educated men, but we must say that education without reverence is no education at all.

The student ideal, we repeat again, in conclusion, is not a very commonplace individual. For, the heart of the ideal student must be consecrated with the most extraordinary virtues. And in his case also "the child is father of the man."

His must be a heart burning with patriotism and high sense of justice, even from his student life. From his very childhood his mind must soar freely in the region of celestial love and celestial beauty, his must be a heart noble, a conduct free from blemishes and a behaviour laudable—and even heavenly, if he is to grow up to a true man. And whatever he shall be in after-life shall bear true indications in his student-life. An ideal student has manifold virtues present in him with one that reigns paramount in his soul ; and that preponderating virtue helps him to strike out his position in after life. If he is to turn out a great scholar, he studies with great zeal, but amid all his studies he is sure to do his other duties—the faithful discharge of which marks the true man.

KEATS. (A SHORT APPRECIATION)

By Nagendra Krishna Mazumdar.

Third year class, Ripon College.

Every biographer who intends to write the life of Keats ought to give special attention to the first half of the nineteenth century, for that period brought in a new epoch, called by the literary men of England the second Renaissance. This memorable age was almost a counterpart of the great Renaissance of the early sixteenth century. During the time of the first Renaissance the transition from the middle ages to the modern world took place, the arts and letters were revived and the Hellenic spirit, culture and refinement were introduced into Europe. Similar events occurred in the time of the second Renaissance in England. The eminent men of letters in this age, not only hoisted the standard of revolt against the established Conventionalism—the customary diction, the stereotyped metre and so on, but directed also the master minds of England to the renewed study of the Hellenic literature, sculptures and refinement. Almost all the distinguished authors and poets in this remarkable period tried their utmost to put an end to Classicism and Keats also joined with them and united the ideals of ancient Greece with modern Romanticism.

Though Keats could not read Greek, the knowledge of the Greek classics

came to him through translations and books of reference, Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Chapman's translation of Homer, his direct contact with the Hellenic Sculptures and lastly the innate Greek tendency of his mind. In fact, Keats was fond of Greek arts and he was a Greek by nature and propensity. "Poetry according to Milton's saying" says Matthew Arnold, "should be simple sensuous and impassioned." Keats' poetry was furnished abundantly with sensuousness. He was the poet of the senses. The Hellenes were lovers of beauty and so was Keats. But we find with him the physical beauty spiritualised into a bright mystery and his very idea of beauty was the highest conception of all art. He found out the identity of beauty truth and goodness—a conception akin to the Greek *Hotti Kalon*, and only paralleled by the famous line of *Upanishada*; and his poetry is the outward expression of this great inward harmony in his soul. His thought dissolves into thought, imagination into imagination and his expressions are in the manner of a great poet. Though Keats died of consumption after having produced a few books of verses, his genius did not cease to remain supreme after his death. He secured the highest reputation in the literary world, his name was recorded in the annals of his country and his countrymen received him as a great poet scarcely inferior to Byron and Shelley. "No poet is great as a poet" says Swinburne, "whom no one could ever pretend to recognise as sublime. Sublimity is the test of imagination as distinguished from invention or from fancy." Milton was gifted with sublimity and for this reason he was recognised as a great poet. Whether Keats was enriched with this rare gift or not, we do not know, but we do know that he threw even the celebrity of Milton into shade by his masterly instinct in diction and in the poetic use of words. Keats was really endowed with rare genius. Few poets of England has been able to establish a renown like him in such a premature age. Had he lived longer, no body could say what he might have been. But his lot forbade and his life was cut short unfortunately. Whom the gods love they die young.

Echoes from College Life

ONWARD, RIPON COLLEGE—II.

By Baidyanath Chatterjée.

First Year Class, Ripon College.

Laugh not gentlemen. We are going to draw up further grievances in black and white. Grievances there are in every College, and why have we not ours? Speak out what you want! Be bold! Get yourself satisfied! If you want to see your Collge prosperous, it is your duty to find out its defects, throw them aside, and level the path before you.

To continue. We hear that that there is a thing in our College which goes by the name of Library Room. I do not know how many of you are acquainted with it, and how many of you have gone so far as to accost it in familiar terms. But I, an unfortunate being, have listlessly sauntered there many a time, paced up and down the range of the colossal almirahs, stopping at the variegated volumes that flash through the glittering glass, "mute-looking at the grave in which they lie." I do not see what those books are for. Are they destined to continue a life-long imprisonment? And, if it be so, I beg to know under what section they have been convicted. Is there no counsel to placed for them. Ah, poor things! The books of our Library are practically inaccessible to us. We have to produce our professor's certificate if we want to see any book. And even if we manage to procure a passport (?) it is not often that we are permitted to land. In the Library Room we are told that such and such book is not to be taken away, such and such book is very costly and therefore not to be parted with, or even students are advised not to read such and such book as it is not interesting. In this way, legal, political, social, and all other sorts of advice are given gratis to every customer, and we gain this much in addition, that our zeal for study is prudently nipped in the bud by some patronising voice in that room.

We are aware that there are other Colleges in Calcutta where students have not to move heaven and earth for a book. They can get it easily. The only thing they have to do is to fill up and sign certain forms and to produce their student-ship cards. Can there be no such method in our College also?

This much on the Library. Now, there is a hall in our College where we sit in leisure hours. They say it is the Common Room—a veritable

den of white friars. Here we do not see Magazines and Journals strewn on our tables as in other Colleges. Our conception of a common Room was somewhat different. But when we thrust in our heads in Ripon College we were astonished. Magazines are locked up in stout almirahs, profusely illustrated periodicals mercilessly double-locked, and six-penny Nelsons agonizingly groaning under treble lock and key, all these as precautionary steps against the daring student-burglars so well-known for their broad day-light robbery. Locking up is the order of the day in that strange kingdom. Who knows we may not be caught and locked up some day !

As the books and journals are locked up, we cannot meet them easily. Sometimes we are refused admittance altogether. Still it is a miracle to see how a learned discourse appears in our Magazine from time to time, with the heading,—On Our Common Room Table,—surely, this is a criticism of imaginary periodicals on our *Common Room Table*.

Mr. Reader, perhaps I am mistaken. If you aver that truly there are periodicals scattered like so many stars on our Common Room table you may be right. It may be that they are quite a mystery to the naked eye,—it may be that they do not present themselves to the vision of us unparadonable sinners. But we now repent.—We now, with folded hands, and face upwards, hopefully looked for the day when we shall be uplifted from our wretched course of living in the dungeons,—when we shall enjoy with mingled awe and wonder the all-pervading light of Heaven,—when our weak terrestrial eyes will gain new lustre, new life,—when we shall be able to run our improved eyes through the Magazines, quite at ease and thank our college with all our heart.

THE STUDENTS' FUND.

This fund was started in June, 1913, with the object of helping the poor and needy students of our College. We beg to publish the annual report (1915-1916) of this Fund, which will show the good work which it is doing to those for whom it is intended.

INCOME.

EXPENDITURE :—

Rs. 313 6 0	Names of Students.	Class.	Amount.			Purpose.
			Rs.	As.	P.	
	Satischandra Majumdar ...	4th Year B.	25	0	0	For buying books.
	Kaliranjan Mukherji ...	4th „ C.	16	0	0	For University fees.
	Krishnahari Bhattacharya ...	4th „ B.	16	0	0	„
	Sureshchandra Mukherji ...	„ „	16	0	0	„
	Sailendraanth Ganguli ...	2nd „ A.	24	0	0	„
	Harimohon Das Gupta ...	„ „	20	0	0	„
	Amullyachandra Bhattacharya ...	„ B.	16	0	0	„
	Bholanath Mukherji ...	„ „	16	0	0	„
	Akshayakumar Basu ...	„ „	16	0	0	„
	Devendranath Basu ...	„ „	10	0	0	„
	Srishchandra Ray ...	„ „	6	0	0	„
	Haripada Karmakar ...	„ C.	16	0	0	„
	Sasadhar Chatterji ...	„ A.	16	0	0	„
		Total Rs.	213	0	0	
	Balance in hand ...		100	6	0	

AN APPEAL TO THE STAFF.**By Badarikanath Bhattacharya.***Secretary—Ripon College Literary Union.*

The literary section of the Ripon Union fares like a bark steering its course through a ruffled sea which is sure to engulf it ere long unless the rudder be guided by a practised hand. And why? Let me explain the reason.

A Union requires sympathetic co-operation which means identity of interest among the members. The failure of such a union points either to the futility of its aim, or to the conservative character of the interest itself. But to carry this logic in the case of our Literary Union will be a vain conceit. Neither the aim is futile—then we strike the axe at the very root of the united intellectual culture, nor is it conservative, for what interest can be more all-appealing to the student-community. But we must seek for the reason rather in the reverted judgment of the students. They belittle our purpose and deem it a puerile attempt. And there is not the whole blame. The literary section stands at present on our immature hands, needing for its stability and existence a stronger personality, I mean, from the College Staff. Our professors promised gratuitous help at first, but at present it is a mathematical imaginary whose rigorous reality is in fancy only; but what puzzles us all the more is that we cannot do without it. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Union worked as it is, by our young heads alone, should be bedimmed in the eyes of the students. So to make our union a success, we require not only co-operation from the boys, but also sincere aid from our professors; and I think, this our prayer will not be a cry in the wilderness.

Glimpses of the past

Every College takes pride in its roll of brilliant alumni, and we are not ready to place ourselves above that human frailty. Through ours is not a college of knights yet still it is a college of civilians, and we hope it would not be bringing down the censure of the world, if we speak little about our 'lesser lights.' We are very glad to note the following among others :—

The Hon. Mr. Justice Naliniranjan Chatterji M.A., B.L., and one of His Majesty's Pious Judges of the High Court of Calcutta, was a student of Ripon Law College and passed his B.L., in 1888.

The Hon. Mr. Kaminikanta Chandra, M.A., B.L., the leading advocate of the Sylhet bar (Cachar) was also a student of this Law College and took his B.L., degree in the same year with the Hon'ble Justice Chatterji.

The Hon. Mr. A. K. Fazlul Huque, a well-known vakil of the Calcutta High Court passed the B.L. examination in 1897 from this College.

Principal Janakinath Bhattacharya M.A., B.L., Principal Ripon Law College and senior Professor of English, also took his B.L., degree from this College in 1894. From a student he has risen to be the Principal of our Law College.

The Late Dr. Priyanath Sen, one of the leading advocates of the Calcutta bar, whose portrait was unveiled in the Vakils' Library only the other day by Sir Asutosh Mookerji, was also a law student and passed the B. L. in 1896.

The Late Syama Prasanna Majumdar (Gold medalist) was our student in the Law College.

Mr. Haricharan Sastri, M.A., B.L., one of the practising Vakils of the Calcutta High Court, also got his B.L. degree from the Ripon Law College.

Mr. Kunjabehari Ballav, M.A., B.L., (Gold medalist) Munsiff, was our student in 1901 in the Law College.

Mr. Probodhchandra Basu M.A., B.L., (Gold medalist) Munsiff, read in our Law College and took his degree in 1897.

Mr. Indubhusan Brahmachari, M.A., B.L., (Roychand Premchand Student) Professor of Mathematics, Calcutta University, and Vakil Calcutta High Court, passed his B.L., in 1904 from Ripon Law College.

Mr. Baidyanath Narayan Sinha, M.A., B.L., Vakil, High Court and

fellow of the Calcutta University took his B.A., degree in 1905 and B.L., in 1907 from our College.

Mr. Bepinvehari Gupta, M.A., Professor of History, Ripon College was a student of this college for the four years of his under-graduate career. He passed F.A., in 1893, and B.A., with double Honours in English and History in 1895.

Mr. Harendrakumar Mukerji, M.A., Asst. Professor of English, Calcutta University was a student of this college from the 8th class to B.A., which he passed in 1897. His is a record of continuous career in the same institution which he left only because there was no affiliation of the M.A. standard.

Mr. Bholanath Banerji, M.A., B.L., Dy. Supdt. of Police was another student with a record of continuity. He began in the 8th class and went right up to M.A., and B.L. which he passed in 1903 and 1905 respectively.

Mr. Haridas Saha, M.A., Professor, Dacca College, passed his B.A., with Honours in Physics and Chemistry in 1898 from this College.

Mr. Radhagovinda Bhawani, Professor, M. C. College, Sylhet, got his B.A., degree with Honours in Physics and Chemistry.

Mr. Baikanthachandra Ray, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Krishnanath College, Berhampur, graduated from this College in 1899 with first class Honours (First) and also took his M.A., degree in Mathematics, from our College heading the list of the successful candidates.

Mr. Beniprasad Chatterji, Superintendent, Military Accounts, passed his B.A., with Honours in Mathematics in 1906 from this College.

Notes and News

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the following extract from the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy delivered on the occasion of the foundation of the Hindu University :—It is the declared policy of the Government of India to do all within their power and within their means to multiply the number of Universities throughout India, realising as we do that the greatest boon Government can give to India is the diffusion of higher education through the creation of new Universities. Many more are needed but the new Universities to be established at Dacca, Benares and Bankipore soon to be followed, I hope by the universities in Burma and Central Provinces may be regarded as steps taken in the right direction.* Here at any rate in this city is a case where we can all stand together upon a common platform, for no one can dispute that the Benares Hindu University will add to the facilities for higher education and remove to some extent the pressure of existing institutions, while it is a proud boast of all, at least one of those, who have so successfully engineered this movement that the degree of the Benares Hindu University shall be not only not lower but higher in standard than those of the existing Universities. It has even been claimed that this University will only justify its existence when the education given within its precincts shall make it unnecessary for Indian students to go to foreign countries for their studies and when such expeditions will be limited to advanced scholars and professors who will travel abroad to exchange ideas with the doctors and learned men of other continents in order to make the latest researches in all branches of knowledge available to their own alumni at Benares.

* * * * *

But this University is going to do something more than merely increase the existing facilities for higher education. Its constitution embodies principles that are new to India in that this is to be a teaching and residential as contrasted with an affiliating and examining University. * * * Perhaps I was wrong to say that these principles are new to India for though in ancient times there was nothing quite like a modern University its prototype may be dimly discerned in the far distant past and the tradition that comes down to us, is one of thousands of students gathered round the great teachers as Vashishta and Gautama and indeed the whole Indian idea of education is wrapped up in the conception of a group of pupils surrounding their Guru in loving reverence and not only imbibing

the words of wisdom that fall from his lips but also looking up to him for guidance in religion and morality and moulding their characters in accordance with his precept and example.

* * * * *

The friends and admirers of the late Mr. Gokhale in Bengal met together on the first anniversary of his death in the new rooms of the Indian Association to inaugurate the proposed Gokhale Society. It was agreed to found the Society immediately with the following objects :

- (1) To establish in Calcutta a well equipped Library for the study of political, economic, historical, social and administrative questions ;
- (2) To institute prizes and scholarships for the encouragement of a careful study of public questions ;
- (3) To spread elementary education amongst all classes of people ;
- (4) To publish from time to time informing and well-considered books, pamphlets and journals dealing with current public questions and to arrange public lectures and discussions thereon ;
- (5) To train youngmen for work directed to the improvement of the social, economic or political condition of the people ;
- (6) To maintain on suitable allowances a body of qualified workers for carrying on work calculated to promote the social, economic political welfare of the people.

* * * * *

Recently an interesting archaeological discovery was made at Baram in the District of Manbhum. Baram is a little village on the river Kansa bati inhabited by illiterate and low class people. Near it are three brick-built temples of the Jain type. There are no images in them. Fifty or sixty bighas of land adjacent are covered with the remains of temples. This place is within the jurisdiction of the Panchkote Raj. A month ago the Jaigirdar of the place was digging and found a stone temple and some images within. Of them seven or eight are big *Siva-lingas*. An image of the ten-handed Goddess has been found and another of Budha has been traced. Besides there are several images of black marble. In the Hindu scriptures, the names of Baidyanath and Bakranath and Siddhanath are found. Some are of opinion that one of the images is that of Siddhanath.

* * * * *

The thirst for Higher Education is increasing in the Punjab. Lala Mangal Sen of Gujranwala proposes to found a new College in Gujranwala. The Punjab University has appointed a committee to make a local enquiry with special reference to the financial position of the proposed College.

* * * * *

So keen is the thirst of some Punjabi youths for academical honours that one of them, baulked of success in the Entrance, proceeded legally against the University ! The Senior Sub-Judge Lahore, has given judgment

in this case. The Judge's finding was against the plaintiff under several heads, and he dismissed the suit with costs.

The highest distinction (medal) in the School of Practical Engineering, Crystal Palace, has been obtained by Menyur Kesvan of Rangoon. This is the first occasion on which the Medal, has been awarded to an Indian student.

His Excellency Lord Carmichael opened the Commercial Museum at the Imperial Secretariat Buildings. The Museum contains an interesting collection of exhibits of articles of Indian manufacture. The exhibits also included samples of some of the principal qualities of goods largely imported into Calcutta market with a view to demonstrate the class of goods with their respective prices with which Indian Manufacturers have to compete. * * *

Captain Petavel is endeavouring to make more generally known an eminently satisfactory solution for the whole problem of *middle class unemployment*. Briefly, modern methods have obliterated the hard and fast line between the work of the "gentleman" caste and that of the manual worker. Machines do the drudgery and also work that formerly demanded skilled craftsmanship. This holds goods in agriculture as well as in manufacture. Therefore, operating on a sufficiently large scale, it is not only possible now but quite easy to produce for themselves by far the greater part of what they use and consume. These improved methods not only do away with craftsmanship but reduce enormously the labour of every kind of production. These organisations would therefore take boys for training who, working a few hours a day helped by improved modern method would earn as much as they would have done working the whole day at home under primitive conditions; and so without their parents being deprived of their little contribution to the family earnings, they would be able to get at good elementary education as well as industrial and agricultural training. A strong association has been formed in England to advocate this plan as the best system of popular education; the Late Lord Roberts was among those who wrote very strongly encouraging Captain Petavel on his work when at the suggestion of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Captain Petavel came to India.

Dr. A.andal has returned from his tour in the Far East and has brought some rare specimens of plants, and a very old fainting of Confucius.

* * * * *

Prof. Karve, the famous founder of the Poona widows' home, is

now engaged in scheme for the establishment of a Women's University at Poona. He is now touring throughout India for this purpose.

* * * * *

A new leaf in the history of Indian education is turned with the formation of the united Province Education conference, the first session of which was held on the 18th January last under the Presidency of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. The conference was attended by all classes—Hindus, Mohomedans and Christians. It held that the promotion of primary education was as much a duty of the Government as that of secondary education and urged that municipalities should be allowed to levy a special tax to make education free and compulsory. The early establishment of industrial, technical and commercial schools, as providing new openings for over youngmen, was also insisted upon.

* * * * *

The problems of the Mahomedan community were discussed All-India-Mohomedan Educational Conference held at Poona under the presidency of Justice Abder Rahim.

* * * * *

A proposal for the establishment of an All-India Shia College at Lucknow is on foot. A representative deputation headed by H. H, the Nawab of Rampur, waited upon the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Province.

* * * * *

It is gratifying to note that following the brilliant examples of Baroda and Mysore, His Highness the Maharaja of Holkar has been pleased to make elementary education compulsory.

Dr. Pramathanath Banerjee has got B.Sc. of London. We congratulate him on his success.

বাংলা-রচনা ।

ফাস্তুনী ।

অধ্যাপক শ্রীবটুকনাথ ভট্টাচার্য্য, এম, এ ।

জোড়াসাঁকোয় ফাস্তুনীর অভিনয় দেখিতে যাই। দেখিয়া ফিরিবার কালে, বন্ধুরা জিজ্ঞাসা করিলেন, “আপনি কেমন দেখিলেন?” আপনি শব্দের উপর যে জোরটুকু তাহার ইহাই ঈঙ্গিত বলিয়া মনে হইল, যে আমার দেখায় যেন কোন বিশেষত্ব আছে। যাহা হউক, বলিলাম “প্রশ্নের উত্তর এক কথা—দেওয়া সম্ভব নহে—কেননা, নানা রকম ও অনেক সময়ে বিরুদ্ধ ভাব মনে উদ্ভিত হইতেছে—কাজেই দেখা কাণ্ডটা এক হইলেও, দেখার ফল জড়িত হইয়া পড়িতেছে। তবে, একটা জিনিষ খুব স্পষ্টই বোধ হইতেছে, গ্রন্থখানি অর্থহীন নহে; যদিও, অভিনয়ের বহুস্থলেই কর্ণে পশিয়াছে যে, “অর্থমনর্থং ভাবয় নিত্যং”। তবে এই ফাস্তুনী নাটকের অর্থ “উপার্জন” বা “উপলব্ধি” করা বিশেষ দুঃস্থ। কারণ হেঁয়ালি যে “দাদার” চোপদীর মধ্যেই বাধা পড়িয়াছে, তাহা নহে, ছড়ার বেশেও তাহা বিচরণ করিয়া থাকে।

• যাউক সে কথা, অভিনয়ের বাহ্য উপকরণ সম্বন্ধেই কিছু বলি। যখন একথা উঠে, তখন উদ্ভোক্তাদিগের প্রশংসা না করা অসম্ভব। বাঁকুড়া দুর্ভিক্ষপীড়িতেরা যে আর্জুনাদ তুলিয়াছে—কবির করুণ হৃদয়ে তাহার কাতর প্রতিধ্বনি আত্মপ্রকাশ করিয়াছে—এবং ফলে তিনি, বয়স ও সামাজিক প্রতিপত্তিজনিত গাভীর্ষ্য হইতে আত্মমোচন করিয়া, কবিস্বলভ তনয়তার সহিত আপনাকে লোকসমক্ষে প্রকটিত করিয়াছেন। সঙ্কল্পতার ইহা হইতে পরিস্ফুট নিদর্শন আর কি হইতে পারে? তবে ইহাও উল্লেখ্য যে কবি নিজ চরিত্র, নিজ ব্যক্তিত্বের সীমা লঙ্ঘন করেন নাই—বরং এমন সকল ভূমিকা গ্রহণ করিয়াছেন, যাহাতে তিনি নিজ স্বরূপকে আরও স্পষ্ট, ও সুন্দর, ও সত্যভাবে প্রকাশ করিতে পারেন—কবিশেখর ও বাউলের মধ্যে রবিবাবুর প্রতিচ্ছবি অতি আনন্দিতভাবে প্রমাণিত হইতেছে। যে সকল শিল্পী দৃশ্যপটের আয়োজন ও সমাবেশ করিয়াছেন—তাঁহারা সাধারণ থিয়েটারী পথে না চলিয়া—চিন্তা ও চতুরতার ব্যয় করিয়া সমস্ত ব্যাপারটিকে নাটকের প্রাণ ও আবহাওয়ার অনুরূপ করিতে যত্ন

করিয়াছেন। আমার বরাবরই ধারণা ছিল—যে ঠাকুরবাড়ীতে সুকুমার কলাশিকার প্রাচুর্য্য; এবং তাহার ফলে, সকল বিষয়েই উপভোগ ও উপদেশ লাভ করিবার অমূল্য একটা স্বপ্ন বৈচিত্র্য তাঁহাদের নিজস্ব। সেই ধারণা এই অভিনয় দর্শনে পরিস্ফুট হইল। সৌন্দর্য্যবোধ ও সৌন্দর্য্য আবিষ্কারের জন্ত একটা অভিনিবেশ বহুদিকেই আপনাকে বিবৃত করিতে লাগিল। সম্মুখের যবনিকার দুই পার্শ্বে বৃহদায়তনে অঙ্কিত পদ্মপত্র, মৃণালদণ্ড ও বিকশিত পদ্মফুল। উপরি উড্ডীন বলাকা—কোথায়ও মেঘের ভিতর অর্দ্ধলুপ্ত—কোথায়ও তরুণ রবিকিরণে বিচ্ছুরিত। মাঝের পরদায়, রক্তবর্ণের অন্তরালের ভিতর, স্বেত সরোরুহ—পশ্চাতের আলোকে উজ্জ্বল। এই মাঝের পরদা ও অর্দ্ধোন্মোচিত যবনিকার অন্তরালে “বৈরাগ্য সাধন” গ্রহসনের অভিনয়।

দুই পরদাই যখন উন্মোচিত হইল, তখন দেখিলাম—এক অপূর্ণ দৃশ্য উপস্থিত করিবার সরঞ্জাম—সম্মুখে নীলাকাশ—সমস্ত ঘটনার সাক্ষী ও background স্বরূপে—নক্ষত্রে উজ্জ্বল—মস্তকে চন্দ্রকলা শোভা পাইতেছে চারিদিকেই বসন্তে প্রফুল্ল আনন্দময় স্বরূপ পরিস্ফুট—ফুলে অবনত তরু—লতা—কুঞ্জকানন। দূরে—হিমালী প্রচ্ছন্ন গিরিশিখর—শীত এখনও সেখানে বসতি করিয়া আছে। দৃশ্যপটের সমাবেশে একটা ত্রুটি দেখিলাম—বৈচিত্র্যের অভাব। আলোকের ভ্রাস বৃদ্ধি, এবং ভিন্ন ভিন্ন সময়ে ও ভিন্ন ভিন্ন স্থানে আলোকপাতের দ্বারা এই ত্রুটি শুধিয়া লইবার চেষ্টা ছিল বটে—কিন্তু তাহা সম্পূর্ণ সার্থক হয় নাই। রূপকের নিত্যন্ত অবাস্তব জগতের সৃষ্টিকল্পে এ সকল দৃশ্য পটাদির বৈচিত্র্য না থাকিলে রসের সঞ্চার করা দুর্ব্বল হইয়া উঠে।

ইহা হইল অভিনয়ের বাহ্য উপকরণের সমালোচনা। হাবভাবভঙ্গীর দিক্ হইতে দেখিলে, ত্রীযুক্ত অবনোক্তনাথ ঠাকুরের শ্রতিভূষণের ভূমিকা সূচারু রূপে সম্পাদিত হইয়াছিল বলিতেই হইবে। এই শ্রতিভূষণের চরিত্র কবির এক বিচিত্র কীর্ত্তি—তবে ইহার অবতারণায় কবি যে হাশ্বরসের উদ্বেগ করিতে চাহিয়াছেন—তাহা অবশ্য স্বীকার্য্য—এবং তাহাতে তিনি কৃতকার্য্যও হইয়াছেন। “দাদার” কার্য্যকলাপ, অঙ্গভঙ্গী এমন কি আকৃতি পর্য্যন্ত অত্যন্ত স্বাভাবিক হইয়াছিল। ঘরছাড়ার দলের মধ্যে কাহাকেও বিশেষত্ব দিবার চেষ্টা কবি করেন নাই—সদস্যের অভিনয় তৃপ্তিপ্রদ হয় নাই—চন্দ্রহাস যে কিরূপ হইলে ভাল হইত, তাহাই বলা কঠিন—কার্য্যের ক্ষীণভিত্তির উপর বাগাড়ম্বরের বিপুল প্রাচীর তুলিলে—ব্যক্তিত্ব প্রায় ঢাকাই পড়ে। বাকী রহিলেন কবিশেখর এবং বাউলের ভূমিকায় স্বয়ং রবান্দ্রনাথ। প্রাবীণ্য ও প্রতিপত্তির জন্ত তাঁ মহন্যতা সাধারণ মানবে দৃষ্ট হয়—রবীন্দ্রনাথ, তাহা হইতে আপনাকে উদ্ধার করিয়াছিলেন; বোধ হয়—দৃষ্টান্ত উপদেশের চেয়েও প্রবলতর-বোধে উদ্ধার যৌবনের জয়গীতি ফুকারিতে, কবি নিজেকেই “আমরা বয়সের গুটিকাটা প্রজাপতি” এই কথার উদাহরণ

স্থলে পরিণত করিয়াছেন। তাঁহার সঙ্গীতে সকল সময়ে প্রাচ্য রাগের মধুরতা ছিল না বটে—কিন্তু পাশ্চাত্য সঙ্গীতের ভাবব্যক্তিগণের তাহাতে বিস্তর বর্তমান ছিল। জিনিষটা নূতন। Dramatic Musicএর রস উপলব্ধি করিতে হইলে প্রথমে তাহাতে অভ্যস্ত হইতে হয়। রবীন্দ্রনাথের কবিশেখরভূমিকায় আবির্ভাব বেশ কোতুকাবহ হইয়াছিল। এই কবিশেখরটাকে দেখিয়া আমার মনে হইল বিদূষকের স্বল্পে দেশনায়কের মস্তক সংযোজিত হইয়াছে। কবিশেখর যখন রাজার নির্বেদাক্রান্ত মনকে সুস্থ করিবার জন্য দার্শনিক যুক্তিরাশিকে নানাবর্ণের সূতায় অনুসৃত কাব্যের রেশমী কাপড়ে ঢাকিয়া বিবৃত করিলেন—যখন সেই দার্শনিক ব্যাখ্যা কাব্যভাষা কথায় ছটায় বাহিরিল—তখন অনেক সহৃদয়ের মুখে বিষয়জনিত স্নিতের উদ্বেক হওয়া অস্বাভাবিক হয় নাই। অন্ধ বাউলের ভূমিকায় কবীন্দ্রকে নটরূপে দেখিয়া Maeterlinck এর 'The Sightless' নামক রূপক নাটকের কথা মনে পড়িল। উভয়ের মধ্যে যে সাদৃশ্য অনেকাংশে নাই—তাহাও নহে। রবিবাবু নিজের আয়ত্তীকৃত সমগ্র অভিনয় বিত্তা এই বাউলের চরিত্র পরিস্ফুটনে প্রয়োগ করিয়াছিলেন। এ বাউল কবিরই ছায়া। ইনি, যে “গানাৎ পরতরং নহি,” সেই গানের সাহায্যে, সংসারের মূলীভূত তত্ত্বগুলি প্রাচীন মন্ত্রদ্রষ্টাদিগের, সত্যাবলোকিগণের মত উপলব্ধি করতঃ প্রচার করেন। ইনি একাধারে কবি এবং ঋষি, প্রচারক এবং নায়ক। বুড়ার অন্ধসন্ধানের অবসানে ঘরছাড়ারা যখন এক অপূর্ণ অবর্ণনীয় দেশে উপস্থিত হইল—যেখানকার ভাবটা উপনিষদের ভাষায় বলিতে গেলে—“ন তত্র সূর্যো ভাতি ন চন্দ্রতারকং নেমা বিহ্যতো ভাস্তি কুতোহয়মগ্নিঃ”—সেই সময়ে, সেই আঁধার আলোকের পরিণয়ের দেশে যৌবনের সার্থকতার তীর্থের সন্নিকটে, বাউলের অধিনায়কস্বরটাকে স্পষ্ট ও সতেজ স্বরূপদিতে কবি যথেষ্ট প্রয়াস পাইয়াছিলেন। কিন্তু তৎসঙ্গেও যাহারা তত্ত্ব খোঁজে—এবং এ ভূতান্তরে সেজাতীয় লোকের অভাব নাই—তাহারা “অন্ধেনৈব নীরমানাঃ যথাক্কাঃ” বাক্য স্মরণ করিবে। মোটের উপর, ফাস্তনী নাটক হিসাবে আত্মস্ত চিত্তাকর্ষক হয় নাই। বিশেষতঃ অভিনয়ের শেষের দিকে নীরস বাক্যসম্প্রদায় ভিতর কথঞ্চিৎ প্রচ্ছন্ন রূপক আত্মপ্রচার করিতেছে—ইহাই বারম্বার মনে হইতে লাগিল। আলাঙ্কারিকদের জড়বুদ্ধির কথা সর্বজনবিদিত—আবার অল্পদিকে লক্ষণ নির্দেশ ও শ্রেণী বিভাগেও তাঁহাদের দক্ষতা বিষয়জনক। সেই জন্ত আলাঙ্কারিকদের নির্ণীত অষ্টবিধ রসের উপরে abstract conception বা অমূর্ত কল্পনার প্রতি অহেতুকী প্রীতিরূপ নবম রসের সৃষ্টি করিতে গেলে মহাশয় হৃদয়ের বৃত্তির সহিত সম্ভাব বজায় থাকে না। এবং ইহাই কল্পনীর সমগ্র ভার প্রীতিপ্রদতার অভাবের কারণ।

সে বাহা হউক গ্রন্থের অন্তর্নিহিত তত্ত্ব বা উপদেশটাকে যথাসম্ভব বাস্তব আকার দেওয়া যাউক। কাজটা বিপৎসঙ্কুল—নানারূপ মতবৈধের মূল। কিন্তু যৌবনের

বিবেচনাবিহীন প্রগল্ভতার অম্লসরণকেই কবি যখন অবলম্বনীয় বলিয়া শিক্ষা দিতেছেন, —তখন ভ্রমপ্রমাদের ভয়ে আত্মসন্কেচের বিশেষ প্রয়োজন দেখি না। আমার মনে হয়, “সবুজ পত্রে”র প্রথম আবির্ভাবের সময় কবি যে একটি কবিতায় তাহার স্বাগত সঙ্গীত গাহিয়াছিলেন—আজ সেই কবিতার মর্ম্মই তিনি কবিকরশোভন মৃদুমধুরবাদিনী বংশীর পরিবর্তে শিকার উদাত্ত শব্দে দিগন্তে প্রচারিত করিতে চাহিয়াছেন। আজ তিনি সামাজিক নূতনপন্থী মুক্তিকামিদিগের নেতৃত্ব গ্রহণ করিয়া, তাহাদিগের প্রবৃত্তি ও মনোভাবকে আশা ও আশ্বাসের বাণীর দ্বারা দৃঢ়তর করিয়া—পূর্ব্ব কথারই প্রতিধ্বনি করতঃ বলিতেছেন—

ওরে সবুজ ওরে নবীন ওরে আমার কাঁচা।

আধমরাদের ঘা মেরে তুই বাঁচা।

তাই মনে হয়, সমগ্র রূপকটী একটি হ্রস্ব প্রাণের গান—নূতন যৌবনের গান—নবীনের জয়ের গান।

ঘরছাড়ার দল ফাটনের চঞ্চল সময়ে উৎসবের সঙ্কল্পে বাহির হইয়াছে। তাহারা দাদার চোপদী অর্থাৎ অর্থযুক্ত মামুলী ধরণের উপদেশভিনিতা শুনিতে নারাজ; তাহাদের আশঙ্কা—“পুঁথির বুলির দেশে ঢুকলে কার্তিকমাসের কুয়াশার মত একেবারে ফ্যাকাশে হয়ে যেতে হয়”—“মনের মধ্যে একটুও রক্তের রঙ থাকে না”। “কিছু বুঝবে না বলেই তাহারা বেরিয়ে পড়েছে”। “বাঁচামরা, লড়াই করা বা কাজ করা, সবই তাহারা খেলার মত বা খেলার তালে তালে সম্পন্ন করিতে চাহে—সর্দার ইহার সমর্থনে সঙ্গীতের ছন্দে দৃষ্টান্ত দেখাইলেন যে প্রকৃতির কার্যাবলীও বিপুলায়ত্তন হইলেও এইরূপ ক্রীড়াচ্ছলেই সংঘটিত হইয়া যায়। ঘরছাড়াদের প্রতিজ্ঞা—তাহারা “মনের কোণে জ্ঞান খুঁজিবে না”, ভাবের বস্তার ভাসিয়া যাইবে। এমন অবস্থায় সর্দারের প্ররোচনায় তাহারা এক নূতন খেলার উদ্যুক্ত হইল—সেই “আত্মিকালের মাকাতার আমলের” অনন্তর বড়াকে ধরিয়া আনিবে। ঘোষণা করি, এই বৃদ্ধকে কবি অতীত কালের প্রভাবের আগ্রত মূর্ত্তি বলিয়া বুঝাইতে চাহেন। এ বৃদ্ধের আকার প্রকার অতি ভীষণ!—“সে কোন্‌ গুহার তলে তলিয়ে থাকে মরবার নাম করে না”। সকল প্রকার নির্জীবতার প্রাণহীনতার সঞ্চার করাই তাহার কার্য্য। “সে নিজের হিম রক্তটা গরম করে নিতে চায়, তপ্তযৌবনের পরে তার বড় লোভ”। “বিশ্ব-ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের পাজরের ভিতর তার বাসা” “সে কেবল মাত্র একটা মুণ্ড, একটা হাঁ, যৌবনের চাঁদকে গিলে, খাবার জন্তই তার একমাত্র লোভ,” “অগন্ত্যের মই পৃথিবীর যৌবন সমুদ্রে সে শুবে খেতে চায়”। এই বৃদ্ধের অপবাদ অনেক। সে “ভর” চোপদী, পণ্ডিত, পুঁথি এ সকলের সহচর। তাহার গুরুগিри ব্যবসারের উপর বিশেষ লোভ, এবং সহজেই অনেকে তাহার শিষ্য গ্রহণে প্রস্তুত। কিন্তু এ শিষ্যদের পল্লিগাম

অতি হৃৎখময়—মানুষের “খুলি স্ফুটতে সে বোঝাই করিয়া দেয়”, এবং তাহার ফলে মানুষ গতিশক্তিহীন ও প্রতিগ্রস্থিতে বাতরোগে আক্রান্ত হয়। ঘরছাড়ারা এহেন বৃদ্ধকে দোলপূর্ণিমার দিনে ঝোলায় উপর দোলাতে দোলাতে হাজির করিতে সর্দারের নিকট প্রতিজ্ঞাবদ্ধ হইল; উদ্দেশ্য—তাহাকে লইয়া বসন্তোৎসব করা। “খলি খুলি অলি গলি ছাড়িয়া, বৃদ্ধাঙ্গুষ্ঠ বুড়ো বুড়ো চোর ডাকাতদের দেখাইয়া পাগলামিকে মাত্র সহায় করতঃ—ঘরছাড়ারা বাহির হইয়া পড়িল। পথে এক খেয়া। তথায় প্রথমেই মাঝির সহিত সাক্ষাৎ। মাঝি নিজে বুড়ার সন্ধান দিতে অক্ষম হইয়া, “রাস্তার মোড়ে বসে চরকা কাটে যে বুড়ি”, তাহার নিকট ঘরছাড়াদের বাইতে উপদেশ দিল। কারণ “মাঝির নিজের দৌড় ঘাট পর্য্যন্ত, ঘর পর্য্যন্ত নহে।” এ মাঝির চিত্রে কোন্ পদার্থের ইঙ্গিত হইতেছে বলা কঠিন। এ ব্যক্তি গ্রীসীয় পুরাণ বর্ণিত Charon মাঝির আত্মীয় নহে ত? বোধ হয় এটি মানুষের পারলৌকিক চিন্তার মূর্ত্তিমতী অবতারণা। মৃত্যুর বৈতরণীতে যে পারলৌকিক চিন্তা কর্ণধাররূপে চির বিद्यমান—সে তীরস্থ কোন ঘরের খবর না রাখিতে পারে—কারণ এ ক্ষেত্রে মানুষের মন প্রত্যক্ষ ভিন্ন অগ্ন প্রমাণে প্রকৃত পক্ষে প্রত্যয় করে না। চিন্তায় উর্গনাভের জাল জটিল হইতে পারে—কিন্তু এ সকল বিষয়ে মানুষের মনকে সম্পূর্ণ প্রবোধ দিতে অসম্ভবমূলক করনা সমর্থ নহে। তাই অপার্থিব লোকের বার্তা—ঔদ্ধৈহিক অস্তিত্বের কথা—সেই দেশের সংবাদ, “from whose bourne no traveller ever returneth”—আমরা প্রত্যক্ষদর্শী ভিন্ন অগ্ন কাহারও মুখ হইতে গ্রহণ করিতে প্রস্তুত নহি। এই প্রসঙ্গে Tennysonএর

—Somewhere in the waste

The Shadow sits,.....

The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds”,—

মনে পড়ে না কি? আর, এই বৃদ্ধা যে পথিপার্শ্বে স্রুতা কাটে—এ কি সেই Fate নামে অভিহিতা মনুষ্যজীবনের নিয়ন্ত্রী তিন দেবীর একাকারে আবির্ভাব! একরূপ ধারণা নিতান্ত অসঙ্গত নহে। কবি বলিতেছেন, এই বৃদ্ধা “আত্মিকালের, সেই বুড়োর” খবর রাখে না। না রাখাই সম্ভব—কেন না, যাহা অতীত—যাহা কর্মজগতের পশ্চাতে গিয়া পড়িয়াছে—বর্তমান প্রাণিগণের ভাগ্যবিধাত্রী দেবীর সহিত তাহার আর কি সম্বন্ধ থাকিতে পারে? অনন্তর এই আভিধানিকের কোটালের দর্শন লাভ করিল। কোটালের “রাতের বেলার পাহারা—সে পথ চলতি যাদের দেখে সবারই এক ছাঁচের আকৃতি।” এই কোটালটিকে আমার Spirit of respectable society বা সদাচারসম্পন্ন ভদ্রসমাজের প্রবৃত্তি ও মনোভাবের সমষ্টিগত আকার বঙ্গিয়া মনে হয়। ইহার অন্তরে বিস্তেৰণা ও পুত্রেষণার স্থান আছে—সামাজিক

শান্তি ও শোভনতা স্থাপনের প্রয়াস আছে। কাজেই ইহার সহিত ঘরছাড়াদের, মিল না হওয়াই সম্ভব। কেন না উভয়ের “গতমো ভিন্নপথাঃ”।

“পথ চলিতে বাদের দেখি সবই এক ছাঁচের”—কোটালের এই কথা—

In Memoriamএর

Ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,
And merge, in form and gloss,
The picturesque of man and man”

এই কয় পঙ্ক্তি মনে পড়েনা কি ?

মাকি ও কোটালের সহিত কথাবার্তায় গৃহহীনদের পরস্পর বোঝাপড়ার স্তবিধা হইল না। উহারা দুইজনে ভাল কথা শুনিবার জ্ঞাত, চৈতন্যলাভের জ্ঞাত, দাদার “শোলোকে” মনোনিবেশ করিল। এক কলুব ছেলেকে সেই বুড়ো ছেলেধরা ইতিপূর্বে ধরিয়া লইয়া গিয়াছিল। সে আসিয়া কোটালের নিকট, ইত্যবসরে, নিজ চুঃখের কাহিনী বিবৃত করিল। সেই কাহিনী হইতে প্রকাশ পাইল যে “বুড়ো কোটাল হইতেও কালো একেবারে রাত্রে সন্ধ্যা মিশিয়া গেছে।” “তার বুকে ছোটো জোনাকি পোকের মত চোখ জ্বলছে।” “সে যখন রথে চড়ে চলিয়া গেল তখন শুকনো পাতায় আকাশ ছেয়ে দিয়ে গেল।” এই ভয়ঙ্কর ব্যক্তির অমুসন্ধানে ঘরছাড়াদের ভয়হীন অভিনিবেশ দেখিয়া কোটাল ও মাকি তাহাদিগকে একেবারে পাগল—উন্মাদপাগল বলিয়া স্থির করিল। ইহার পর তৃতীয় পরিচ্ছেদ শিরোনাম—“সন্দেহ”। পথের দৈর্ঘ্য, চতুর্দিকে ঘূর্ণি ও শুষ্কপত্র দেখিয়া, গৃহত্যাগীরা যখন সাফল্যের বিষয় সংশয়ান্বিত হইয়া পড়িল—তখন দাদার চোপদীর উপর তাহাদের শ্রদ্ধা বর্ধিত হইতে লাগিল—কানের ভিতর “চল চল চল” শব্দ এখন “ছল ছল ছল” বলিয়া শুনাইতে লাগিল—তাহারা পূর্বাপরের চিন্তা ত্যাগ করিয়া “কাঁধের উপর ছই পা মুড়ে বসাতাকে” শ্রেয়ঃ বলিয়া মনে করিতে লাগিল—এবং অন্তরে বড়ই ব্যাকুল হইয়া উঠিল। এমন সময় চক্ৰহাসের হাসিতে তাহাদের “অন্তরের গুহমণ্ডের ঘোমটা খুলিয়া গেল”! এই চক্ৰহাসকে আমার আশা ও বিশ্বাসের প্রতিমূর্তি বলিয়া ধারণা—এই ছই বৃত্তি ভিন্ন অসময়ে সহায় ও আশ্রয় কে আছে?—আবার সকল চেষ্টার প্রেরণা ইহাদের হইতেই আসে, আগতপ্রায় সার্থকতাকে ইহারাই আগু বাড়াইয়া লয়। চক্ৰহাস স্তম্ভবর দিল, যে পথের সন্ধান, পাওয়া গিয়াছে। এক অন্ধ বাউল তাহাদিগের পথ প্রদর্শক হইতে স্বীকৃত হইয়াছে—আর ভাবনা নাই। এ বাউল “শুধু কান দিয়ে নয়—সব দিয়ে শুনে”—বাহু চক্ষুরিজিয়ের লোপ হইতেই তাহার মানস চক্ষু উন্মোচিত হইয়াছে—“গান তাহাকে ছাড়িয়া যায়, এগিয়ে চলে—আর বাউল অগ্রগামী গানের শব্দ

লক্ষ্য করে পিছনে চলে।” চতুর্থ অঙ্কের প্রারম্ভে শুনি, চন্দ্রহাস “অন্ধ বাউলকে লইয়া নদীর ওপারে চলে গেছে”—পরিশিষ্ট ব্যক্তির নিরাশা ও বিবাদে আবার সমাজ—“তাহাদের কাণ ঝরা পাতার সুরে ভরিয়া গিয়াছে”—বিদায়ের সাহানা চারিদিক হইতে তাহাদিগকে আবিষ্ট করিতেছে। সঙ্গীগণের কেহ কেহ যেন অন্ধকারে সরিয়া পড়িতেছে বলিয়া অনুভব হইতে লাগিল। এই স্থলে বাউলের করুণ গীতগুলিতে রবি বাবুর মর্শ্বের কথা যেন প্রতিধ্বনি লাভ করিতেছে বলিয়া দৃঢ় ধারণা হয়। যখন শুনি “ফাগুন শেষে যাবার বেলা, আমার বাণী বলে যাব”, অথবা “আপনাকে ভাই ফুরিয়ে-দেওয়া-চুকিয়ে দে তুই বেলাবেলি” তখন মনে হয়, জীবনের অপরাধে কবির আপন অসাধারণ ভগবদ্ভক্ত শক্তিসমুচ্চয়ের কৈফিয়ৎ দিতে ব্যগ্র হইয়াছেন—অন্তরসঞ্চিত যাবতীয় রস ও ভাব রাশিকে প্রকাশিত করিয়া চরম সার্থকতা অর্জনের জন্য ব্যাকুল হইয়াছেন। এদিকে, ঘরছাড়ার চন্দ্রহাসের নিরুদ্দেশ ও দাদার “পাড়ার লোককে চোপদী শোনার” সঙ্কল্প দেখিয়া নিরুৎসাহ হইয়া পড়িল। তাহাদের উপস্থিত সম্বল—বাউলের আশ্বাস বাণী ও আশ্বাসগীতি। চন্দ্রহাস বলিয়া পাঠাইয়াছে যে “যুগে যুগে মানুষ লড়াই করেছে আজ বসন্তের হাওয়ায় তারি ঢেউ।” “যারা মরে অমর, বসন্তের কচি পাতায় তারাই পত্র পাঠিয়েছে”। এই ভাবে তাহারা এক গুহার সম্মুখে আসিয়া পৌছিল। তবু সকল চিরদিনই গুহাতে নিহিত আছে—তাই, বোধ করি, গুহাসমীপে এই রূপকের সমাধান। ভিতরে “কালো খাঁড়ার মত” অন্ধকার—মুখের কাছে নদীর জল ক্ষরিত হইতেছে। চারিদিকে নানারূপ অমঙ্গলোৎপাদক যেন আসিয়া জুটিল। এমন সময় বাউলের আকার প্রকারে অদ্ভুত ভাব সকল প্রকাশ পাইতে লাগিল। মনে হইল, “যেন ওর কপালে কি সব খবর আস্চে, ওর আঙ্গুলের আগায় চোখ ছড়িয়ে আছে—পূর্বের দিকে মুখ করে যখন ও প্রণাম কচে তখন ওর ভুরুর মাঝখানে অরণ্যের আলো দেখা নৌকোটির মত এসে ঠেক্চে।” বাউল গান ধরিলেন—

“হবে জয়, হবে জয়, হবে জয় রে, ওহেবীর, হে নির্ভয়”; এবং অমনি চন্দ্রহাস আবির্ভূত হইয়া সংবাদ দিল যে বুড়া ধরা পড়িয়াছে—কিন্তু চন্দ্রহাস তাহাকে “চোখ দিয়ে নয় সবদিয়ে দেখিয়াছিল” বলিয়া, তাহার স্বরূপ কিছুই বর্ণনা করিতে পারিল না। এইরূপ কথাবার্তার মধ্যে বুড়ার পরিবর্তে গুহা হইতে স্বয়ং সর্দার বহির্গত হইল। সকলেই আশ্চর্য্যগ্ধ। সর্দার জানাইল—“বুড়া একটা স্বপ্ন—এবং সর্দারই চিরকালের—আর হাঘরেরাই চিরকালের।” ইহার অর্থ কি ইহাই নহে—যে সর্দার শুধু ভূত ভবিষ্যৎ বর্তমানের সাক্ষী ও ভোক্তা, জ্ঞান-বুদ্ধি-পরিবর্তন সত্ত্বেও, অনন্ত যৌবন সম্পন্ন, অবিনশ্বর, সম্মিলিত মানবজাতির আত্মা—যাহার সম্বন্ধে বলা চলে, যে সে “fulfils himself in many ways”? যখন পশ্চাদ্ধিক বা অজ্ঞানের ধুলির ভিতর

হইতে, এই অখণ্ড মানব আত্মার কথা ভাবা যায়, তখন তাহাকে বুড়া বলিয়া মনে হয়—সে যে Egypt, Assyria, Babyloniaর সভ্যতার দিন হইতে, যুগের পর যুগের অতিবাহনে, আপন স্বন্ধে জয়া ও বার্কক্যের ভারকে গুরুতর করিয়া আসিতেছে। কিন্তু কবির মতে, “সে নিজের খেয়ালে এমনি হহ করে চলেছে, যে তার বয়েসটা কোন দিকে খসে পড়ে গেছে হুঁস নেই।” “এই লোকটির কাজ, চালাইয়া লওয়া—পথ হইতে পথে, লক্ষ্য হইতে লক্ষ্যে, খেলা হইতে খেলায়। এ সর্দারি করে না বলিয়াই সর্দার।” একি সেই নর-নারায়ণ, সেই “সহস্রশীর্ষা পুরুষঃ সহস্রাক্ষঃ সহস্রপাং”—“অনেকবাহুদর বক্তৃনেত্রঃ মানবরুদয়মন্দিরনিবাসী—সকল কার্যের প্রবর্তক।

সমগ্র গ্রন্থের প্রতিপাত্ত তত্ত্বটি কি তবে এইরূপ দাঁড়াইতেছে না?—অতীতের প্রতি আমাদের যে অতিমাত্র শ্রদ্ধা ও বিশ্বাস তাহার ভিত্তি আমাদের অজ্ঞতা ও জড়তায়। প্রকৃত পক্ষে, অতীত শুধু বর্তমানেরই রূপান্তর। অতীতের সঞ্চিত অভিজ্ঞতা বলিয়া যে পদার্থে আমরা এত ভক্তিমান—সে অভিজ্ঞতা শুধু আমাদের মত অসম্পূর্ণ জীবগণেরই কার্যক্ষেত্রে জ্ঞানলাভ। অতীতের এই প্রভাব পরিহার করাতেই প্রকৃত পুরুষকার—কারণ এই প্রভাবই বিধিনিষেধরূপ যত জঞ্জালের মূল। মানবের মুক্তি, এই সকল নিয়মের নিগড় দূরীকরণে। এই নিয়মের জঞ্জাল, এই বাধাধিধার প্রাচুর্য, উন্নতির অন্তরায়। পুঁথির আলোচনায় শুধু এই বাধা ও দ্বিধা বাড়িয়া গিয়া আমাদের আরও অকর্মণ্য করে। অতীতের নিকট ঋণী না হইয়াও, আমরা বর্তমানে কর্তব্যের পথ দেখিয়া লইতে পারি।

“চলরে সোজা, ফেলরে বোঝা, রেখে দে তোর রাস্তা ধোঁজা,

চলার বেগে পায়ের তলায় রাস্তা জেগেছে।”

এক নিঃখাসে মতবৈধের বিষয়ীভূত, এতগুলি সমস্তার নিজ মনের মতন সমাধান করা যে হুঃসাহসের কর্ম—তাহা আপনিই বুঝিতেছি। যাঁহারা এ সকল বিষয়কে কেবল স্বপ্নঅল্পভবসংবেগ বলিয়া নির্দ্বাক ও নিশ্চিন্ত থাকিতে পারেন,—ঠাঁহাদিগের প্রশস্ত পদাঙ্গ অম্লসরণ করিতে পারিলাম না—ইহাতে বিশেষ ক্ষুব্ধ রহিলাম। কিন্তু আমার বিশ্বাস, যে এসকল এমন পদার্থ নহে—যে বলিতেই হইবে—“যতো বাচা নিবর্তন্তে অপ্রাপ্য মনসা সহ।” এক্ষেত্রে প্রকাশের চেষ্টা—শুধু নিজে ভাল করিয়া বুঝিবার উদ্দেশ্যে। তাই আমার ব্যাখ্যার ভ্রান্তি আছে বলিয়াই আশা হয়—যাঁহাদের বুদ্ধি তীক্ষ্ণতর তাঁহারা দয়াবশেই জিনিষটি পরিশুটতর করিবেন।

• “যাঁদের চুলে পুঙ্ক ধরেচে,” “নিরাসক্ত যৌবনের অধিকারী সেই প্রৌঢ়গণ”, কাস্তুরীর মর্ম্ম অবগত হইয়া আশ্চর্য হইবেন কি না, জানি না। মৃত্যু ও অবিরোগের আশঙ্কা নাশ করিতে “হুঃখত্রয়ের অভিঘাতের দ্বারা” আবিষ্কৃত বিংশশতাব্দীর এই নবীন কবিত্ব-মণ্ডিত দর্শনমত কতদূর কৃতকার্য হইবে, তাহাও বলিতে পারি না। তবে

দুঃসাহসে ভয় করিয়া বলিতে পারি, যে ঐতিভূষণের মত হাত্তকর চিত্র অবলোকন করিয়া, ভারতবর্ষের চিরন্তন বৈরাগ্যসাধনার প্রবৃত্তি লজ্জায় মূর্ছা যাইবে না। কারণ, এই প্রবৃত্তির মূল ভারতবাসীর প্রাণ-মনের অতি নিম্নস্তরে প্রোথিত হইয়াছে। আর, এ প্রবৃত্তির রস-সঞ্চার ঐতিভূষণের মত বিকৃত-স্বভাব অন্তঃসংসারী বহিঃসন্ন্যাসীর দ্বারা হয় না। সে রসসঞ্চার যাহাতে হয়, সে অক্ষয় অমল প্রস্রবণ পথ ভুলিয়াও একবিন্দু “বৈরাগ্যবারিধি”তে অর্পণ করে নাই। আর যে মহাপুরুষেরা এই বৈরাগ্যের ধারা প্রকৃতই সম্ভাবিত রাখিয়াছেন—তঁাহারা সাহিত্যসমালোচনাকণ্টকিত এই প্রবন্ধে পদাৰ্পণ করিলে, বোধ করি, শ্লাঘাশ্রিত হইবেন না। এই দুই কারণে, “অলমতি-প্রপঞ্চেন”।

ধর্মশিক্ষায় সাহিত্যের স্থান

কোন প্রথম প্রভাতে মানব সমাজে ধর্মের বিকাশ আরম্ভ হইয়াছে আমরা জানি না। মুনিগণ চেষ্টা করিয়াও মানব ইতিহাসের এমন কোন স্তর খুঁজিয়া পান নাই যখন মানব কোন না কোন ধর্মবিশ্বাসের অধীন ছিল না। যখন মানব মন নৈতিক চিন্তার অধীন হয় নাই, তখনও সে কোন অপ্রাকৃতিকে মানিয়া তাহার নিকট মাথা নোয়াইয়াছে। “মানুষের ইতিহাসে বোধ হয় এমন দিন ছিল, যখন নীতির শাসনের উদ্ভব হয় নাই, যখন রাজ শাসনের ক্ষুদ্রি হয় নাই। ধর্মোদ্ভূতনই তখন মনুষ্য সমাজকে ধরিয়া রাখিয়াছিল। এখনও পৃথিবীতে যে সকল অসভ্য সমাজ বর্তমান আছে, তঁাহাদের পর্যালোচনা হইতে এইরূপ সঙ্গত বোধ হয়।”

ধর্ম মানব সমাজের প্রত্যেক অবস্থাকেই আপন শাসনে রাখিয়াছে। ধর্মের সহিত মানব হৃদয়ের এত নিকট সম্বন্ধ থাকা সত্ত্বেও ধর্ম শব্দের অর্থ লইয়া চিরকাল মতবিরোধ হইয়া আসিয়াছে ও এখনও হইতেছে। নানা মূনির নানা মত। এই মতবিশেষ লক্ষ্য করিয়াই ধর্মপ্রাণ যুধিষ্ঠির বলিয়াছিলেন “ধর্মশ্রু তত্ত্বং নিহিতংগুহায়াং মহাজনো যেন গতঃ স পশ্চাৎ।”

‘ধর্মশিক্ষা’ বুঝিবার পূর্বে আমরা ‘ধর্ম’ শব্দ দ্বারা কি অর্থ বুঝায় তাহাই বুঝিতে চেষ্টা করিব। আমরা ধর্ম শব্দকে নানা মূনির নানা মতের আলোচনা করিয়া দেখিব।

দার্শনিক ক্যান্টের (Kant) মতে জীবনের কর্তব্য সমূহ ভগবানের আদেশ রূপে মনে করাই ধর্ম। মানব নিজ প্রজ্ঞার (reason) প্রয়োগ দ্বারাই কর্তব্য সমূহের উপলব্ধি করে এবং অতঃপর উহা জগৎপতির আদেশ রূপে বরণ করিয়া লয়। “কর্তব্য সমূহ ভগবৎ প্রসূত নহে মানব জ্ঞান, প্রতিষ্ঠিত।” ক্যান্টের মতে ধর্ম নীতিমূলক। দার্শনিক ফিক্টের (Fichte) মত আবার ইহা হইতে বিভিন্ন। ইহার মতে

কর্তব্যাকর্তব্যের সহিত ধর্মের কোন সম্পর্ক নাই। “নীতিই জীবন নিয়ন্ত্রিত করিতে সমর্থ। ধর্ম জ্ঞান মাত্র, কোন কর্মের উপদেষ্টা নহে। ধর্মের দ্বারা মানব নিজের স্বরূপ সম্বন্ধে প্রকৃত জ্ঞান লাভ করিয়া স্বল্প প্রশ্ন সমূহের সমাধান করিতে পারে। এরূপ জ্ঞানের ফলে মানব নিজ জীবনের সামঞ্জস্য উপলব্ধি করে এবং চিন্তের উৎকর্ষ লাভ করিতে সমর্থ হয়।” এই মত অনেকটা সাংখ্যাদির মতের অনুরূপ।

ধর্মের অনুষ্ঠান লইয়াও পণ্ডিতগণ একমত হইতে পারেন নাই। একদল বাহ্য অনুষ্ঠান যুক্ত উপাসনার পক্ষপাতী; ইহার বিরুদ্ধবাদীগণ আবার অনুষ্ঠান বিরহিত উপাসনার সমর্থন করেন। ক্যান্ট (Kant) গির্জা, মসজিদ ও মন্দির প্রভৃতিকে সভ্যতার শৈশব সৃষ্টি বলিয়া মনে করিতেন। শ্লেয়ারমাকারের (Schleiermacher) মতে কোন এক সর্বশক্তিমান পুরুষের অস্তিত্বে বিশ্বাস ও সেই পুরুষের উপর নির্ভরশীলতাই ধর্ম। অধীনতাই তাঁহার ধর্মের মূল উপাদান। হেগেল (Hegel) আবার সম্পূর্ণ স্বাধীনতা ও আত্মবশতাকেই ধর্মের আসনে বসাইয়াছেন। তাঁহার মতে মানবের সম্পূর্ণ স্বাধীনতার ও আত্মবশতার মধ্য দিয়াই অসীম ঐশী শক্তি প্রকটিত হয়। সম্পূর্ণ স্বাধীনতার উপরই হেগেলের ধর্ম প্রতিষ্ঠিত। ইহা অনেকটা বৈদান্তিক মতের অনুরূপ। আচার্য্য কোঁৎ (Comte) আবার বিশ্বজনীন সেবাকেই ধর্ম বলিয়া গ্রহণ করিয়াছেন। মানব অপেক্ষা উচ্চতর, যোগ্যতর কোন-কিছুর ধারণা করিতে মানুষ অক্ষম, মানবের গৌরব ব্যক্তিগত ভাবে লক্ষিত হয় না, সমগ্র মানবজাতি সজ্ব বা সমাজরূপে গৌরবান্বিত। মানব সমাজের সেবাই প্রকৃত মানব সেবা। মানব-সমাজ-সেবাই ধর্ম। ফাইয়েরবাকের (Feuerbach) ধর্মমত আবার অদ্বুত। আত্মসেবাই তাঁহার মতে শ্রেষ্ঠ ধর্ম। নিজের স্বার্থ সিদ্ধিই একমাত্র ধর্ম। এই মত অনেকটা নাস্তিক চার্কাকের মতের অনুরূপ যথা—“যাবৎজীবৎ সুখং জীবদ্ জ্ঞানং কৃৎস্না মৃতং পিবেৎ। ভিক্ষীভূতস্ত দেহস্ত পুনরাগমনং নাস্তি।”

পাশ্চাত্য দার্শনিকগণ “Religion” শব্দ কিরূপ অর্থে প্রয়োগ করিয়াছেন তাহাই দেখা গেল। ইংরাজি Religion, ও আমাদের ধর্ম শব্দের অর্থ এক নহে। মোটামুটি অতিপ্রাকৃতের (Supernatural) সহিত মানুষের কারবার লইয়াই Religion, এই অর্থেই এই শব্দ সাধারণতঃ ব্যবহৃত। মানুষের সহিত মানুষের কারবার লইয়া Morality। বাক্য-রচনা ধর্ম শব্দে মানুষের কর্তব্য সমষ্টিকে বুঝায়। ইংরাজি Religion ও Morality উভয়ই ‘ধর্ম’ শব্দের মধ্যে আসিয়া পড়ে।

‘এখন ধর্মশিক্ষা জিনিষটা বুঝা অপেক্ষাকৃত সহজ হইতে পারে।’ ধর্মশিক্ষা অর্থে যদি আমরা ইংরাজি religious education ধরিয়া লই তবে অতিপ্রাকৃতের প্রতি মানবের কর্তব্য শিক্ষাই ধর্মশিক্ষা। এই শিক্ষার মধ্য হইতে যে নীতিশিক্ষা (moral education) বাদ যাইবে তাহা নহে, কিন্তু এই শিক্ষার প্রধান

এবং প্রথম লক্ষ্য অজ্ঞেয়, অতিপ্রাকৃত। এই শিক্ষা সংসারের ক্ষুদ্র গভীর ক্ষুদ্র কর্তব্যের পরিবর্তে বিরাট পুরুষের উপাসনারই শ্রেষ্ঠত্ব স্থাপনে ও রক্ষণে চেষ্টিত। এই শিক্ষার দৃষ্টি সসীম ছাড়াইয়া অসীমের সন্ধানে ছুটিয়াছে, ক্ষুদ্র ছাড়াইয়া বিরাট মহানের প্রতি চলিয়াছে, আর সেই সঙ্গে সঙ্গে প্রতিদিনের পার্থিব কার্যের মাঝখানে আপনাকে নিবদ্ধ রাখিতে পারে না, চাহেও না।

ধর্মশিক্ষা যদি অপর অর্থে ব্যবহৃত হয় তবে মৌনবকর্তব্য সমষ্টিকে বুঝাইবে। এই ধর্ম শিক্ষা জগতের ক্ষুদ্রতম হইতে মহত্তমের প্রতি কর্তব্য শিক্ষা। কর্তব্য শিক্ষার বিভিন্ন অঙ্গ এই শিক্ষার অধীন। আত্মীয়, পরিজন, সমাজ, স্বদেশ, দেবতা ও পরমেশ্বর সকলের প্রতি কর্তব্য শিক্ষা করাতেই এই শিক্ষার পূর্ণতা। ভারতীয় ঋষিগণের ‘পঞ্চযজ্ঞ’ বিধানের মধ্যে আমরা এই কর্তব্য শিক্ষা বা ধর্ম পালনের আভাস পাই। গুরুগৃহের শ্রামল সৌন্দর্য্যের ও শাস্তির মধ্যে ব্রহ্মচারী বালকগণ এই ধর্ম শিক্ষালাভ করিত। সুতরাং শিক্ষা শেষে যখন শিষ্যগণ গৃহে ফিরিত তখন পৃথিবী তাঁহাদের আপনার বলিয়া বোধ হইত। এই শিক্ষার গুণেই প্রাচীন ভারতের মানব

শৈশবেহ্যন্ত বিদ্যানাং

যৌবনে বিষয়েষণাং।

বার্জ্যকো মুনিবৃত্তীনাং

যোগেনাস্তে তনুতজ্যাম্।

মানব ভাগ্যানিয়ামক আদিম জিনিষের মধ্যে ধর্মই সর্বাপেক্ষা প্রাচীন। ধর্ম শিক্ষা স্বাভাবিক। সাহিত্য পরবর্তী যুগের সৃষ্টি। অপেক্ষাকৃত আধুনিক সাহিত্য পরবর্তী কালে ধর্মশিক্ষার উপর প্রভূত প্রভাব কিস্তার করিয়াছে।

• ধর্মজ্ঞান সহজাত (instinctive) হইলেও মানব সভ্যতার ক্রমবিকাশের সঙ্গে মানব প্রজ্ঞা (reason) দ্বারা ইহা মার্জিত ও উন্নত হইয়াছে। অসভ্য জাতিগণের ধর্মজ্ঞানের সহিত সুসভ্য সমাজের ধর্মজ্ঞানের তুলনা করিলেই ইহা অতি সহজে বোধগম্য হয়। যুগে যুগে মহাপুরুষগণ জন্ম গ্রহণ করিয়া অতীত যুগের বিভিন্নমুখী ধর্মজ্ঞানকে একই ভাব সমুদ্রে মিলাইয়া দেন। ইহারাই ধর্ম প্রচারক। ইহারাই অবতার বলিয়া পূজিত। বিভিন্ন পুরাতনের সমবায়ে তাঁহারা যে নবীনের প্রতিষ্ঠা করেন উহা পুরাতন হইতে পৃথক দেখাইলেও পুরাতনের অবলম্বনে ও একীকরণেই উহার সার্থকতা। উহা বৃদ্ধের শরীরে যৌবন স্পন্দন, বহুকালের স্মৃতির পর জাগরণ।

ধর্মবিকাশের আদিম অবস্থায় সাহিত্য জন্ম লাভ করে নাই। সঞ্চিত মানব ধর্মজ্ঞানকে ভিত্তি করিয়া সাহিত্য গড়িয়া উঠিতে আরম্ভ করিয়াছে। ক্রমশঃ যতই ভাব সম্পদ বৃদ্ধি হইতে লাগিল ততই সাহিত্য পুষ্ট ও সজীব হইতে আরম্ভ করিল। পৃথিবীর সকল আদিম সাহিত্য ধর্মমূলক। এই ধর্মমূলক সাহিত্যই পরবর্তী যুগে

মানবের ধর্মশিক্ষার সহায় হইয়াছে। ইউরোপে মধ্যযুগে ধর্মসাহিত্যই (বাইবেল) সকল প্রকার শিক্ষা নিয়মিত করিত। যাহা কিছু ধর্মসাহিত্য বিরুদ্ধ বলিয়া মনে হইত তাহারই বিরুদ্ধে রাজরোষ গর্জিয়া উঠিত, জনসাধারণ উন্মত্ত, আর ধর্মযাজকবৃন্দ ইহার পশ্চাতে থাকিয়া উভয়কে উৎসাহিত করিত। আরব ও অন্ত্রাত্ত মুসলমান দেশেও মহম্মদের মৃত্যুর পর এইরূপই হইয়াছিল। সকল শিক্ষা ধর্মসাহিত্য (কোরাণ) দ্বারা নিয়ন্ত্রিত হইত। ভারতবর্ষের ধর্মশিক্ষা চিরকালই ধর্মসাহিত্য দ্বারা প্রভাবান্বিত।

ভারতের বাহিরে নানাদেশে ধর্মগ্রন্থের অর্থ লইয়া অনেক দলদলি অনেক মারামারি কাটাকাটি হইয়া গিয়াছে। তাই পাশ্চাত্য দেশে ধর্মশিক্ষা ও ধর্মসাহিত্য বাদ দিয়া শিক্ষা প্রচার হইতে পারে কিনা তাহার চেষ্টা করা হইয়াছিল। কিন্তু বাহিরকে পূর্ণ করিতে গিয়া তাহারা ভিতর হারাইয়াছে, আজ সমগ্র ইউরোপ প্রাণের অভাব উপলব্ধি করিতেছে। তাই কোন উপায়ে আবার ধর্মশিক্ষার প্রতিষ্ঠা হইবে, কিরূপে ধর্মসাহিত্য নীতি মূলক সাহিত্য দ্বারা ধর্ম বৃদ্ধির বিকাশ সম্ভব আর তাহা লইয়া পাশ্চাত্য পণ্ডিতগণ গবেষণা করিতেছেন।

ধর্মসাহিত্য, আদর্শ জীবন আদর্শ সমাজ ইত্যাদির চিত্রদ্বারা ব্যক্তি ও সমাজের ধর্মশিক্ষা নিয়ন্ত্রিত করে। দুই সহস্র বৎসর পূর্বে যে মহাপুরুষ ক্রিস্টকাল্পে প্রাণ ত্যাগ করিয়া ধৈর্য ও ক্ষমার অতুলনীয় চিত্র রাখিয়া গিয়াছেন এতকাল তাঁহার আদর্শ কত জীবনে পরিস্ফুট হইয়াছে। কত পাষণ্ড সেই মহৎ জীবনের আদর্শে ও উপদেশে আকৃষ্ট হইয়া আপনার ঘৃণিত জীবন সংশোধিত ও পুণ্যময় করিয়াছে। খৃষ্টীয় ধর্মসাহিত্য বাইবেলই, খৃষ্টীয় সমাজের ধর্মশিক্ষার জন্ত এই সমস্ত করিয়াছে ও করিতেছে। মহম্মদের মৃত্যুর পর যখন প্রেরিত পুরুষের বাণী ‘কোরাণে’ লিপিবদ্ধ হইল তখন আরবেরও চতুর্পার্শ্বের জাতিগণ ‘কোরাণের’ মধ্যে আদর্শ পুরুষের মহান চিত্র সন্দর্শন করিয়া, যে শিক্ষা, যে সামর্থ্য লাভ করিয়াছিল তাহা ইতিহাস-পাঠকের অবিস্মৃত নাই। অসভ্য আফ্রিকা খণ্ডে মুসলমানই সাম্য ও মৈত্রীর অভয় বাণী প্রচার করিয়াছিল; নিয়তম স্তর হইতে মুসলমানই সভ্য সমাজে উন্নীত করিয়াছিল। কোরাণের ধর্মশিক্ষাই এই সকল অমানুষীয় শক্তি ও শিক্ষার পশ্চাতে। ভারত ইতিহাসের স্বর্ণযুগ বৌদ্ধযুগে আমরা মহাত্মা অশোকের যে লোক হিতৈষণা ব্রত দেখিতে পাই, তাহার পশ্চাতে কি এক মহাসাহিত্য, এক মহাপুরুষের আদর্শ দৃষ্টি পথে পতিত হয় না? বাল্যকালে যে নিতান্ত নিষ্ঠুর ছিল, কে তাহাকে সুসংস্কৃত করিল, মানব সেবার মহান ব্রতে দীক্ষিত করিল? বৌদ্ধ সাহিত্যই করিয়াছে, বুদ্ধদেবের আদর্শ করিয়াছে। হিন্দুর ধর্মগ্রন্থের আদর্শ চরিত্র সৃষ্টিও এমন করিয়া যুগ যুগ ধরিয়া এই ভারতীয় সমাজকে ধর্মশিক্ষা দিয়া আসিতেছে। “হিন্দুর পুরাণে, আদর্শ চরিত্রের সৃষ্টি পুরাণকর্তা হিন্দুকে সে শিক্ষা দিয়া গিয়াছেন,—সে শিক্ষা হিন্দুর স্মৃতিপথে

অহরহ দেদীপ্যমান, সে শিক্ষায় মানুষ দেবতা হইয়া যায়। হিন্দুর বায়িকী হিন্দুগৃহে কত সীতা গড়িয়াছেন, কত লক্ষ্মণের মত সহোদর, হনুমানের মত সাধক, বিভীষণের মত ভক্ত দেশে দেশে জন্ম দিয়াছেন। হিন্দুর ব্যাস কত নরনারীকে মাতৃভক্তি, পিতৃভক্তি, সৌহার্দ্য, প্রতিজ্ঞা ও সত্যপ্রিয়তা প্রবৃত্তি সদবৃত্তিতে ভূষিত করিয়াছেন—কত মানব দেবত্বে উন্নীত হইয়াছে, এখনও আমরা তাহার নমুনা পাই। এই শিক্ষা ছিল তাই আজ হিন্দু টিকিয়া আছে, অস্ত্রের প্রবল সংঘর্ষে একেবারে ধ্বংস হইয়া যায় নাই।” হিন্দুর এই ধর্মশিক্ষা প্রণালী প্রাচীন সাহিত্য বহিয়া আনিয়া তাঁহার ক্ষুদ্র সংসারের জীর্ণধারে উপস্থিত করিয়াছে। তাহা বালক হইতে বৃদ্ধ পর্য্যন্ত সকলে গ্রহণ করিয়া ধন্য হইয়াছে। অশিক্ষিত মুদী যখন দিবা দুপ্রহবে দোকান পাট বন্ধ করিয়া গৃহপার্শ্বের বৃক্ষছায়ায় বসিয়া মনোযোগের সহিত কাশীরামের ‘মহাভারত’ বা কুন্তিবাসের রামায়ণ পাঠ করে তখন সেই সরল সাহিত্যের প্রবল মোহিনী শক্তি অলক্ষ্যে তাহার চরিত্র গঠিত করে, তাহাকে উন্নীত করে, সংসারের লোভ মোহময় পথে আপনার কর্তব্য বাছিয়া লইতে শিক্ষা দেয়।

স্বীকার করিতেই হইবে ধর্মসাহিত্য মানবের ধর্মশিক্ষার প্রধান অবলম্বন। সত্যই ধর্ম। আবার সত্যকে ছাড়িয়া সাহিত্য প্রাণহীন। সংসাহিত্য মাত্রই মানব জীবনকে জীবন পথে উন্নীত করিয়া ধর্মশিক্ষার সহায়তা করে। সাহিত্য সত্যকে প্রতিষ্ঠিত করিতে চাহে। সাহিত্য সত্যকে অঙ্কিত করে, ভাল মন্দ উভয়কে এমন করিয়া পাশাপাশি দাঁড় করায় যে মানুষের আপনা আপনি ভালকে জীবনের আদর্শরূপে বরণ করিয়া লইতে প্রবল ইচ্ছা হয়। সমালোচক ডাউডেন, সেক্সপীর ও এলিজাবেথীয় যুগের নাটক সাহিত্যের আলোচনার একস্থানে বলিয়াছেন “Without ethical tendency the Elizebethan drama yet produces an ethical effect. A faithful presentation of the facts of the world does not leave us indifferent to good or evil, but rather rouse within us, more than all maxims and all preachings can, an inextinguishable loyalty to good” মহাপুরুষগণের জীবন চরিত্র ও মনুষ্য চরিত্র ধর্মশিক্ষার উপর প্রভাব বিস্তার করে। চৈতন্য, রামানুজ, রামানন্দ, মার্টিন লুথার, মহাত্মা রামমোহন, বাহাই প্রভৃতি মহাপুরুষগণের জীবন চরিত্র পাঠে মনুষ্যচরিত্র স্বভাবতঃই উন্নত ও ধর্মপথমুখী হয়। ত্যাগের আদর্শে বাহাদের জীবন উজ্জ্বল, সেবাস্বার্থে বাহাদের জীবন গৌরবময় তাঁহাদের জীবনালেখ্য পাঠেও বিপুল আনন্দ। মানুষ সত্যবতঃই কোন আদর্শ জীবনের অনুরূপ করিয়া নিজ জীবন গঠন করিতে চাহে। এই আদর্শ সমসাময়িক সমাজে সকল সময় থাকে না, তাই জীবন চরিত্রের প্রয়োজন, তাই জীবন চরিত্র পাঠের আবশ্যিকতা।

হিন্দুর মহাভারত, রামায়ণ ও পুরাণ বৌদ্ধগণের জাতক ও ধর্মপদ, খৃষ্টীয়দিগের বাইবেল, মুসলমানগণের কোরাণ প্রত্যক্ষে ও পরোক্ষে জগতের জাতি সকলের উপর ধর্মশিক্ষার প্রভাব বিস্তার করিয়াছে। ধর্মসাহিত্য ব্যতীত কাব্য, নাটক ইতিহাস এবং উপজ্ঞাস সাহিত্যও মানবের ধর্মশিক্ষার পথে সহায় হয়। সেক্সপীয়রের নাটকাবলী, দান্তে ও গেটের কাব্যসকল মানবের কল্পনাকে শুধু ক্ষণকালের জন্ত মুগ্ধ করিয়া রাখে না, চরিত্রের উপর 'একটা স্থায়ী ফল প্রসব করে। রুসো যখন 'social contract' লিখিয়াছিলেন তখন কেহ অনুমানও কবে নাই যে এই ক্ষুদ্র পুস্তক একটা মহান পরিবর্তনের সাহায্য করিবে। কিন্তু শেষে অভাবনীয় কার্যো পরিণত হইল। করাসী জাতি একটা বিকট বিপ্লবের তরঙ্গে ঝাঁপাইয়া পড়িল। আর সেই সঙ্গে সঙ্গে পৃথিবীর জাতি সমূহের রাষ্ট্রীয়ধারণা ও প্রজাগণের রাষ্ট্রীয় অধিকারের বিপুল পরিবর্তন হইল। সাহিত্যের এমনই প্রভাব। সে ভাষার নীরব বন্ধনের মধ্য হইতে বিধাতার বাণী প্রচার করে। জগতের পরিবর্তনশীলতার মধ্যে সাহিত্যই আদর্শের সমতা রক্ষা করিতেছে, অতীতের সহিত বর্তমানকে বাঁধিয়া রাখিয়াছে। সভ্যতার প্রথম প্রভাতে যে ইঙ্গিত অনুভব করিয়া আদিম মানব বিশ্ববিধাতার নিকট মাথা নোয়াইয়াছিল, আজও মানব সে ইঙ্গিত অনুভব করিয়া মাথা নত করিতেছে। এত কালের ব্যবধান, এত সভ্যতার ব্যবধান, ইহার মধ্যেও এই একতা, প্রাণের স্পন্দন। সাহিত্য এই স্পন্দনের সাক্ষী, সাহিত্য বলিতেছে "তোমার অতীত গোরবময়, তুমি অমৃতের পুত্র, মহাপুরুষগণের বংশধর, তুমি উঠ, জাগ, ধর্মপথে পদচালন কর, তোমার হৃদয়ে অসীম বল তুমি নিজে অনুভব কর, ভীত হইওনা।" যুগে যুগে মানব এই বাণী শুনিতেছে, আশ্বাসিত হইতেছে, আর হৃদয়কে নব বলে বলীয়ান করিয়া ধর্মপথে অগ্রসর হইতেছে। হর্গম এপথ, তাহাতে তাঁহার ভয় নাই, মহান আদর্শ তাহাকে উদ্বুদ্ধ করিয়াছে। যে মৃত্যু হইতে মুক্ত হইতে চায়, সে অমৃতের অধিকারী অমরতা চায়।

পল্লী।

বঙ্গমাতার শীর্ষমণি পল্লী তুমি আমার প্রিয়,
চাইনা আমি রম্যানগর তোমার স্নেহ আমার দিয়ে।
শান্ত তোমার পর্ণকুটার,—স্নিগ্ধ তোমার স্বচ্ছজল,
অন্ন তোমার জুড়ায় ক্ষুধা,—শয্যা করে দুর্দাদল।

বন্ধ তোমার নিত্য তপন-কণকধারায় স্নান করে
সবুজ ধানে ঢেউ খেলে যায় তোমার বিশাল প্রান্তরে ।
ফলের ভরে নব্র তরু দাঁড়িয়ে তোমার আজিনায়
হৃৎকবতী গাভীররবে শূন্য গোশাল মুচ্ছা যায় !

দৈন্ত হেথা তৃপ্তি নিয়ে অভাব কেমন জিজ্ঞাসে !
উচ্চ নীচে ভ্রাতৃত্বাবে মধুর স্নেহে সম্ভাষে ।
জালায় না কেউ শাস্তি হিয়ার, উচ্চ আশার ইঙ্গিতে ;
সবার হৃদয় মুগ্ধ আছে একই প্রেমের সঙ্গীতে ।

দয়্যাই হেথা মূর্তিমতী বধুর রূপে সঞ্চরে,
পরের লাগি পরের হৃথে তাদের চোখে জল ঝরে !
অন্নদানে অন্নপূর্ণা,—স্নেহই তা'তে সমুজ্জল ;
হৃথের হৃথী স্নেথের স্নেথী জানেনা কেউ বিলাস ছল ।

ঐ যে আসে হাস্যমুখী কৃষ্ণকবালা ঘরপানে,
হৃদয়ভরা হর্ষধারা কিসের তরে ওই জানে !
স্বাস্থ্য নাচে গতির তালে,—শ্রামাঙ্গেরই পূর্ণতা
মুগ্ধ চোখে দেখায় শুধু শাস্ত্ররূপের স্নিগ্ধতা !

চাইনা আমি রম্যানগর, এমন সেথা তৃপ্তি নাই,
হিংসা ঘেষের বহ্নিশিখা পুড়িয়ে হিয়া করছে ছাই !
পল্লীমাতার স্নিগ্ধকোলে কাটিয়ে যাব আমার দিন,
শাস্তি হ'বে জীবনসাথী, তৃপ্তি প্রাণে রইবে লীন ।

শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে, প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী।

জীবন দেবতা ।

এতদিন পরে বুঝিয়াছি নাথ
বুঝিয়াছি নিজ প্রাণে,
চিরকাল ধরে কাটায়েছি আমি
তোমার মুরতি ধ্যানে ।

হৃদয়ের যত ক্রন্দন হাসি,
 ব্যাকুল হিয়ার বাসনার রাশি,
 সকলি বঁধুয়া গেছে গেছে ভাসি'
 তোমারি—তোমারি পানে !

হরষ-ভরা এ সরস পরাণে
 আছে শুধু প্রেমধারা,
 ভুবনে ভুবনে তোমার লাগিয়া
 ফিরেছি পাগল-পারা !
 কত বসন্তে শীতে বরষায়
 শ্রামলা অমলা বিপুলা ধরায়
 শত শত গান দিয়েছি ছড়া'য়ে
 আবেগে আপনা-হারা !

যত গান আমি গাহিয়াছি বসে'
 সকলি যে তব তরে,
 তুমি যে বঁধুয়া জড়া'য়ে গিয়াছ
 অন্তরে অন্তরে !
 তুমি য্নে আমার সাধের সাধনা,
 দিবানিশি গাহি তব বন্দনা,
 মনোমন্দিরে অন্তর মম
 অর্চনা তব করে ।

তোমার লাগিয়া দিশি দিশি নাথ
 কত আমি খুঁজিয়াছি,
 তোমার লাগিয়া পরাণে পরাণে
 কত নাথ বুঝিয়াছি,
 কত না বাসনা মরমে ফুটিয়া
 বিজনে বিরলে গিয়াছে টুটিয়া ;
 টুটে নাই তাহা, টুটে নাই বঁধু,
 আজি মনে বুঝিয়াছি ।

দীন হীন প্রাণে শুধু কুস্মে
 করিয়াছি পূজা তব,
 নিতি নিতি আমি তুলিতে চেয়েছি
 বীণা-ঝঙ্কার নব !
 পারি নাই বঁধু, পারি নাই হায়
 মনের কথাটা জানা'তে তোমায় ;
 সাধ্য কি মম পরাণ যে গায়
 হৃদয়ের গান সব !

ভীষ্ম কুস্মে পূজিতে তোমায়
 পারি নাই আমি নাথ,
 ব্যাকুল বাসনা বন্ধের মাঝে
 করিয়াছে করাঘাত !
 তোমায়ে দেবতা পূজিবারে গিয়া
 সুন্দর তব মুখানি হেরিয়া
 করেছি বাসনা-বিহ্বল-হিয়া
 মুগ্ধ নয়ন-পাত !

পরাণে যত হরষ বেদনা
 নয়নের আঁখিলোর,
 সঞ্চিত করি' রাখিয়াছি বঁধু
 অন্তর-কোণে মোর !
 নাহি প্রাণে মোর সাধন-শক্তি
 নাহি হৃদে মোর নিষ্ঠা ভক্তি,
 নিশি দিন হিয়া আছে তব প্রতি
 অনন্ত প্রেমে ভোর !

জানি আমি বঁধু—জানি আমি এই
 উদ্দাম ভালবাসা,
 ব্যর্থ প্রয়াস, বিফল বাসনা,
 নিষ্ফল যত আশা,

তুমি যদি কর করুণা কেবল
নিমেষের মাঝে হইবে সকল ;
আখির পলকে মিটিবে সেদিন
এ অনন্ত পিণাসা

শ্রীগণেশচন্দ্র রায়, প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

মোহ

বিশ্ব জুড়িয়া কি যেন সুরে
বাঁগাটা উঠিছে বাজিয়া,
মুগ্ধ হইয়া সৃষ্টির কোড়ে
ভুবন রয়েছে মজিয়া
স্বপ্ন-হৃদয়-আবেগ-ছন্দে
বাজিছে বাঁগাটা সাধিয়া
ধন্য আজিকে প্রেমিক মোহ
প্রেমের পরশ লভিয়া ।

শ্রীবিকেশলোভন সেন, তৃতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. { AUGUST, 1916. } No. 1.

College Notes and Observations

We now enter on the second year of our existence, and considering the longevity of magazines in general in our country, it must be acknowledged even by our enemies that we have lived a pretty long time and reached our manhood. With the lapse of these twelve months our voice has also gained in weight and experience and the dignity appertaining thereto. Ours is no longer the feeble undertone of a novice, but the manly oracular utterance of a year-old journal! The period of maturity and development to which we looked forward has at last come with the beginning of this new session, and we are not what we were!

Many of our students who took a prominent part in the starting of this periodical have left us for a higher sphere of life, not without putting us to some loss. While heartily congratulating them on their success we cannot but at the same time feel their want and the grief of separation. Accretion to one sphere always means separation from another,—this is Nature's law, and we must yield to it. Our hopes are now centered on the present second and fourth year students, and specially on the new members of the first and third year classes. We extend our heartiest welcome to them and hope that they would follow in the wake of their energetic predecessors by taking the same keen interest in the affairs of the magazine. It is a great trust left to their care and we are sure that they will not fail to realize its importance. The second and fourth year students should initiate their younger brothers into its mystery as soon as the new-comers find themselves at home amongst us and adapt themselves to the changed conditions of new

college life. As men, however, we look back to the past, but hope and live in the future, and instead of vainly pondering over what is gone, let us now 'Ring out the old, ring in the new'

Those who are rather sceptic in believing the creations of mythology and look with an eye of distrust on such an absurd creature 'as Janus, should only look to the Editor of a magazine to have their doubts completely rooted out. Tears and smiles are the common lot of humanity, but to smile and weep at one and the same time is only given to the Editors. Like Janus they are simultaneously putting on a bright and dark visage. While we have scarcely consoled ourselves from the grief of the sudden departure of three of our old colleagues, we are made to laugh and welcome our new friends on the staff. This simultaneous presence of rain and sun, while it beautifies nature with the charming bow of seven colours, only makes the unfortunate Editors appear in a false colour. As a consequence the Editors, like the poets, become the most unpoetic of men.

We keenly feel the loss of Profs. Someswar Mukherjee, Sivadas Banerjee and Nagendranath Ganguli. Novelty has got a strong charm for all and the *new* college at Bhowanipur has allured the first two of our colleagues. The last named gentleman has joined the Bar. The daily lectures to the *benches* in the class-room has naturally engendered in his mind the idea of addressing the *Bench*, and off he goes to do it. Surely this is not a very strange transition when we consider the part which the Law of Association plays in our life!

But Nature brooks no vacuum, neither does a college, and to fill up the gap caused by them, the authorities have sanctioned five men in English,—four of them being Lecturers. We have also new Professors of Philosophy and Sanskrit, and Lecturers in History, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. Our old friend Prof. Harendra Nath Gupta, whose fate was so long hanging in the balance, has been re-appointed as a permanent addition to the Chemistry staff.

* * *

Results of the last University Examinations—We are very sorry to say that the results of I.A., I.Sc., and B. A. are not so very satisfactory this year. This College also has suffered from the general

diminution of the percentage of passes in the Intermediate Examination. The total number of passes in I.A. is 101, out of which 31 are placed in the first division. In I.Sc., out of 55 successful students, 26 have got First Division. The fourth place in I. A. has been annexed by one of our students, Bhabatosh Rai Banerjee, now in the thjrd year class of our college. The B. A. results also share the same fate. Out of 189, the total number of successful candidates, 12 got Honours in English, one in Sanskrit and 15 passed with Distinction. The following is the list of successful Honours men in different subjects:—

English

Second Division

(*in order of merit*)

Somnath Maitra
Rajkumar Chakravarti
Nikunjabehari Rai
Durgapada Biswas
Bhujanga Bhusan Mitra
Phanibhusan Ghosh
Ramaprasanna Sanyal
Abaninath Ray
Jogeshchandra Kundu
Probodhchandra Mitra
Nawabali Syed
Narendra Kumar Basu

Sanskrit

Second Division

Krishna Chandra Bhattacharya
(appeared as a non-collegiate student)

Professors' Union—Great credit must be given to the energetic Secretaries of the Union for the brilliant activity it has displayed during the year under review. The papers read in this Union were remarkable for their depth of reading and originality. The last meeting was held on the 28th of July, 1916, under the presidency of Dr. J. C. Bose, D. sc., when Principal Trivedi read another brilliant instalment of his thesis. This time he dealt with *Life*. Dr. Bose began with remarking that he had been reading with interest and pleasure Principal Trivedi's theses regularly appearing in the *Bharatvarsha*, and he was so much struck with their wonderful lucidity, originality and grasp of the subject-matter that he thought that had they been written in English, they would have secured for him a European fame. The following is a tabular list of papers read during the last session (1915-1916) of the Union :

College Notes and Observations

Session (1915-16)

Date	Lecture	Subject	REMARKS
July, 24-1915	Principal R. S. Trivedi, M.A.	বাংলায় জগৎ	Published in the <i>Bharatvarsha</i> . Prof. K. N. Mitter, M.A., of Presidency College, presided. MM. S. C. Vidyabhusan spoke at the meeting.
Aug. 6-1915	Prof. Satkari Adhikari, M.A.	The Different Schools of Vedic Interpretation	Published in the <i>Bharatvarsha</i> .
Aug. 12-1915	Prof. Gangadhar Mukherji, M.A.	আনন্দ	
Aug. 26-1915	Prof. Someswar Mukherji, M.A.	The Function of Poetry.	Published in the College Magazine.
Oct. 7-1915	Prof. Umapati Bajpeyi, M.A.	প্রেম	
Dec. 11-1915	Principal R. Trivedi, M.A.	বৈজ্ঞানিকের জড়জগৎ	Dr. R. D. Khan presided. Published in the <i>Bharatvarsha</i> .
Jan. 26-1916	Prof. Batuknath Bhattacharyn, M.A.	কবি ও মহাকাব্যিক	Published in the <i>Manasi and Marmabani of Chaitra, 1322</i> .
Feb. 18-1916	Babu Manomohan Ganguly, B.E.	Archæology	M. M. Haraprasad Sastri presided.
Feb. 26-1916	Principal R. Trivedi, M.A.	বৈজ্ঞানিকের আকাশ	Published in <i>Bharatvarsha</i> . Dr. B. L. Chowdhury, D. Sc. presided.
March, 18-1916	Babu Ajit Kumar Chakravarti, B.A.	রাজা of Rabindranath	Principal Trivedi presided. Published in the <i>Prabashi of Jaistha, 1323</i> .

Ripon College Union—The annual meeting of the College Union came off on Saturday, 22nd July, at 2 P.M. Dr. S. K. Gupta, M.A., B.L., (Cal) B.A., B. Litt. (Oxon) PH. D. (Bern) Bar-at-Law, was voted to the chair. Amongst those present were Profs. Atindra Nath Mukherjee, M.A., B.L., Sukumar Dutt, M.A., Aswini Kumar Ghose, M.A., Deva Prasad Ghose, M.A., Batuk Nath Bhattacharjee,

M.A., P. C. Banerjee, B. sc. (Lond.), F.R.E.S., Gangadhar Mukherjee, M. A., Atul Chandra Sen, M.A., B.L., Ananda Krishna Sinha, M.A., B.L., and J. N. Das-Gupta, M.A., B.L. The president asked the sectional Secretaries to read their annual reports which were read by them. These reports are published elsewhere in this number of the magazine. The next item on the programme was the election of presidents and vice-presidents and other office-bearers of the Literary, Dramatic, Magazine and Athletic departments. Prof. Sukumar Dutt proposed that, instead of three or four vice-presidents in each department, there should be only one in each. He was opposed by Profs. Batuk Nath Bhattacharjee and Atindra Nath Mukherjee. After a lively debate the question was put to the vote and Prof. Dutt came off victorious. The following office-bearers were then elected for the different sections for the current year :

Literary—President :—The Hon'ble Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee. **Vice-President** :—Dr. S. K. Gupta, M.A., B.L. (Cal.), B.A., B. Litt. (Oxon), Ph.D. (Bern), Bar-at-Law. **Secretary** :—Mr. Badarika Nath Bhattacharjee. **Asst. Secretary** :—Mr. Janaki Ram Bhattacharjee.

Dramatic—President :—The Hon'ble Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee. **Vice-President** :—Prof. Atindra Nath Mukherjee, M.A., B.L. **Secretaries** :—Mr. Bankim Chandra Mitter and Mr. Pramatha Nath Sanyal.

Magazine—President :—Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, M.A. **Editors** :—Prof. Sukumar Dutt, M.A., & Prof. Anandakrishna Sinha, M.A., B.L. **Sub-Editors** :—Mr. Bikesh Lobhon Sen and Somanath Sanyal. **Secretary & Publisher** :—Prof. Atindra Nath Mukherjee, M.A., B.L. **Asst. Secretary** :—Mr. Badarika Nath Bhattacharjee. **Members** :—(not yet elected.)

Athletic—President :—The Hon'ble Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee. **Vice-President** :—Prof. Kiran Kumar Basu, M.A. **Joint-Secretaries** :—Mr. Kumud Bandhu Dutta and Mr. Khagendra Nath Sircar.

Warned and taught by the fate of some of his colleagues, Prof. Suresh Chandra Dutta had thought it proper to yield to the irresistible Hymen and declare himself a willing vassal to him. This matrimonial treaty, like all enforced treaties, came off in the silence and privacy of the last summer vacation and was so sudden and dramatic in character that none of us could be present on the occasion except Prof. A. Mukherjee, the Dramatic Vice-President. This was quite in the fitness of things !

*

*

*

*

But we bear no grudge against these recent victims, because they have more than made up for their discomfiture by giving us splendid

feasts. The first was given by Prof. Sukumar Dutt, who, being a literateur, tried to invest even the most mundane affair like feeding with a literary atmosphere by inviting some of the distinguished men-of-letters of our time and fixing the place in Ripon College itself. So we were fed both literally and intellectually, and it had been even whispered in some quarters (of course they must be enemies) that intellect was more cared for than the stomach ! The next entertainment was given Dr. D. Chakravarti, PH.D., Prof. of Chemistry, who with a true scientist's instinct at once found out what was required on the occasion and went straight to supply them. But the climax was reached when Prof. Suresh Chandra Dutta tried to make us forgive his ignominious treaty with Hymen by stuffing us in a way which we cannot describe.

An evening section of the second year class has been started for the unsuccessful I.A. students. The time which should see them off to the field for play witnesses them confined within the four walls of a stuffy lecture-room . But there is no help. It is simply painful to see the students driven from college to college and meeting with a rebuff everywhere. No more palpable proof of the necessity of new colleges in Calcutta could be had than this, and yet the University seems asleep !

We understand that in order to facilitate the use of books in the Library, cards will be introduced. The students will have to produce their cards at the time of borrowing out the books.

* * * *

We like to draw the attention of our students to the following remarks appearing in *The Bengalee*, and hope they will be profited by them. In the coming Puja vacation there is a good opportunity for taking up the work in right earnest and thus helping the poor :—

“Every year during vacation, a body of students from the Aligarh College go forth on an errand of mercy to collect funds for the poorer students of the College. A body of Aligarh students is now in our midst, collecting funds with a view to help their poorer fellow-students. We wish every success to this noble band of young men. It is a training in practical beneficence which our young men might imitate and which our college authorities should encourage. The

Aligarh College, be it remembered, is not an exclusively Mahomedan Institution. One-fifth of the students are Hindoos. In the higher classes, the percentage is greater. In the M. A. class, it is, we understand, one-half."

The Ripon College Union

LITERARY SECTION

Session 1915-16.

The Literary Section of the Ripon College Union, though not impressed with the stamp of any distinctive achievement this session, can yet boast of a satisfactory record.

The number of sittings during this Session rather fell short of our expectation and was not large enough to cope with the growing interest evinced by the students for this Section. The debates of this Session were opened by S^j. Badarikanath Bhattacharyya whose short paper on the 'Dual Self of Man' received a kind and generous criticism from the audience and the president Prof. Atindranath Mukherjea, M.A. B.L. Then a series of papers on subjects of various interest, e. g. 'The Ideal Student', 'Mass Education,' etc., were read by S^j. Baidyanath Chatterjea, whose perspective was not soiled by any breath of bias, and the sound and animated criticisms of whose papers bore good promise of the critical acumen of the juvenile judges of letters. But the finest feature of our meetings was the invigorating and erudite speeches from the chair graced on these occasions by Profs. Atindranath Mukherjea, M.A. B.L. and Devaprasad Ghosh, M.A.

The growing sympathy evinced by our venerable professors bids fair to the activities of the Literary Section and the increasing interest among the students is the surest sign of their positive appreciation of the object and aim of the our humble efforts—which is nothing but the fostering among the students the intellectual faculties and the culture of their latent mental qualities to make

* Published in the 2nd issue of the College Magazine.

† „ 4th „ „ „

them commensurate with the weighty responsibilities of "the civic life to which all education is a preparation."

BADARIKANATH BHATTACHARYYA,

Secretary.

DRAMATIC SECTION

Session 1915-16.

We, in charge of the Dramatic Section, have not a very long tale to tell, especially for the year under review. It is only once a year on the eve of the Pujah Holidays that a dramatic representation is held under the auspices of the Union. As usual, a meeting of the Dramatic Section came off on the 21st August last, under the presidency of our vice-president Prof. Atindranath Mukherjee. Professor Someswar Mukherjee also was present in the meeting which was fairly attended. It was at first suggested by Mr. Rajkumar Chakraborty that there should be no dramatic representation this year in view of the dire calamity that had befallen our fellow countrymen in East Bengal and that all subscriptions, which would have been realized for holding the performance, should be directed to the Famine Relief Fund which was started in our College under the direction of Prof. Kiran Kumar Bose. But the majority of students were for a dramatic representation in aid of the Famine Relief Fund. This proposal was unanimously carried and an application was duly made to the Principal asking his permission for staging a drama. He, however, requested the students to drop it for the time being. It would never, we are confident, throw a damper on the future activities of the members of the Dramatic Union which has all along been enjoying a good reputation amongst the student community in Calcutta.

LALITMOHAN RAY,

Secretary.

ATHLETIC SECTION

Session 1915-16.

The football season was no less brilliant in this Session than in former years. Out of the 23 matches which were played we won 7, drew 9 and lost 7. In all we entered 7 competitions, which were (1) Elliot Challenge Shield (2) Hardinge Birthday Shield (3) Indian Daily News Cup (4) Bankim Challenge Shield, (5) Vivekananda Cup, (6) Lakshmibilas Shield and (7) Banerjee Pancy Cup. In the first named competition the College Athletic Club played up to the final round and, though beaten, displayed very good form.

The cricket season was rather dull, though some matches and games were played. The secretaries and the captain did not think it proper to draw players of the 2nd and 4th year classes away from their studies to play under the burning sun. Thanks to the students of the 1st and 3rd year classes for their activity during the season, though they got no help from the examinees.

It was in this year that for the first time the Ripon College A. C. had an opportunity of going out to Berhampore to play a friendly football match with the Krishnanath College students at their invitation. The games played there were very interesting and the result after two days' games was a draw by one to one. We desire in this connection to thank most heartily the secretary Prof. Radha Kamal Mukherjee, M.A., P.R.S. of the Krishnanath College A. C., and the members of the club for the splendid hospitality they had extended to us. We take this opportunity of thanking Prof. Someswar Prosad Mukherjee of our College for kindly accompanying us to Berhampore and encouraging us all along.

We appealed in vain for a ground of our own. The Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation had been approached with an application with which the Hon'ble Mr. Surendramath Banerjee, the President of our Athletic Club, associated himself. To our great misfortune we could get no reply from the Chairman of Calcutta Corporation. We once again appeal to the authorities to grant us a share of dates in the Marcus Square or in the Greer Park which will not only satisfy us most but will also remove our greatest need.

Before concluding we must express our sincere thanks to the Hon'ble Mr. Banerjee for his kind help and advice during the session. Also we express our heartfelt thanks to Profs. Kiran Kumar Bose. M.A., Sourindra Kumar Gupta, M.A., B.L., (Cal.) B.A., B. LITT. (Oxon.), PH. D. (Bern) and Atindranath Mukherjee, M.A., B.L., Vice-Presidents of our Club, for the great interest they took in the success of our games, specially for their going to the *Maidan* on more than one occasion to encourage our team. We shall be failing in our duty if we forget to thank Mr. Rajendra Narayan Roy, B.A., Captain, the Vice-Captain, Mr. Gangeshnath Dutta, B.A., Ex-joint-secretary, and Messrs. Rajkumar Chakravarty, B.A., Badarikanath Bhattacharyya, Lalitmohon Roy and others who took interest in the Club.

ANATH BANDHU DUTT

KHAGENDRA NATH SARKAR,

Secretaries.

On Our Common-Room Table

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

The *Fortnightly Review*, July 1916:—Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, delivered an address at the annual meeting of the Poetry Society in May last on *The Appeal of Poetry at the Present Hour*. In the course of his lecture he asks, What is the appeal of poetry to our day? What is the relation of poetry to the facts of the present moment? Some would say, 'Poetry has little place just now; it is a time for deeds rather than words.' Is that so? Are we not fighting for thoughts, for faiths, for creeds, for ideals? Deeds and words, the stroke and the song, the sword and the pen! They are old friends and old rivals. Which is the more important? Which the more potent? 'Who shall say? One thing is certain that they have always worked together:

The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

Further on Sir Herbert quotes an Australian poet:

Words are deeds, the words we hear
May revolutionize or rear
A mighty state. The words we read
May be a spiritual deed,
Excelling any fleshly one,
As much as the celestial sun
Transcends a bonfire, made to throw
A light upon some raree-show;
A simple proverb tagged with rhyme
May colour half the course of time;
The pregnant saying of a sage
May influence every coming age;
A song in its effects may be
More glorious than Thermopylæ.

"That, I think, perhaps a little roughly, and in a homely and simple way, gives much of the true relation of poetry to action. Poetry, if it is really poetry, is inspired, and if it is anything is itself an inspiration.....Much of the best of poetry cannot be produced at once under the stress of war. Rather it is only crushed or killed.

When the hawk hovers over the grave, the singing birds are silent,

• but when the hawk is driven away, they burst into more excited and.

sweeter song—if they survive. And in one sense no poetry can really be produced instantaneously. Poetry is partly passion, partly art. Passion is instantaneous and intense. Art is long and slow..... Poetry is always capable of rebirth. She is in truth the fairy princess who appears at first as an old withered crone, but, if any young gallant treats her with chivalry, shines out again, young, enchanting, entrancing, radiant, royal, more lovely, more queenly, than ever.....What to-day do we feel to be of most value to us? Not, as we may once have thought, power, riches, luxury, but what is in every sense the 'simple life'—life itself, and life with honour and love, the enjoyment of our land, of our friends, of our faith in right and in God.....The value of all that our country means, its history, its customs, its atmosphere, natural, political, spiritual: we feel this as never before.....Let us hope, I do hope and believe, that we are being exalted even in and through our sorrow. Our poetry should rise with us. I believe it is rising. For poetry, as the greatest poets have seen, can so rise, even to heaven.....Britain has ever been—and is to-day—a land and home of poetry. This is true of England and Wales, of Scotland and Ireland. It is true, as will be seen more and more, I believe, in a very few years, of Canada and Australia, of New Zealand and South Africa, and in its own way, of British India."

The Hibbert Journal, July 1916 :— Professor Alexander Darroch of Edinburgh in the course of an article on *Education and Humanism* thus compares the German and the British ideals: "The earlier ideal," he says, "is set clearly forth in the writings of Fichte, the philosopher, who in reality was the founder of Modern Germany in its earliest and best days. When Fichte wrote, Prussia lay at the feet of Napoleon and the spirit of the people had sunk to the lowest ebb; but he saw clearly that Prussia could regain her position and become a great power only through the bringing about of a united Germany and by the establishment of a national system of education. For, Fichte believed and laid down, that it is only by the improved education of a people that the main defects of civil, social and family life can be corrected and a better future assured to posterity; that the destiny of a people depends mainly on the education of its youth; and that the nation which through its members possesses the most varied and thorough education will, at the same time, be the happiest and the most powerful. Further, in the nationalisation of education, the State must undertake the furtherance of

all human and social interests in Art, in Music, in Literature, as well as in Economics. Moreover, Fichte condemned the theory that the chief aim of the State is to become a great industrial and financial organisation, as he also condemned the older view that the State exists for the benefit of a privileged class. For the latter theory tends to the neglect of the education of the common people ; the former to the view that each should have only the education which fits him to become an efficient member of a State organised for economic purposes and for the means of its defence. The first fruits of the new policy was the establishment of the University of Berlin. From that time onwards Prussia and the other German States have undertaken the organisation of education in all its branches, Elementary, Secondary, Technical and University, with a conscious and definite aim in view and more or less under autocratic control. This older, wider and higher ideal of education has, moreover, never actually disappeared from German thought, but in the course of time the economic and military aims of education have become dominant, and have been directed not so much to the securing of the welfare and the happiness of the people, as to the increasing of the economic and military prestige of a hypo-statised State.

"In contrast, we may note, that in Great Britain there has never been any such definite or conscious direction of our educational agencies, and we also have not yet come to any conclusion as to whether autocratic or democratic control of education, or the union of both, is the best means for furthering the educational interests of the country.... We can no longer muddle through in education ; there must be a conscious direction of all our educational agencies and activities to remedy the main defects in our economic and in our social organisation ; and we must clearly realise and set before us the aims which we intend to achieve by means of the educational agencies. ...But scientific and technical education alone will never save a nation; and whether it shall be a good or a bad thing, depends upon the nature of the end to which scientific and technical efficiency is a means. The spread of scientific knowledge and its better application to technical processes is a good when it develops the intelligence of the worker, and when it incites an interest in the work for its own sake ; it is a further good when it is directed to increase and to make less costly the utilities of life, for in so doing we are bettering human welfare ; above all, it is a good when it is directed towards

the production of permanent values, whether embodied in the shape of beautiful cities or buildings or other things. Generally it is a good when it is directed to the production of social values, but not otherwise."

The Times Literary Supplement, July 7, 1916 :—"Of the three desires of the soul," says a writer, "it is the desire for good of which the social implication is the most obvious. But it exists also in the desire for truth and the desire for beauty. To take the desire for truth. If all reality, as the philosophers teach us, is experience—the experience of some one—the desire for truth is the desire to get beyond my own small individuality, to enter into a larger experience, and is so far social in its nature. And the only real truth I can get is truth about other minds. For in our beliefs about the inanimate or material world, what we call truth can give us no representation of the reality outside our minds. Truth here is the hypothesis which harmonizes our experience, which enables us in practice to forecast what under certain conditions our experience will be. If a scientific generalisation serves this purpose, if it is convenient, to use Poincaré's word, it has all the truth of which a scientific generalisation is capable. But it is quite different in the case of truth about other minds. Here true belief means a representation in my own mind of a reality outside it....Again, whatever is true is true for every one, not for me alone. The desire for truth is the desire to surmount what to me individually is appearance, and lay hold of the universal heritage of all minds, so far as their apprehension, like mine, is not impeded by individual error. If all minds could get rid of individual error we should all be at one in the one truth....Each individual, in penetrating the experiences of all the rest, the experience of the Whole, from his own unique point of view, with a power of knowledge increased beyond all that we can conceive, not only knows the whole truth (knows 'even as he also is known'), but loves where he knows. Knowledge has become for him only one aspect of love. For indeed philosophers have shown how in our present discursive mode of tracking truth, in the logical sequences and categories and words in which we have to tie it down, there is something which disfigures reality by breaking it up. The ideal, they say, would be a comprehension of the Whole in its organic being in a single intense vision."

English Articles

POETRY AND NATURE.

By S. K. Gupta, M.A., B.L. (Cal). B.A., B. LITT. (Oxon),

PH. D. (Bern), Bar-at-Law.

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

From time immemorial, Nature has been the inexhaustible mine of Poetry. From the hoary age of the Rigvedic hymns and the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the mighty stream of Poetry, inspired and coloured by Nature, rolls on in its majestic course, exhilarating and edifying the human heart and blessing with verdure the barrenness and ruggedness of human life.

But how did Nature, this primal and lofty theme, come to permeate Poetry? Whether Poetry is the "heaven-descended maid", sprung with her handmaiden, Music, from the spheres, or a divine afflatus, flowing from an invocation of the fair dwellers of Parnassus, is more than I can tell. Suffice it for the present to view her in relation to Nature and to trace her noble origin therefrom.

To embark upon a study of this description we have to fling back our mental vision to the neolithic and palæolithic ages—to the prehistoric days when ill-clad and ill-kempt man opened his eyes into this beauteous and bountiful world, to the blue vault above, the grand and awe-inspiring sights around and the earth he paced below. A veil of mystery was cast upon the entire panorama. Everything appeared "apparelled in celestial light." Wonder, awe, admiration—the primordial sentiments of the human heart, evoked in contact with Nature,—absolutely possessed man. The periodicity of the phenomena of Nature and at times their abrupt change required some explanation. The bosom of the primitive man was filled with divine awe, and his imagination peopled with purely spiritual explanations of these mysteries, thus giving birth to a very prolific mythology. The Vedic Literature began to apostrophise the sun, the moon, the winds, the fire in laudatory stanzas and cosmogonic hymns and landed in a rich polytheism. The Hellenic and as yet the pagan mind began to teem with images of all sorts—fantastic figures, fabulous monsters, Herculean heroes, demons, gods and demigods. The natural was

explained by the supernatural—the spiritual: the product is Mythology. So it was;—Natural symbolism begat classical romanticism.

This spiritual interpretation of physical phenomena explains why the title-page of the literature of every nation emblazons religious songs, hymns or odes. Man bowed down overpowered with amazement before the sublime grandeur of Nature and paid his fitting tribute to her in noble songs, glorifying the mighty author of all this wonder. Most pre-eminently this spirituality of early poetry sombrely gilds the chants of the Vedic sages and more or less all the first melodious utterances of mankind. As specimens of such religious poetry in early English Literature I may cite the 'Dream of the Cross' and the 'Paraphrase', where Crædmon avowedly "sings the beginning of created things."

I shall now endeavour to trace in outline the general course which Poetry in its evolution may have pursued, to single out the salient features of the various stages of its progress and to view the prevalent poetic temperaments of the past ages in relation to Nature. In so dealing with the subject, by exclusive attention to one phase at a time. I am fully aware, there is ample chance of being guilty of sacrificing unity of the theme to order and analysis. Nothing however could be farther from my intention. The botanist has to take a flowering plant into pieces, even in its pistils and stamens, but he would be the last person to ignore its organic unity.

Semi-secular epics followed in the wake of religious songs and the spirit of chivalry animated Poetry. The glory and greatness of the gods and the demigods were to some extent transferred to heroes—*supermen*, and evoked in man the virtues of noble emulation and implicit obedience. The poetry of this era of gallantry rings with thrilling episodes of loyal devotion to clannish chieftains and the lust begotten of rivalries of enterprising chivaliers. It is resplendent with the ideal portrayal of knightly virtues and romantic tales of the rescue of Beauty. The flower of chivalry blossomed forth in all its grandeur in the epics of India, in the *Illiad*, the *Odessey*, the *Waldhere* and *Beowulf* and none the less, in the rude strains of the blind minstrels, the *chansons de geste* of the Trouveres and the songs of the Troubadours.

The sentiment of Love, the food and infatuation of poets, so blended with chivalry that it baffles a separate treatment, but owing to the constant dwelling upon this passion and the stimulus it obtained from pastoralism, it merits an independent examination.

Such was the prominent preference given to the passion that Love seemed to be engrafted afresh to the sturdy trunk of chivalry, entwining its rugged bark with every tender but tenacious tendril. But a time approached when Courtesy not only mellowed Bravery but enfeebled it. The course of events took very soon a rather suicidal turn from voluptuousness and satiety. Enervation and effeminacy characterised the epoch ; the sublime sentiment was debased into frivolous lewdness and the retribution sternly followed. This tender and sap-instilling creeper now became a veritable parasite, sucking up the life-blood of Romance and Knighthood.

Man squandered away a rich heritage, but a period of active enterprise set in. Numerous scientific inventions and discoveries of unknown lands curtailed the mysterious vastness of Nature. The rich outburst of the Renaissance, ostensibly antagonistic to the languor of poetry, placed man face to face with Nature. Since then the struggle between nature and convention, between poetry and science has continued unabated, but Nature has in all seasons and situations, made her feeble voice audible. Side by side with a Pope, there was a Thomson ; with Newton, Milton.

Advance in materialism, though no doubt it has alloyed the simple, unsophisticated joy in Nature, has also helped vastly to amplify that joy by revealing to man her profundity and resourcefulness. The wider the knowledge the more cosmopolitan the sentiment, the fuller the expression.

But though Science has thus helped to sustain Poetry, it has none the less famished it to a degree to excite the gravest apprehension. It has unblushingly torn asunder the veil of mystery and romance. Science has silenced, terrified and chased away all the dreams of Poetry : The physicist gives a lucid account of the properties of the elements of Nature as operated upon by force or energy, and leaves hardly any room for vain conjecture. The chemist renovating the magic art—the alchemy of the medieval ages—has rationalised all miracles and has discovered the Philosopher's Stone. The geologist explains the deluge by no supernatural agency or poetic figure ; he reads out the stratigraphy of the earth in her own rocky manuscripts. The botanist, despite the admonition of Wordsworth, has with an ungentle hand dissected leaves and petals and frightened out the spirit brooding in the calyx. The physiologist revels in skulls and skeletons. The anatomist plunges his reeking knife into the heart of the tender

fawn which to Marvell was "lilies without, roses within." The vivisectionist revels in gore like ravenous beasts and birds. The globe-trotter and the circumnavigator have disencumbered idle brains of Lapland witches and mythical monsters. The astronomer has reduced the milky way to prosaic details and has scanned the sky, satellite by satellite. Everywhere science has humbled speculation; reason, revelation; push-pin, poetry.

Research has analysed and epitomised Nature. Man by his superior genius has reached the end of the *terra firma*, scudded in the atmosphere, critically estimated the constellations, dashed under the waves, peeped into the mysteries of the deep, worked out subterranean galleries. Research has left bare the mystery of the oracular caves. No Sirens now enrapture mariners with voluptuous beauty and song. Gods no more incarnate themselves to take part in the joys and sorrows of mortals. The hills and dales have been ransacked but none of the deities greet the eye. The rivers murmur as of yore but no genii appear. The nymphs have abandoned their favourite resorts in the recesses of the wood. The elves, the fairies and the Dryads are all mute. All the paraphernalia of Poetry have shrunk back from the scrutiny of Science. Mines have been sunk; adventurous man has penetrated the bowels of the earth and exposed her entrails to light. Eros has vanished: Pluto has lost his dominion. Even the mighty Neptune has been traversed upon and under, and tamed: and the Nereids offer pearls and gems to propitiate this upstart. No distant land is now believed to be peopled by the anthropophagi "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The hallucination has melted away and the grim reality looks sternly in the face. The timid and tender soul of Poetry has fled away before this fire-breathing dragon. The music of the spheres is hushed, nay drowned, in the jarring din and hubbub of mills and factories, of spinning cylinders, fly-wheels and steam-rollers.

I shall now consider the relationship subsisting between Nature and some of the cognate departments of Poetry. Now first I speak of—

Epic and Chivalrous Songs—The earliest literary achievement of man is poetry.

"In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er icebuilt mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode."

The chivalrous spirit is just as well manifest in them. They too sing the glory of their "feather-cinctured chiefs" and "dusky loves." Choral recitations of such songs lash them to their war-dances, just as the *Ballad of Chevy Chase* used to stir the soul of Sidney like a flourish on the trumpet. Though these poems ostensibly celebrate love, war, adventure, generosity, courtesy, the element of Nature is none the less pronounced in them. The veil of epic grandeur, cast over such epochs of romance, as those of the Trojan War, Charlemagne and his peers, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, receives a rich colouring from Nature regarded as an unfailing adjunct and treated for the most part either abnormally or extravagantly. The chivalrous episodes of the great Indian epics, too numerous to mention, are noble contributions to this kind of literature. The facility and familiarity, with which Nature is woven into them, is much too obvious. Of this species of poetry, the ballads in particular possess all their charm from their peculiar setting in Nature. Chivalry demands the mention of the illustrious triad—Ariosto, Tasso and Boccaccio, who kindled the Muse of Chaucer,—the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the 'Amadis de Gaul' and 'Arcadia' of Sannazaro and Sidney, the 'Faerie Queene' of Spenser, the 'Lady of the Lake' of Sir Walter Scott and recently the 'Idylls of the King' of Lord Tennyson. These poems open up the very pages of Nature, "glassed by sunbeams on the lake."

Pastoralism and Nature—Like lull 'after a storm, peace after war, ease after excitement, out of the black horizon bursts forth the the resplendent dawn—the spirit of pastoral poetry. A turning of the poetic eye towards homely affairs and environments of life occasions pastoral poems. The shepherd with his oaten pipe sings of country life and country scenery, the care and management of his flocks. He very seldom ventures to peep into the seraphic ecstasy of the Empyrean, or to "build a loftier rhyme," lest he should lose touch with Nature, his flock be molested meanwhile and the shepherdess disown him for his sparse courtesy. The poor shepherd, though thus apparently at a disadvantage, is however best in his element; because no aspect of Nature appeals so touchingly to him as the sights and sounds and surroundings he has been accustomed and acclimatised to. Everywhere in these eclogues breathes the freshness of rural life. These homely lays present a pure tender picture of the lives and loves of the sensitive, superstitious rustics. Nature with her golden harvest, her crops and

fruits and nibbling flocks, was greeted with delight by many poets. Theocritus and Virgil, Moschus and Bion sang her glory and Spenser lustily swelled the chorus in his 'Shepherd's Calendar' and Ramsay in his 'Gentle Shepherd.' Though a Colin Clout is often forsaken by a Rosalind in these poems, the pathos is redeemed by an unfailing loveliness of the theme and a rich lyrical flow which is in strictest symphony with the pulsation of Nature.

Love Poetry and Nature—Human affection and antipathy are dynamic forces, corresponding to attraction and repulsion in the physical world. The spirit of union obtains even in the meanest object of Nature. "No sister-flower would be forgiven if it disdained its brother." In the words of the poet, "Love took up the harp of life and smote the chord of self." If the motor-energy, the unifying spirit in Nature, be Love, how much more is it true of mankind, and the wonder why most of the bards have harped on the self-same string is dispelled forthwith. Shelley voices forth the same sentiment in his charming meditative poem, the *Love's Philosophy*—

"Nothing in this world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I then with thine?"

The poets moreover find a reflection of their own erotic joys and sufferings in diverse sympathetic aspects of Nature. But some are disappointed. Burns finds it rather difficult to reconcile the gaiety that was outside with the gloom that was within. He sullenly complains :

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fair!"

He cannot believe his eyes when he sees his heart is so fraught with woe and care.

Love is an operative principle in Nature. The flowers are fertilised with the pollen the bees carry in their "honeyed thighs." Kalidasa evolves the whole drama of love from a sympathetic observation of the ways of beasts, birds and insects, even of creepers, blossoms, stocks, and stones. He notices the emblem of conjugal reciprocity in the *chakora* and the *chakravak*, in the creeper-coiled tree, the lotus-seated bee, the confluence of rivers with the sea. He perceives the damsel in the tender creeper, her quick

glances in the lashes of the startled gazelle, her handsome face in the gibbous moon, her locks of hair in the plumage of peacocks, her girdle in the row of dancing flamingoes and the sportive display of her eye-brows in the flickering ripples of rivulets. Nature, with all her blossoming mangoes, the red *asokas*, the many-tinted lotuses and the humming bees, is completely laid under contribution by the poet for the edification of the sentiment of Love in man. He makes the scenes he paints all mad with the scent of blossoms, rich with a riot of colour, ringing with the tunes of birds. His keen powers of observation, his matchless powers of delineation and above all, his profound and tender sympathy with the undercurrent of Love in Nature are glowingly manifest in every simile or metaphor, if we care to analyse it piecemeal. With such a glorious past, what a gloomy ordeal have such songs passed through to-day! Genuine erotic poetry is a rather rare object now. The age of the 'metaphysical poets' seems to repeat itself. The empty babblers of amorous songs, the flippant poetasters, gifted with no sense of proportion and violating the canons of propriety, have landed themselves and their tinsel verse into extravagance and absurdity. Their efforts are nothing better than a mere travesty of poetry. The canker has eaten into the rose : the spirit has departed and only the dross is left. (*To be continued*)

ASOKA AS A MORAL TEACHER

By Lalit Mohan Kat, M.A.,

Professor of Sanskrit Literature, Ripon College.

The Edicts of Asoka breathe forth a didactic spirit and are in this respect distinguishable from the Twelve Tables of Rome or the Edicts of the Emperors. The tone of piety pervading them justifies their appellation of *Dhammalipi* or pious inscriptions.

As the most important characteristic of the 'religion without a god'—as Buddhism has sometimes been called—is its ethical rather than theistic import,—the royal votary of it tries to inculcate and impress upon his people the importance of adopting the dictates of morality in deed and not merely in thought. Asoka's piety as

evidenced by these stony monuments is a thoroughly practical one. He enjoins his people to live a life of 'reverence, hope and love,' of morality and of sympathy.

His thoughts to this effect are clearly set forth in his own words (Pillar Edict, No. 7). Imbued with a high sense of the responsibility of his royal position, he views with regret the flippant manner in which kings in the past ages have passed their lives—the pleasure-trips that they used to indulge in, their idle sporting and gaming,—and expresses his resentment that they did not attend to the moral development of their subjects. To this end he devotes himself heart and soul and feels gratified that "in this world he has tried to give his people a taste of the real felicity ; May they attain higher pleasures in the next world."

Although a Buddhist himself, he is equally anxious for the advancement of the *Brahmans*, the *Ajivakas*, the *Nirgranthas* and other sects, and has engaged overseers of religion for all sects. It has already been noticed that in the Twelfth Great Rock Edict, he proclaims that he tolerates all sects, and respects them and honours them by various gifts and other marks of distinction. He admonishes his people of different religious persuasions to reverence each other and learn all that is great and good in another's faith—thus causing one's own as well as one's neighbours' religion to thrive. "Let all sects try to gain in essence, and not restrict themselves to forms merely."

Asoka is thoroughly practical and does not stop at giving verbal instructions to his people. He believes nothing is more efficacious than personal example, and often and often he brings his personal devotion and self-denial to bear upon his subjects. "Let there be no slaughter of animals," he says in his very first Edict, and adds, "For the royal kitchen hundreds of animals were killed—I have reduced the number of the slaughtered to three, which will be a zero as soon as possible." "Everywhere in my kingdom as elsewhere," says he in his second Edict, "I have made arrangements for medical aids to men and animals, collected and grown medicinal and other useful plants, constructed wells and planted trees for the comfort and enjoyment of men and animals." "Wherever I go on religious tours," says he in the 8th Great Rock Edict, "I observe the following practices—visiting and making gifts to Brahmins and Sramanas, visiting the aged and distribution of gold, paying respects to rustics, religious preaching and enquiries."

Even this does not satisfy the noble emperor. Teachings and examples are not sufficient if not attended with a constant surveillance. And laws, however salutary and conducive to happiness, are useless unless there be a vigilant set of men to check those that mean to violate them and help those who intend to abide by them. Religious laws are less likely to be obeyed than ordinary ones, as they are not coercive. For this purpose the King employs a machinery that is to act as the zealous guardian of the law, both secular and religious. *Mahamatras* or High Commissioners are appointed for the religious advancement of his subjects—some for men and others for women. Other inferior officers have the charge of superintending the religion of the people, constantly living and moving among them. Their function is to preach to the people, to teach them the doctrines of piety and to see that they are observed in practice. . .

The King's idea of piety may be thus stated within the shortest compass :—(1) Reverence for and obedience to parents, (2) Obedience to teacher and elders, (3) Respect for old age, (4) Reverent conduct towards Brahmanas and Sramanas, (5) Charity to the needy and the helpless, (6) Kind dealings with slaves and paid servants, (7) Charitable disposition towards friends, acquaintances and kinsmen, and (8) Regard for the sacredness of life. The consequence of observing these is honour in this life and eternal bliss in the next.

This keen reader of human nature clearly perceives that the guiding influence of the king and the constant watch of the most conscientious officials are of no great effect unless there be some home influence, *i.e.*, the constant activity of friends and relations in co-operation in the great propagandist work that he has established. "Let the father advise his son," requests the ardent preacher, "the son his father; let instructions come from the lord to his servant, from the brother, the friend, the acquaintance, the relation and even the neighbour." This mutual well-wishing will lead to the great goal, the *summum bonum*, *viz.* felicity in this world as well as in the next. . .

Notwithstanding his efforts to bring home to his subjects the most important items of morality and entrusting their religious advancement into the hands of efficient officers—"like a fond mother committing her child to the care of a skilful nurse, confident that she will take good care of it"—the royal teacher never loses sight of the fact that in all moral achievements, the Self or the individuality

of the subject is the most important factor and that nothing is gained in this direction unless there is a conscious effort of the Self to act. "Happiness in this world or the next is not acquired without a fervent longing for piety, a strict self-examination, a strong inquisitiveness, an overbearing awe, and a lively exertion." Teachings from outside are all 'very good, but they are "to no effect if divorced from an exertion of the self --the will-to-do."

Asoka with his usual penetration into human character then dilates upon the impediments to the efforts of the Self—the failings of humanity. "Men are conscious when do they some good deed, this good thing have I done. But does any body ever stop to see this evil is done by me, or does he ever care to think of the mischief that he commits?" Drawing this conclusion so plainly yet forcibly, he never raises himself above his failing brothers to reprimand them from a high pedestal as many a philosopher has done. He knows what the most effective way of approaching the erring humanity is : he is full of sympathy for them and acknowledges "it is indeed difficult to do so." He advises them, "Remember the sources of all evils are fury, cruelty, anger, pride and jealousy. Be careful you do not lose yourselves through these vices. At every step stop do consider—Is what I am going to do right? Will it lead to happiness here and hereafter?"

"Root out the evil and sow the good seed," is the essence of what Priyadarsi has to advise. In his universal love for human kind his sympathies are fully with the weak and the fallen. His catholic words of hope and brightness cannot but inspire his subjects, however depressed or dejected they might be. "In the moral world there is no distinction. Do not think that elevation is a monopoly of the great. Come, Ye poor and small, try and try, you too will enjoy the everlasting heavenly bliss." The only persons who cannot conduct themselves piously are not the poor in wealth or in the social grade, but those that are poor in soul—poor in humanity. "The meagre in character are unworthy of practising piety."

With his high regard for the sacredness of life the king tries his best to stop the taking of it. He issues the injunction that several animals (which are named) and those that are not eaten should not be killed. "Any ewe or she-goat or sow, when suckling the young, should not be slaughtered. The young of an animal less than six months old is always to be spared, and no mutilation of a fowl or the

branding of a bull is to be allowed. Do not burn the husk in which there is any living creature. Let there be no wanton cruelty or taking of life for no purpose. The practice of killing an animal for the food of another is disallowed. There should be no destruction of life in the name of religion."

The personal qualities that he insists upon are self-restraint and purity of mind. The highest virtue is charity, but in all cases self-restraint and sincerity, gratitude and industry are to be striven for. These should be accompanied with meditation. "Actions," he says, "are fruitful to the degree they are tempered with piety. If you want to perform any auspicious ceremony let it be a pious one ; if you aspire after fame, let it be the fame of piety. If anybody wants to conquer this earth let it be by piety."

The king is never tired of asking his people to shun evil and follow good. Inactivity is the last thing he can tolerate. We may note how in these directions he blends his royal personality with the office of the moral teacher ;

"The following are the impediments to success :—Jealousy, idleness, wantonness, frivolity, inactivity, laziness and procrastination. Shun these evils by all means. Be up and doing and patient. If you want to act up to my views, industry and perseverance are the two virtues of the utmost importance. A lukewarm person never exerts himself. Progress always should be your watch-word. Do your duty and you will please me most. Remember that these are my commands. Obey them and they will lead to the most desirable results. Violate them and the consequences will be very unpleasant."

King Asoka is anxious to found the kingdom of righteousness on earth. He is ready to congratulate himself that he has attained his highest aim if he has succeeded in exhorting his people onward on the path of duty. If he is to exact any thing from his subjects for his pleasure, it is to make them respond to the high vocation.

"Those", says he, "that fail in their duties, fail not only to attain bliss but to obtain the king's favour as well. You will not please me unless you are dutiful. Do your duty fully and you will secure heaven and discharge your obligation to me."

"Do your duty at least for my sake," says he to the newly conquered people of Kalinga.

THE *SPACE* OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE—A REVIEW (V) *

By Pramatha Nath Mukherji, M.A.,

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

We have seen that the tendency of the essays under review is to show that the object of Physical Science is to render an account in conceptual terms of 'the routine of our perceptions.' The world which the man of science conjures up is necessarily, though the fact is commonly overlooked, an abstract, made-to-order world which may live in 'the empyrean of pure thought,' but which cannot be regarded as a copy of the world of our actual experience. The world of Science is again, as we have explained, doubly abstract, inasmuch as it employs materials of experience which exist only for an hypothetical 'mean man' (the conceptual average of many actual perceptions), and further because it has attempted with considerable measure of success to put these materials into certain stereotyped formulæ into which facts can never be compressed without violence and compromise. Such 'limitation of the data,' as Thomson and Tait have aptly characterised the abstraction of mathematical analysis and physical treatment, is essential for the work of Science: even such great masters of analysis as Laplace, Lagrange and Gauss would find their work impossible without first drawing a veil round them so as to shut out the overpowering immensity of the real which is always a phenomenon of infinite and inextricable complexity.

But Space and Ether at least seem to offer to Science a bed of solid rock to plunge her piers in. So long as these endure we shall scarcely be justified in looking upon the creation of Science as a 'conceptual model' only, and its formulæ as 'regulative principles' only which hold good in the world of facts on the hypothesis that these fairly closely come near to the elements of the cartesian, vector or

* This masterly series of articles by Prof. P. N. Mukherji is a critical *resume* of a work in preparation by Principal Trivedi purporting to be an enquiry into the basic principles of Science. Several instalments of this work have been read at the meetings of the Professors' Union and published in different issues of the Bengalee monthly magazine, called *Bharatvarsha*. Principal Trivedi's essays seem to have created a good deal of interest among votaries of science as evidenced by Dr. J. C. Bose's remarks quoted on P.3. Students are advised to read the original essays along with Prof. Mukherji's articles. Students of science and philosophy will be greatly benefited thereby.—Eds.

other systems of analysis upon which equations of such immense fruitfulness in physical interpretation as the well-known differential equation of Laplace (to take only one instance) must be based, a differential co-efficient, of whatever order, having no meaning without reference to such systems of mathematical representation. Are not the Space and Ether of Physical Science at least *reals*, and not merely conceptual frameworks for the stupendous display of a world of symbols and formulæ? It is to the tackling of this central problem that Principal Trivedi now comes toiling through the crushed and exploded idols of a vain, realistic science.

In modern science, Space and the universal plenum of Ether have *both* passed muster, though John Mill could never bring himself to look upon the latter with an easy approbation of his logic, and Lord Kelvin could afford to be warm and indignant at the merest breath of lay scepticism about this new-fangled idol of science. But mathematical physics has not always been persuaded of the necessity of this universal medium and may even now, after the successful investigations of Faraday, Maxwell and Hertz, feel tempted to dispense with it altogether, stick to 'the assemblage of points' of Boscovich and render an account of the physical world in terms of the geometry of pure motion or kinematics considered without reference to moving bodies, or to the forces producing motion, or to the forces called into action by the motion. Faraday engineered the lines of force, and since then physicists have generally believed the stress between two bodies to be a kind of 'mediate action,' but Maxwell, the mathematical exponent of this view of mediate action (or action through elements of a medium), says himself: "Since, as we have seen,* the theory of direct action at a distance is mathematically identical with that of action by means of a medium, *the actual phenomena may be explained by the one theory as well by the other* provided suitable hypotheses be introduced when any difficulty occurs." (Electricity and Magnetism, Vol. I, p. 70), The italics are ours. Our essayist too in the body of the paper, under review does not in any way consider this concept of Ether as 'a necessity of scientific stock-taking, for though it has now become fashionable to construct a conceptual model of our world of perception by means of this concept of Ether, still it is possible in his view to construct quite other conceptual models by adopting concepts other than Ether. Indeed, man's conceptual mechanism is not bound by any one particular concept or by any

one fatal form of expression. The Ether is of course the fittest idea that has survived in the logical struggle for existence, but it should be distinctly recognised that other ideas lived and thrived before and still other ideas may live and even prevail hereafter. That there can be no absolutely close bureaucracy of ideas in science is a proposition which our essayist proves, in so far as it requires proof, by going somewhat into the details of physical ideology, and as we proceed, we shall perhaps find it profitable and interesting to bear him company : but meanwhile we should point out that of the two fundamental ideas which underlie physics, *viz.*, Space and Ether, the latter is fundamental in no primary and inevitable sense and may be an accident, even a separable accident, of scientific theorizing. Mill demanded 'independent evidence' for the proposed Ether, that is to say, an evidence other than the mere circumstance that by assuming Ether we can adequately sum up (in the days of Mill one would say, explain) the routine of our perceptions. But we have cited the testimony of Clerk Maxwell that the phenomena can be explained by the theory of action at a distance as well : so that we have not yet shown that no theory other than that of Ether can adequately sum up the facts, and therefore we cannot be hopelessly perverse in still choosing to keep our minds open in respect of this or any other mode of scientific description—we will not say explanation. Do the Hertzian waves and their application in the wireless, and do the latest electronic theory of matter really constitute the sort of independent evidence that we must demand of Ether, or should we suspect a surreptitious begging of the whole question behind the claim so noisily put forward that such independent evidence has been found and that therefore the matter is closed with regard at least to Ether though not with regard to the precise kinds of relation which exist between this Ether and the particles of matter which are in stress in this plenum ? We pause for a reply.

Apart from the possibility of rival concepts such as direct action between bodies at a distance, mediate action through elements of a medium, and so on, it should be clearly noticed also that the Ether is merely the conceptual framework which does not, and perhaps cannot, correspond to a reality of actual perception. The Ether has been conceived as a 'perfect fluid'—a fluid which offers absolute resistance to compression and no resistance at all to slide of its parts. Then there is the conception of a 'rigid body,'

a body incapable of changing its form either by compression or by slide. Then again it has been conceived as a 'perfect jelly,' offering absolute resistance to compression and partial resistance to slide. Practically however it has not been possible to work with any *one* of these different and, to a certain extent, logically contradictory conceptions. For certain purposes of explanation physicists have conceived Ether in one way and for certain other purposes in a different way: sometimes Ether is a perfect fluid, at other times a perfect jelly, and at still other times it is a perfect fluid *and* a perfect jelly. The Ether is a concept only, and this circumstance may be supposed to cover a multitude of her logical sins, but still it is difficult to believe that contradictories may be made to abide peaceably in any idea, scientific or lay. Clever attempts have been made in Science to remove the contradictions by modifying the conception of Ether; nevertheless one cannot be altogether ill-advised in hesitating to accept the concept of Ether as a safe halting place and as a stable consistent base for scientific speculation. It can have no counterpart in the verities of perception, and even as a conceptual model or framework it certainly does not admit of an easy and happy setting. To the present-day man of science it remains perhaps, and our essayist himself is not uncertain on this point, as a vague substratum of electro-magnetic (which involves optical) disturbance rendered into exact expression chiefly by the equations of Clerk Maxwell.

And yet the Ether is looming larger day by day in the eyes of the man of science. Of the triad of physical concepts--Space, Ether and Matter the last has been almost completely absorbed by the second, though we are not yet quite settled on the precise *modus operandi* of the absorption. The calculations of Abraham and the experiments of Kaufmann, as Poincare remarks, have shown the mass of the negative electrons at least to be variable; and the mass of matter which in the physics of Galileo and Newton was constant and independent of motion has now become a variable and a purely electro-magnetic mass. All this has helped the disintegration of the matter of Democritus and Dalton, and has prepared the way for the modern conception of matter as a mere discontinuity of some sort in the possibly continuous substance of Ether--not a discontinuity as regards substance but as regards condition of stress. The vortex-ring of Lord Kelvin, for example, is merely a peculiar local condition of stress in the universal plenum of Ether. We need

not go into the alluring details of the latest theory of matter, but should note only the general trend of the theory which points to the antithesis between the two ideas of continuity and discontinuity. Our essayist too begins his present paper at this point. His main propositions in the present paper appear to be these : Some kind of discontinuity is essential for the appearance of the world and for its explanation—absolute continuity like the pure *Chidākāsha* of the Upanishads is the *reductio ad absurdum* of our common experience : but this discontinuity need not necessarily be conceived as the discontinuity *in the condition of stress of the Ether* as is done by modern science : it may be discontinuity of some sort in *the so-called impartial and homogenous space*—Physical Science being possible even with such discontinuity ; lastly, homogeneous and infinite Space is, like the rest of our scientific ideas, an abstraction, the real Space of perception being neither the one nor the other. The ideas of continuity, homogeneity and infinity lie evidently at the root of these propositions. In our next issue therefore we propose to look a little narrowly into these ideas ; in the meanwhile we offer our apologies for the somewhat technical garb of the present review.

TWO DAYS AT RADHANAGAR

By Abani Nath Ray, B.A.,

Ex-student, Ripon College.

Rajah Ram Mohun Roy has been worthily called the maker of modern India. New ideas of progress in every department of our social life have been borrowed from him. He was the herald of that new awakening of national life of which we are now so conscious. His activities in the social, religious and political fields in his own time had been many-sided and manifold. Bengal, nay the whole of India, will never forget the services of this great man.

So a new delight came upon us when we were informed that a memorial would be erected at the birth-place of the Rajah. Our examination had just then been over and we determined to join the pilgrim company starting for Radhanagar, a little village in the district of Hooghly, where the Rajah first saw the light. Our interest was to a great degree increased when we saw it announced in the papers that the foundation-stone of this memorial building would be laid,

neither by a great European official nor by a wealthy Maharaja of repute, but by a distinguished *lady* of the Rajah's family. We thought that the Rajah's services for womanhood had at last been fruitful.

A goodly company started from Telkalghat (Howrah) by the morning train during the Easter holidays. There were many distinguished ladies also going with us. We reached Champadanga station by noon-time. There were arrangements for dinner there after discussing which we started for Radhanagar, some by palanquins, some on elephants and others on foot. It was evening when we reached Raghunathpur, the village where the early life of the Rajah was spent. There we were received by Mr. Dharani Mohun Roy, the great-grandson of the Rajah and the widow of Late Hari Mohun Roy, the grandson of the Rajah.

Next day we proceeded towards Radhanagar which is situated on the bank of the river Darukeswar, a powerful offshoot of the Damodar. The place of the Rajah's birth is known as *Badamtala* and the foundation-stone was to be laid on the very spot where the lying-in-room of the Rajah once had existed. The ceremony was finished with great *ecclat* by the evening and many interesting speeches were made.

There are many other interesting things at this place worthy of notice. The building where the early days of the Rajah were passed is now in ruins. The hexagonal building known as *gölghar* marks the place where the great Rajah used to sit deeply absorbed in meditation. The images of *Radha* and *Krishna* to which the Rajah used to bow down in his childhood are there in a neglected condition. The *smasāubāri* is the place where the Rajah repaired when he was driven out of hearth and home for his disbelief of the superstitious customs of Hinduism. Young Ram Mohun left home with only a water utensil in hand and continued to live in the cremation-ground, which was no-man's land. In course of time, a big building was constructed at that place which marks the dwelling-house of his successors. Another interesting thing we noticed was the *Tālpookoor* or a tank encircled on all sides with palmyra-trees. Ram Mohun in his childhood used to heap up a number of earthen water-pots beside a *ghat* of this tank, so that if by chance the water-pot of a housewife coming to fetch drinking water got broken, little Ram Mohun would supply her with one and she had not to return home,

presumably a long way off, to take out another and be rebuked and chided. A hoary-headed old man showed us a place where the wife of Jago Mohun, the elder brother of Ram Mohun, performed the *sati*. This inhuman custom moved young Ram Mohun so deeply that he determined from that time to blot out this brutal rite from our country. Everybody knows how he realised this aim in his later life.

We returned to Raghunathpur when the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was over and were entertained with a sumptuous feast at night. At early day-break, we started, halting on our way at Rai Bahadur Kshirod Pal's High School at Sekendarpur where the ceremony of prize-distribution was performed in our presence. We reached Champadanga station at noon and came back to Calcutta at nightfall.

Everybody returned satisfied with the idea that he had witnessed the birth-place of one of Bengal's greatest sons. The country of Ram Mohun is the country of many other distinguished men also. It is the country of the famous *Agambāgishes*, those who attained so great a success in the *Tāntrika* system of worship. It is a great centre of Sanskrit culture boasting of great Pandits well-versed in the *Nyāyasāstra*. It is the country of *Abhirāma Goswami* who founded the temple of *Gopināth* there. The temple of *Ghanteswar Siva* deserves mention.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET

By Hem Chandra Ghose,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

It has been aptly remarked by an eminent critic that Arnold is the poet of a back-water, the dominant representative of the innate conservatism of the English mind. The nativity of Arnold was cast in an age when Europe was in the dissolving throes of a great social and political order. The whole continent was seething and surging with internal commotion. The fall of the Bastille set the example, and Italy, Germany and Austria followed suit. This revolutionary spirit was forced into actuality in the Chartist Movement in England. Byron and Shelley sowed the minds of men with ideas which had come into wide vogue with Voltaire and Rousseau in France. Even

the sage and sober Wordsworth and later on, the cool and calculating Tennyson were for a time puzzled with the dreams of universal 'Liberty, Fraternity and Equality'. But while the 'red fool-fury of the Seine' was still acting as a lever in English society and mightily influencing his dear friend Arthur Clough, Arnold wore his heart out to reach the essentially Greek ideal of 'calm of mind, all passion spent.' *To a Republican Friend* is a typical instance. But the French Revolution was also a spiritual event, as Matthew Arnold calls it; for it found its motive-power in the intelligence of men. It galvanised the dead bones in the Open Valley with a new life. Science and letters took re-birth on the Continent. In England literature had emerged anew rejuvenated with the appearance of Percy's *Reliques* and Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*. This Romantic Movement which deeply stirred Tennyson and worked like yeast in Rossetti, Swinburne and Morris was completely ignored and unrepresented by the poet of 'that sweet city with her dreaming spires.' In fact, he was, like Landor, a Classic writing in a Romantic age.

But though Arnold was not in sympathy with the whirling formative time, he could not live in orbéd isolation from the main current of events: for Arnold was not an 'idle singer of an empty day'. He stands forth as the militant champion of 'sweetness and light' against British Philistinism. After the battle of Waterloo England swung back to gross materialism. The glowing triumphs of science tailed off into gloomy scepticism. The old foundations of Christianity were slowly giving way under the pressure of scientific iconoclasm. But his mission—a mission to neutralize the absorbing and brutalizing influence of passionate material progress and to bring back an era of culture and refinement—was too strenuous for him. Arnold was a poetical counterpart of Hamlet and lacked the strong nerve and firm will of a Milton or a Shelley. So the native hue of resolution was sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. 'Wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born,' he lost at an early age the joyous animation of the birds of spring which marks the poets of all ages:

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you!

I come to the wild. •

But he never gave up in despair the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom. He stood four-square to all the winds that

blew. Behind the waverings of his soul there is a grim tenacity of duty and a stern resolution to fight on.

Why faintest thou ?

Roam on : the light we sought is shining still.

Thus his poetic note is a curious amalgam of Byronic despair and Wordsworthian faith in life, softened by an antique stoicism. Pieces like *In Utrumque*, *Parting*, *Isolation*, *A Summer Night*, *The Future* and also *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis* are pointedly distinguished by this "rather vague life-philosophy, this erection of a melancholy agnosticism *plus* asceticism into a creed."

It will be rather insisting upon an obvious truism to say that faith and hope are the two cardinal virtues of a great poet. The appeal of Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth to generations yet unborn rests upon their power to 'lift themselves out of the gas-men's opinion into the vital atmosphere of youth.' But Arnold's earlier poetry holds out no inspiring message of consolation. There is no broad outlook on the world at large—no wide-reaching grasp of sympathy with struggling humanity. On the contrary, there is much of self-involvement and self-humanisation. He wandered over

The hills where his life rose

And the sea where it goes.

But spiritual experience of the motley composition of the world gave to him wisdom of understanding and largeness of heart. Strengthening virtues of returning hope are discernible in his Elegiac Poems. But the trumpet-call of Shelley is not even faintly echoed in Arnold's verse : in his poetry 'Veil'd Melancholy hath her sov'rn shrine.' There is an undercurrent of sadness for the miseries of the world. Yet it cannot be said that Arnold was a poet of humanity in the widest sense of the term. There is a touch of Miltonic contempt for the crass ignorance of the unwashed, garlic-fed men in the street. This native and incurable defect derogates from his greatness and only serves to place him beneath his two great contemporaries, Tennyson and Browning.

Broken with the dead weight of the trials and tribulations of feverish existence, he would turn to Nature for strength and solace. To Arnold she was a mighty consoler. Her sights and sounds could fling a veil of forgetfulness over the noise and vulgarity of ordinary work-a-day world. The intense clear star-sown vault of heaven, the inviolable shade of silver'd branches and moon-blanch'd green could

string up a mind diseased to its proper tone and temper. A child-like disciple of Wordsworth, he fully shared the great master's faith in the ever-quickening freshness and permanence of Nature and he often struck into a strain of deep meditateness over her silent workings. But unlike the High-priest of Nature he had no philosophic theory of Nature. He never spiritualised her as the Form of Thought—never read into her processes the deepest problems of human existence. Out of the suggestions of Nature he never created a new world where everything seemed 'apparelled in celestial light'. The influence of science had deeply affected him too and like the modern scientist he would look upon Nature as matter in motion acting according to law. With Goethe he had the same thought about the quiet and unceasing toil of Nature, 'her glorious task in silence perfecting,' as opposed to the fitful and noisy restlessness of man. Nature works 'without haste, without rest.' This idea flashes into clear distinctness in his *Self-Dependence* and *Quiet Work*. But the impression of rest which Nature leaves upon the mind is always of a rest that is not fully satisfying. 'Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.' Arnold never saw Nature through the spectacles of books and hence his descriptions have clear force and directness. Like his Sophocles' his was an even-balanced soul and saw Nature steadily and saw her whole. So in his admiration for her loveliness, he never lost sight of the terrible aspect of Nature which manifests itself in world-shaking earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and storm-tossed seas. In this respect he connected himself with Tennyson. But he never oppressed the imagination like Tennyson by crowding into little space a world of ideas. The obscure conceptions of Neoplatonism, which imagine that behind Nature there is a self-harmonious, self-conscious Life, are briefly outlined in his *Morality* and *A Summer Night*. Thus his conception of Nature bristles with stimulating inconsistencies which are the measure of the greatness of genius.

Arnold was a conscious artist. Like Goethe's bard, he never sang as the linnet sings. A born critic of others, he exercised the strictest vigilance over his own art. He clearly conceived the intention of each poem and elaborated the form by a conscious study of effects. So his sentences fall on the ear with the weight of hammered thought and carefully modulated expression. Uniform polish, pervading grace, easy lucidity and classical restraint are the remarkable features of his style. He religiously avoided the Gothic sentimentality of the present day. His poetry had 'a hidden ground

of thought and of austerity within.' In the simplicity and directness of expression, he had the inestimable quality of Homer and the Greek tragedians. He never used 'words of learned length and thundering sound.' To him the functions of prose and poetry insensibly shade off into and blend with each other. But in his extreme effort to be simple he sometimes dropped off into ridiculous baldness as is clearly evidenced by certain passages in *Balder Dead*. Poetry, according to the much-discussed definition of Arnold, is a criticism of life. The very conception of poetry as criticism was prosaic and shook into frost the lyric flow in him. Yet Arnold was a type of the wise, 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.' In him there is no abandon of emotionalism. So, like Keats he never surprised by a fine excess. But the beautifully constructed mosaic of his art grips our attention with unforgettable force. The very spirit of 'imagination all compact' breathes out every moment through a telling word or a happy phrase. Now and then he strikes out lines of matchless beauty which inspire the reader with a mingled feeling of delight and surprise. Arnold had little of the quality called lightness of touch, but the angularities of his style are rounded off by long practice and thorough study of the best models. His shorter metres seldom come up to the mark, but he was at his ease in long-rolling measures. *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gipsy* show a reach of melody seldom found in the whole range of English Literature. But it cannot be denied that his style like Milton's could never conjure up the vision of a great Gothic cathedral where we mark 'the height, the space, the gloom, the glory.' His descriptions are always precise and definite and leave no room for the play of imagination. Arnold's heart was always weak and whenever demand was made on it, he was found wanting. This goes a great way in accounting for his failure as a narrative poet. The constant need of copious invention was more than what Arnold could meet. Even when his portraits are drawn with Flemish minuteness of detail, we keenly miss in them Hogarthian life-likeness. In spite of an individuality in choice and treatment of subjects, he could not quite free himself from the swathing bands of form and precedent. Arnold was a finished scholar. So there is a fine aroma of the stored-up study of years lending enchantment to all his poetry. We find here and there throughout his work traces of Vergilian sweetness. His similes are modelled on Homer and have great amplitude and picturesqueness; but they are in most cases over-

done. The recurring use of 'and' in long poems is a peculiar device with Arnold. It gives a melodious effect and carries forward the movement. He had something of Miltonic cunning in the handling of his geographical names. Arnold frequently 'harked back to' the Northern sagas but unlike Morris, he quite missed the Scandinavian spirit. The habitual seriousness of Arnold best fitted him to be the most perfect elegy-writer in English. *The Scholar Gipsy* and *Thyrsis* form a landmark in the history of Elegiac Poems.

Large considerations of enduring interest suggest themselves to readers of Arnold in estimating the fortunes of his poetry. Arnold was never a popular poet and it seems that he cared very little for the listening applause of the multitude. He was a poet of the intellect - the apostle of ideas, of culture and of refinement. He always wrote for the brain, and unlike Wordsworth, never regarded poetry as the natural language of the soul. Hence his appeal to reason finds scant response in the hearts of the multitude. Yet his poetry can never retire from the reading table of the enlightened to the deep and dusty silence of the upper shelf of the mousing book-seller. Though an occasional looseness of construction breaks upon the 'primrose path to primacy,' the meditative depth of his reflections, the rounded fullness of his imagery, the aphoristic condensation of his thought, the chastened reserve of his sentiment, the Quaker-like simplicity of his style and above all, 'the homeliness of greatness' of his diction will for ever endear his name to those

*Who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.*

HOW TO MAKE PERFUME FROM FLOWERS

• • By Sarat Chandra Bagchi,

Fourth Year B.Sc. Class, Ripon College.

We, young men of the twentieth century, all know what a scent is. We all know that it is made from flowers but most of us do not know how it is actually prepared. Perhaps we have shaken a few petals up in a bottle with some water but have been dis-

appointed to find that they do not yield the same fragrance as the perfume we use. I will try to describe a method by which scents can be extracted from flowers at home.

First it is necessary to gather some petals of sweet-scented flowers soon after they are open. The petals should be freed from moisture and in order to do this it is a good plan to spread them out on a tray for a few minutes. Then we require some pure Lucca-oil which is sold for table-purposes from any oilman stores. Next get a wide-mouthed, clean, stoppered bottle and a sheet of cotton out of which cut some pieces, rounding them off with a pair of scissors so that they may fit into the bottle quite easily. Soak the cotton-wool with the oil and see that they are thoroughly soaked. Get ready about a dozen pieces in this way.

When you have everything ready at hand you may start making the scent. First of all sprinkle a thin layer of salt on the bottom of the bottle, then cover this over with petals and on the top of the petals place one of the pieces of cotton-wool which have been soaked in the oil. Then put more salt, another layer of petals and one more piece of cotton, and so on until the bottle is quite full. It is now necessary that the bottle should be perfectly air-tight. This is effected if the stopper of the bottle is ground. Next the bottle should be kept at a place where it can get plenty of sunshine. Remember that the more the sun shines on the petals, the more likely you are to get the best fragrance from the flowers. The jar full of petals must now be left undisturbed for at least a fortnight. At the end of this period the stopper may be taken off. The thing to do next is to press the oil from the layers of the cotton-wool and this will be found to smell like the best scents according to the kind of flowers which have been treated. This scent will keep fresh almost for any time if kept in a well-stoppered bottle. A few drops on a handkerchief will yield a splendid fragrance that will last a good deal longer than many of the cheap scents which are purchased in the *bazaar*.

THE ARTICLE

By Nanimadhab Choudhury,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

* "Why don't you give articles to the Magazine?"—I heard a student ask a friend of mine. The reply given, I think, was not particularly interesting; so I do not mention it. I confess the question put to my friend piqued myself very much. Why should not *you* contribute articles?—I asked myself. Indeed, why should not I?

I have always thought I am a potential genius of the very first order. If I should hold my pen only once I must rank equal with, if not above, the Little Apothecary and the firebrand poetaster* of *Corsair*. Contribute I must, though it be to the Ripon College Magazine. Of course it is humiliating. But what help? I do not know whether the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Fraser's Magazine* still run. Had I money enough after the killing charges of mess I should have certainly tried to catch those lusty trouts with the net of my wonderful articles.

As nothing further can be done about the matter, I am determined to write in the magazine of our four-storied college. Let me tell you that this wise course has been adopted by many persons whose pretensions are no higher than mine. If Shakespeare were not caught in the act of dear-stealing, who knows that he might not have been growing ripe for the Tyburn every day of his life? But as he was caught and perhaps had his young ears boxed, he grew wise and great. You see what good fortunes have followed personal humiliation. I hope such too would be my fate—quite Shakesperian!

Now let me dismiss all these preliminary deliberations. I shall produce articles—I'm determined. What are articles, friend? The word seems to be equivocal, and I am not clear as to what meaning will suit me. Lest I be charged with vagueness, I have consulted my never-failing companion Collin's *Gem Dictionary*. It says too much more than is good for its tiny bulk. What a farrago! Let us consider what the *Gem* says:

The first point it raises is that the article is a part of speech. I should not be writing these lines if I did not understand what is meant by this statement.

The second point is that the article is a substance or commodity.

The third is that it is a point of faith.

The fourth is that it is a piece of writing in a periodical.

Well, we can understand when Shakespeare talks of "cold fire" in the blandishings of Romeo and Juliet. We can understand how Shelley blows his invisible reed and talks nonsense to a sky-lark. We can understand what made Cowper write poems on a hare (hypochondria, surely!) and the rugged Wordsworth on a lamb. But, O poor simpleton of a lexicographer, impertinent hanger-on, can a thing be at the same time a part of speech and a commodity? Yet Patience! Such is the power of the organ of speech that it will strike the roof of your mouth and turn itself into a valuable commodity fetching, let us say, Rs. 3 5s 4 pies at least in twentyfour hours - the pay of many a teacher! Part of speech is often more tasteful than jam or jelly. It has wonderful powers of metamorphosing, and by its properties of articulation and modulation it will make a taunt as sweet as your sweetheart's whispers. Part of speech is a naturally beautiful and precious commodity. Adorn it with the twinkle of a fair eye and the dimple of a blushing cheek, the arch of pencilled eye-brows and the smile of rosy lips and you will heighten the value of your speech by a hundred and one *per cent*.

The article has been called a point of faith, a commodity and a piece of writing in a periodical. Now what is a point of faith? I don't like to go on in Jacob-begat-Nacob-and-Nacob-begat-David-and-David-begat-Facob-and-Facob-begat-Jacob fashion. The discussion of the article alone has taken us far afield. Let Faith alone for the present. But faith was never created to get off scot-free. A few words only.

Faith has various meanings. The most current, according to my authority, is "the religious system believed in." Ah Jupiter! Can that too be a mere article, a commodity? I curse Leo Tolstoy. I curse Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mountebanks! Hateful liars! Quacks! Ye dare preach on Faith? Alas! it is sad to see how base are human hearts. What millions have not been killed for faith—and that faith is an article, a commodity! Queen Antoniette, accept my heart-felt pity for thy sad fate. Doubt not that if I were living at that time I would have strangled Danton (though too small a dwarf for that giant) before he grew up by sucking at his mother's breast to be the instigator of the September Massacres.

I would have thrashed Robbespierre out of his greenness and melancholy. Why did not that other devil's brat, worshipped as the author of *Social Contract*, die before he grew up to become a knave, a libertine and a liar? I am glad that Tolstoy died in the bog! What means he by his chastity, his dozing philosophy and his sanctified simplicity? I wish to dance with joy because Thackeray's wife turned mad. Attractive as he is with his Ethel and Laura about him, Mrs. Mackenzie (*alias* Osman Pasha?) ought to have been *his* mother-in-law instead of Master Clive's. Ah Laura! ah Ethel! ah Mrs. Helen Pendennis! What shall I do with you? Though you are my very souls I wish you were never born in falsity.

Faith a commodity? I do not care a fig whether it is also writing in a periodical. Dear followers of Dr. Johnson (whose book became such a valuable prize in the hands of Miss Pinkerton), you are rare critics and holders of great secrets. But ach! how sorely have you pained my simple heart.

I shall follow my master Gulliver and leave behind this world of Yahoos. My destination is noble Houyhnhnm-land. There shall I employ me in the service of a noble equine lord and learn wisdom from his sweet neighing to feed on oat-cakes.

My good readers, is not the revelation, which my unlucky and inquisitive but honest mind has led to, a painful one? Do you not agree with me that the articles from our pens may be parts of speech and commodities? But to make these points of faith,—would not that be monstrous and blasphemous? If you will kindly tell me in strict honesty that the article is a piece of writing in a periodical I shall thank you a thousand times and with all my soul.

For if the article be such it is nothing serious and there is nought alarming. This is clearly proved by the lines I have written above, for they have made up an article. Is it not so? Now *pour prendre congé*!

NOTES AND NEWS

On 5th August last an interesting game was played on Greer Park, a football match of *Staff vs. Students*. Many of the learned players from the Staff, though supported by a Berne Doctor in the forward line and a Berlin Doctor at the goal, went to the field not without considerable misgivings which were accentuated when the opponents appeared in smart, shining uniform ! The Rules of the Game were not so well known to them as the Rules of Logic, and the motion of the football was much more perplexing than the motions of planets. One of them timidly whispered the confession that he had not kicked anything round in his life ! The Professors however were not the children of Ephraim who, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle and the game was vigorously played. To the great surprise of the spectators, of whom there were nearly two thousand, the staff won the game by four goals to three. There was an incredible rumour however that the victory was a little colourable : the students had too great a respect for their Professors to insult them publicly by a defeat ! Our thanks are due to Prof. S. Chowdhury of *Bangabasi College* who kindly acted as referee and the gentlemen who kindly lent us the use of Greer Park for the occasion.



We are extremely sorry to announce the untimely death of Babu Rasiklal Ray. Bengali Literature has suffered the loss of an ardent votary and Ripon College a true and loyal 'Old Boy.' Who could have believed that we should so soon record the death of a man who till recently was so familiar a figure in the meetings of our Professors' Union ! We extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family.



An unpleasant incident at the Sibpur Engineering College recalled the memory of students' 'strikes' of last year. This time also the fate of a large number of Hindu students has been sealed for the fault of one. The punishment was rather severe and, when we consider the hard lot of our students and the struggles they have to go through

for the sake of their studies, we are inclined to pity them. But the spirit of insubordination in students is extremely unseemly and reprehensible.



Of late the Calcutta Colleges had the privilege of welcoming Sir Sankaran Nair, Kt., who kindly visited all the first-grade institutions of the city. Ripon College had its share of honour in welcoming the first Indian Member for Education in the Imperial Council. The Principal was at home to the Professors and the distinguished guests on the occasion, and tea and light refreshments were served in the Library Room by Messrs Peliti, the well-known confectioners of the city. The College remained closed for two days in honour of Sir Sankaran's visit.



Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharyya, retired Prof. of Sanskrit, Muir Central College and late Rector, Central Hindu College, Benares, has been appointed Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University. The selection has been very well received by the Hindu community.



We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the following interesting extract from the remarks of Lord Cromer on the issue of the Charter for the Establishment of an Oriental School of Studies in England :—

"An acquaintance with the language of the educated classes is also very necessary, not only for those who wish to study Eastern history and literature, but also for those who are solely engaged in the work of administration. It is easy to raise a laugh at the inflated English occasionally used by the Bengali Bahu or the Egyptian Effendi. A work such as the Life of the late Justice Onocool Chunder Mookerjee, which still lives in the memories of the older race of Anglo-Indians, is certainly provocative of good-natured merriment. But we are perhaps rather too apt to forget the effect produced on the mind of a high-class and cultivated Eastern when he is addressed by an Englishman, who is at best only his social equal, and, it may be, is sometimes his social inferior, in an Arabic or Hindustani which bears even less relation to the language he is accustomed to use than a speech delivered by Lord Roseberry or Lord Curzon does to the dialect of a London costermonger."

বাঙ্গালা রচনা

ইংরাজ কবি শেলীর দুঃখের গান ।

শ্রীঅনিলচন্দ্র মুখোপাধ্যায়, এম্, এ,

রিপণ কলেজের ভূতপূর্ব ছাত্র ।

*We look before and after
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;*

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

চাতক পক্ষীকে লক্ষ্য করিয়া যে ইংরাজ কবি এই অমর কথাগুলি বলিয়াছিলেন, তাহারই গীতিকাব্যের বিষয় কিঞ্চিৎ আলোচনা করা এই প্রবন্ধের উদ্দেশ্য ।

ইংরাজ কবি শেলীর অতিব সুন্দর গীতিকবিতাগুলি দুঃখ ও অবসাদে পরিপূর্ণ । এই দুঃখ ও নৈরাশ্য কবির 'Stanzas written in dejection near Naples' নামক কবিতায় সৰ্ব্বাপেক্ষা স্পষ্টভাবে ফুটিয়া উঠিয়াছে । নিজের ও পৃথিবীস্থ যাবতীয় লোকের উন্নতিসাধনের চেষ্টায় ব্যর্থ হইয়া তিনি যে নৈরাশ্য ভোগ করিয়াছিলেন, এই কবিতা তাহারই পূর্ণ অভিব্যক্তি । এই কবিতাটি মনোযোগসহকারে পড়িলে মহাকবি যে দুঃখের সাগরে নিরন্তর ডুবিয়া ছিলেন সেই সাগরের দুই চারিটি ঢেউ আমরা গণনা করিতে সমর্থ হই ।

নেপ্লস্ হ্রদের রমণীয় সৌন্দর্য্য শেলীর মনের উপর গভীর রেখাপাত করিয়াছিল । যে মাসে তিনি এই কবিতাটি রচনা করেন, ১৮১৮ সালের সেই ডিসেম্বর মাসেই আবার বন্ধুবর পিকক্কে এই মর্মে পত্র লিখিতেছেন,—“ঘরের উন্মুক্ত জানালা হইতে আমরা হ্রদের চিরপুরাতন অথচ নিত্যপরিবর্ত্তনশীল স্নানাল জলরাশি দ্বিনরাত দেখিতে পাইতেছি । এই জলরাশি পর্ব্বতশ্রেণীর দ্বারা বেষ্টিত ; এখানকার জলহাওয়া বেশ স্বাস্থ্যকর । মধ্যে মধ্যে বেশী গরমও অনুভূত হয় ।” রবিকিরণোদ্ভাসিত এইরকমই এক উজ্জ্বল দিনে কবি পূৰ্ব্বোক্ত কবিতাটি রচনা করেন । সাধারণতঃ আমরা দেখিতে পাই যে কবিরা নিজেদের মনের অবস্থার সহিত প্রকৃতির লালার একটা সামঞ্জস্য

করিয়া লন ; যেন প্রকৃতিদেবীও তাঁহাদের স্মৃৎ হৃৎথে উৎকল ও বিষর্ষ হন । কিন্তু সেদিন সূর্য্য উজ্জ্বলভাবেই কিরণ দিতেছিল, আকাশ মেঘমুক্ত, কিন্তু শেলীর অস্ত্রংকরণে অল্পরূপ আলোকের বা হর্ষের চিহ্নমাত্র নাই । সম্প্রতি কঠিন রোগ হইতে আরোগ্যলাভ করিয়াছেন, বিদেশে একাকী, পিতা ও দেশবাসীকর্তৃক পরিভ্রান্ত, তাঁহার নিজের জীবন তাঁহার নিকট ব্যর্থ ও বিফল বলিয়া প্রতীয়মান হইতেছিল । এরূপ মানসিক অবস্থায় কবি যে অনিচ্ছজনীয় হৃৎ অক্লান্ত করিবেন তাহা আদৌ আশ্চর্য্যের বিষয় নহে । ১৮১৮ খৃষ্টাব্দে তাঁহার নিবাসনের প্রথম বৎসর । এ বৎসর শেলী মানবের উন্নতিসাধনে তাঁহার যে অদম্য উৎসাহ ও প্রবল প্রয়াস, যাহা এ দাবৎ তাঁহার জীবনের যুগ্ম উদ্দেশ্য ছিল—সে বিষয়ে খুব অল্পকথাই বলিয়াছেন । নিজের শারীরিক হৃৎ যত্নগ্ৰা তাঁহার সকল চিন্তাকে প্রাস করিয়া ফেলিয়াছিল । হৃৎ কঠোর সহিত নিবাসন ও নির্জ্ঞনতা মিলিত হইলে জীবনযাপন যেভার হইয়া উঠে, তাহা সর্বজন-বিদিত

এই হৃৎ ও অবসাদ পূর্ব্বোক্ত কবিতার ছবে ছব্রে পরিস্ফুট । প্রথমতঃ জীবন-সংগ্রামে নিষ্ফলতা ও ব্যর্থতা ইত্যাকে বড়ই যত্নগ্ৰা দিত ।

Alas ! I have nor hope, nor health !

শেলীর জীবনের প্রারম্ভ বড়ই আশাপূর্ণ ছিল । যে ভীতিবহ নির্জ্ঞনতা দিবারাত্র তাঁহাকে আবিষ্ট করিয়া রাখিত তাহাব নিকট তিনি যৌবনেই তাঁহার ক্ষমতাকে উৎসর্গ করিয়াছিলেন । মানুষের স্বপ্নবিদ্যানে ও উন্নতিসাধনে তাঁহার অদম্য উৎসাহ ও বলবত্তা চেষ্টা ছিল । মানবজীবনকে শ্বেক তাপ অমঙ্গলের হাত হইতে উদ্ধার করাই তাঁহার জীবনের মূল মন্ত্র ছিল । সংসারের চতুর্দিকে বিস্তৃত দাসত্বশৃঙ্খল হইতে মানুষকে মুক্ত করিতে তিনি বদ্ধপরিকর হইয়াছিলেন । এবং ধর্ম্ম, রাজনীতি ও বিবাহ সঞ্চরীয় স্বাধীনতাই যে মানুষের স্মৃৎসম্পাদনে সম্পূর্ণ সমর্থ, সে ধারণা তাঁহার অস্ত্রংকরণে বদ্ধমূল হইয়া গিয়াছিল । স্বাধীনতাপ্রিয়তাই তাঁহার দর্শনতত্ত্বের মূল-ভিত্তি ছিল । এই কাণ্ডে তিনি তাঁহার সমস্ত ক্ষমতা প্রয়োগ করিয়াছিলেন, প্রাণপণ পরিশ্রম করিয়াছিলেন । কিন্তু তাঁহার সব প্রয়াসই ব্যর্থ হইয়াছে । তাঁহার নিষ্ফলতার একমাত্র কারণ মনুষ্যজাতির প্রাত তাঁহার প্রবল সহানুভূতি । সংসারের পঙ্কিলতা, অশাসিততা ও পাপতাপের প্রতি তাঁহার আন্তরিক ঘৃণা তাঁহার বুদ্ধির গোলমাল ঘটাইয়া দিয়াছিল । সেই জন্যই তাঁহার মনে এই ভ্রমাত্মক ধারণা দৃঢ় হইয়াছিল যে, বর্ত্তমান সমাজের গঠনকে ভাঙিয়া চুরিয়া বিনষ্ট করিতে পারিলেই যৌগুণ্ডের সহস্রবর্ষব্যাপী ভানী রাজত্বকাল সূচিত হইবে ।

ফরাসী বিদ্রোহের উজ্জ্বল প্রভাত তাহার উচ্চ আশা ও অভিলাষ লইয়া সন্ধ্যার ঘন তিমিরে পরিণত হইয়াছে । অথচ পৃথিবী তখনও নবধর্ম্মজীবন প্রাপ্ত হইল না ।

কুসংস্কারের দমন ও বিবেকশক্তির প্রাধিক্ত্য স্থাপন করে তিনি মনে মনে যে আশা পোষণ করিয়াছিলেন তাহা স্নান হইয়া গিয়াছে । মানবজাতির নৈতিক ও সামাজিক উন্নতি সাধনই তিনি পৃথিবীর মধ্যে সর্বাপেক্ষা পবিত্র কর্তব্য বলিয়া জ্ঞান করিতেন ; এই কার্যে তাঁহার নির্ভয় উৎসাহ ও সংস্কার-প্রণালী সর্বসাধারণের নিকট তাঁহাকে ঘৃণা ও নিন্দার পাত্র করিয়া তুলিয়াছে । মানুষকে স্তম্ভী করিতে তিনি যেরূপ প্রাণপণ পরিশ্রম করিয়াছিলেন পাশ্চাত্য জগতের অপর কোন কবির জীবনী বা কাব্য হইতে সেরূপ কোন দৃষ্টান্ত সংগ্রহ করা বোধ হয় বিশেষ কষ্টকর । কিন্তু অকৃতজ্ঞ মানব তাঁহাকে না বুঝিয়া তাঁহার নামে কুৎসা রটাইয়া বেড়াইতে লাগিল । তিনি দেশের আইন কানুন, রীতি নীতি সবই অগ্রাহ্য করিয়াছিলেন । দেশও তাঁহার উপর অমণ্য প্রতিশোধ লইয়াছিল । লোক তাঁহাকে তুচ্ছ জ্ঞান করিয়া দেশ হইতে নির্বাসিত করিয়া দিল । তাঁহার রহিল

Nor fame, nor power, nor love.

মল্লম্ব জীবনের অবস্থাবিপথায় ও নৈরাশ্রের, তাঁহার স্বকৃত দোষের ও ভ্রমের যন্ত্রণাদায়ক অন্তত্বের হাত হইতে নিষ্কতি পাইবার জগ্গই তিনি কাব্যস্থাপানে উন্মত্ত হন, মল্লম্ব আবাস হইতে দূরে গিয়া বাস্তবজগৎ ত্যাগ করিয়া নির্জনতাপরিপূর্ণ কল্পনারাজ্যে বিচরণ করিতে আরম্ভ করেন ।

এই নির্জনতার অন্তত্ব তাঁহাকে প্রায়ই অবসন্ন করিয়া ফেলিত । তখন তিনি -

Companionless

As the last cloud of an expiring storm.

সম্ভবতঃ তাঁহার অত্যাশ্রয় অতুলনীয় প্রতিভাই তাঁহাকে নির্জনতা ভালবাসিতে শিক্ষা দিয়াছিল । কিন্তু তিনি যে যশঃ ও প্রেমের জগ্গ লালায়িত ছিলেন তাহা আমরা তাঁহার সেই মর্ম্মস্পর্শী উক্তি, '*Poets' food is love and fame*' হইতে স্পষ্ট জানিতে পারি । শেলী তাঁহার নীতিশাস্ত্র বিষয়ক অন্তস্থানেও বলিয়া গিয়াছেন যে, যশোলিপ্সার স্বার্থপরতা সম্বন্ধে পৃথিবীর লোকেরা একটা ভ্রান্তধারণা পোষণ করিয়া থাকে : "*The love of fame is frequently no more than a desire that the feelings of others should confirm, illustrate, and sympathise with our own.*" এই সহানুভূতি লাভের জগ্গ শেলী বড়ই লালায়িত ছিলেন, কিন্তু 'ইহা লাভে তাঁহাকে সম্পূর্ণ হতাশ হইতে হইয়াছিল । রিক্টার অভিযোগ করিতেন যে, সারাজীবন তাঁহার একাকী কাটিয়া গিয়াছে । বাস্তবিকই উন্নত-প্রকৃতি সম্পন্ন আত্মার এই নির্জনতাপ্রিয়তা আমরা প্রায়ই লক্ষ্য করিয়া থাকি । হগ ও বাইরণের জায় লোকেরও সঙ্গ শেলীর সহানুভূতিলাভের উচ্চ আকাঙ্ক্ষাকে যে তৃপ্ত করিতে পারে নাই, তাহাও আমরা বেশ বুঝিতে পারি ।

How sweet ! did any heart

Now share in my emotion.

আবার গ্রীলকের প্রেমও শেলীর মনে শান্তি ও সন্তোষ আনিয়া দিতে পারে নাই। তিনি বড়ই দুঃখে বলিয়া গিয়াছেন, “প্রেম, আশা ও আত্মদর মেঘের ন্যায় আসে ও অদৃশ্য হয়।” “Love, Hope and Self-esteem like clouds depart and come.” সারা জীবন ধরিয়া তিনি তাঁহার আদর্শমূর্ত্তির মানবীয় মূর্ত্তির অন্বেষণ করিয়াছেন, কিন্তু অল্পদিন মাত্র তাহার উপাসনায় নিরত থাকিয়া তাহাকে ত্যাগ করিয়াছেন। গেটের ন্যায় শেলীর ভালবাসাও তাঁহার জীবনের উপর প্রভাব বিস্তার করিয়াছিল এবং তাঁহারও প্রতিভার বিশেষরূপ ভাবাস্তর উপস্থিত করিয়াছিল। তাবিত্তে যথার্থই দুঃখ হয় যে, এই দুই মহাকবি তাঁহাদের জীবনে দুঃখ কষ্ট শোকতাপের যে অভিজ্ঞতা লাভ করিয়াছিলেন তাহা ব্যতীত তাঁহাদের শ্রেষ্ঠ পুস্তকগুলি কখনই রচিত হইতে পারিত না। এমিলিয়া ও চার্লি কবিত্বের আত্মার স্ফূরণলাভের পক্ষে সহায়তা না করিলে আমরা পৃথিবীর সাহিত্যে হইতে Epipsychidion এবং Werther নামক দুখানি প্রসিদ্ধ কাব্যগ্রন্থ হারাইতাম। শেলীর কাব্যে আমরা ভাবের আতিশয়া লক্ষ্য করিয়া থাকি এবং তাঁহার নারীচরিত্রের বর্ণনা অস্পষ্ট ও অসীম হইলেও রমণীয়তা ও কাল্পনিকতার পরিপূর্ণ। Alastor নামক কবিতায় এক মধুবোজল দৃশ্য আমাদের নয়নপথে পতিত হয়। কিন্তু সে দৃশ্য পার্থিব সভ্য হইতে অনেক উচ্চে অবস্থিত থাকায় সর্বদাই স্নান হইয়া পড়িতেছে। শেলীর কল্পনাশক্তি মানবীয় মূর্ত্তিতে এমন একটা মৌন্দর্য্য ও মহিমা মাথাইয়া দিত যে তাহার প্রতিফলিত আরম্ভ হইলেই সে সব মৌন্দর্য্য ও বাহ্য চাকচিক্য কোথায় অদৃশ্য হইয়া গাইত এবং সামান্য মানবীয় রূপশূণ্য অতীব চলিত ও সাধারণ বলিয়া প্রতিভাত হইত। প্রত্যেক বারই শেলী তাঁহার সুখস্বপ্ন হইতে উত্থিত হইয়া বিগত দিনের প্রেমাস্পদের প্রতি কর্কশ ভাষা প্রয়োগ করেন এবং উচ্চকণ্ঠে দুঃখের সহিত অভিযোগ করেন যে তিনি প্রতারণিত হইয়াছেন। যে সব প্রেমপূর্ণ হৃদয়ের প্রতি তিনি অত্যাঘ ব্যবহার করিয়াছেন, যাহারা বিনাদোষে পরিত্যক্ত হইয়াও তাঁহার বিরুদ্ধে একটিও অভিযোগের কথা উচ্চারণ করেন নাই, তাহাদের কথা না ভাবিয়া থাকিতে পারা যায় না।

পার্থিব সকল পদার্থই নখর এই জ্ঞান শেলীকে অত্যন্ত নিরুৎসাহ করিয়া দিয়াছিল। জীবনে তিনি যে কখনও আশা বা ভালবাসার স্বাদ পান নাই এমন অভিযোগ তিনি কখনও করেন নাই। এ সব আসিয়াছে ও গিয়াছে। এবং চলিয়া যাইবার সময় তাঁহাকে সঞ্জীৱন ও বিষয় রাখিয়া ফেলিয়া গিয়াছে। তিনিই একস্থানে বলিয়াছেন,— “যে সব জিনিষকে আমরা স্থায়ীভাবে পাইতে ইচ্ছা করি তাহারা আমাদের কাছে

ক্ষণিকের জগৎ লোভ দেখাইয়া লগ প্রাপ্ত হয় ।” এই নৈরাশ্র ও অবসাদ শেলীর কবিতায় স্পষ্ট দৃষ্টিয়া উঠিয়াছে । মানসিক উন্নতি সাধনের পর শাব্দিক অবসাদ ভোগ করিয়া এবং কঠিন বিষয়ের সমাধান করিতে না পারিয়া তিনি অসন্তোষ ও ক্রোধশীলতা হেতু প্রায়ই ভ্রম ভোগ করিতেন ।

শেলীর মন সদাসর্বদাই উন্মত্ত উত্তেজনায় পূর্ণ থাকিত । কিন্তু এই সব হর্ষ ও আনন্দের উত্তেজনা ও অন্তর্ভূতির সহিত নৈরাশ্র ও অবসাদ মিশ্রিত হইয়া রহিয়াছে । গভীরোজ্জল সূর্যাস্ত দেখিতে দেখিতে আমরা লক্ষ্য করি—স্বর্ণ রশ্মিসমূহ ক্রমেই নিম্প্রভ হইয়া অদৃশ্য হইয়া যায় এবং সন্ধ্যার অন্ধকার দীরে দীরে ঘনাইয়া আসে । তখন আমরা হতাশ অন্তঃকরণে সে দৃশ্য হইতে নয়ন ফিরাইয়া লই, স্বর্গের আভাস নয়নপথ হইতে সরিয়া যায় ; পৃথিবী তখন প্রাণহীন ও ধ্বংসকান্তি বলিয়া দৃশ্যমান হয় । সেইরূপ শেলীর জীবনেও আলোক ও আশার অপরূপ সমাবেশ ঘটিয়াছিল । ভালবাসা, আশা, আত্মদর প্রভৃতি মেঘ ও সূর্যাস্তের ন্যায় ক্ষণস্থায়ী হইয়াছিল ।

Not peace within nor calm around.

শেলী সারাজীবন যে মানসিক শাস্তির অবেশণে ব্যাপ্ত ছিলেন তাহা পাঠবার পক্ষে ঠাহার অক্ষমতা এই কবিতায় তিনি স্বীকার করিয়াছেন । পৃথিবীর কোন জিনিষেই তিনি পূর্ণ স্নেহ স্থঞ্জিয়া পান নাই এবং অতৃপ্ত উচ্চাভিলাষ ও হৃদয়ের অসংখ্য আকাঙ্ক্ষা প্রাণে প্রাণে অনুভব করিয়াছিলেন । মানবজীবনের সকল গভীর সমস্যা তিনি পূরণ করিয়া দিতে পারেন নাই ; তবে সবগুলিরই প্রায় উল্লেখ করিয়া গিয়াছেন । সারাজীবন উন্মত্তের ন্যায় তিনি আদর্শ সৌন্দর্য ও সত্যের অবেশণে নিরত ছিলেন । মানসিক যন্ত্রণায় ক্লিষ্ট হইয়া শাস্তি ও সম্ভাবের আশায় তিনি পৃথিবীর সহিত ঐক্য স্থাপন করিবার চেষ্টা করিয়াছিলেন । মধ্যে মধ্যে হতাশ হইয়া উচ্চৈঃস্বরে চীৎকার করিতেন, কিন্তু কেহই ঠাহার চীৎকারের উত্তর দেয় নাই । শেলী প্রকৃতিদেবীর যন্ত্রণিতা বীণা হইবার জগৎ ইচ্ছা করিয়াছিলেন । সেই সঙ্গীতের সুর কখনও ক্লরণ ও মর্শ্মস্পর্শী, কখনও উল্লাসিত আনন্দবর্ধক । তিনি পুনঃ পুনঃ নিরাশ অন্তঃকরণে সত্যের অবেশণ হইতে ক্ষান্ত হইতেন এবং ঠাহার বিফল প্রয়াস ও মানসিক অশাস্তির কথা স্পষ্ট স্বীকার করিতেন । এই সময়েই নৈতিক ও ধার্মিক সমালোচকগণ সম্মুখীন হইয়া কবির দর্শনতত্ত্বকে অপূর্ণ বলিয়া নির্দেশ করেন । কিন্তু কাহাকেও নৈরাশ্র বা দৌর্বল্যের যুক্তিতে বিচার করা উচিত নহে । শেলীর সে সব স্বীকারোক্তির অবশ্য বিশেষ অর্থ ও ভাব আছে ; কিন্তু সচরাচরও নৈরাশ্র ও অবসাদ যে কেবল পাপ ও অনিশ্চাসের দ্বারা উৎপন্ন হয় তাহা নহে । অনেক উচ্চহৃদয় মহাত্মা বিফলতা ও সন্দেহের অন্তর্ভূতবশতঃ যন্ত্রণা ভোগ করিয়া গিয়াছেন ।

ইংরাজকবি কাউপার ও টেনিসন্ উভয়েই নৈরাশ্রের বশীভূত ছিলেন। জড়জগতের জায় মনোজগতেও আলোক ও অন্ধকার, গোলযোগ ও শাস্তি পর পর আসিয়া থাকে। অনেক সমালোচক বলিয়া থাকেন যে কেবলমাত্র শেলীর ধর্ম্মা-বিশ্বাসের (creed) অভাব বশতঃই তিনি এত কষ্ট সহ্য করিয়া গিয়াছেন এবং তাঁহাকে সফল মতাবলম্বী বলিয়া তাঁহারা ঘৃণা করিয়া থাকেন। অবশ্য শেলীর নৈরাশ্রের নানাকারণ থাকিতে পারে, তবে তাঁহার ধর্ম্মবিশ্বাস যে দুর্ভাগ্যের উপর স্থাপিত ছিল না এবং তজ্জন্ম তাঁহাকে জীবনে অশান্তি ভোগ করিতে হইয়াছে এটুকু অস্বীকার করিবার উপায় নাই। টেনিসনের জায় শেলীর মনে ধর্ম্মবিশ্বাস ছিল না, কেবলমাত্র প্রতিভা ও অন্তর্দৃষ্টির ক্ষণপ্রভা তাহার স্থান অধিকার করিয়াছিল। এবং সেই আলোকচ্ছটা ম্লান হইলেই অন্ধকার ঘনাইয়াই আসিত।

শেলী মৃত্যুর বিষয় প্রায়ই চিন্তা করিতেন। এই চিন্তা তাঁহার নিকট নূতন নহে। কখনও ভয়ে কাঁপিতে কাঁপিতে, কখনও বা মানসিক উপশমের সহিত তিনি এবিধে চিন্তা করিয়াছেন। কখনও তিনি শিশুর জায় ক্রান্ত। জীবন সংগ্রামে অকৃত-কাষ্য হইয়া, যে সকল গভীর সমস্তা ও জটিলপ্রশ্ন মানবজাতিকে হতবুদ্ধি ও ব্যাকুল করিয়া তুলিয়াছে ও ভবিষ্যতেও করিবে তাহাদের সমাধান ও মীমাংসা করিতে অসমর্থ হইয়া শান্ত ও অবসন্ন হইয়া পড়িয়াছেন। হৃদের জল স্থির, চতুর্দিক নিস্তব্ধ। এসময় সাধারণতঃই মন শান্ত-লাভের জন্ত ব্যাকুল হইয়া উঠে। সেইখানে শুইয়া থাকিতে থাকিতে গভীর নিদ্রার জায় মৃত্যু চুপ চুপ ফেনন সহজেই তাঁহার দেহের ভিতর প্রবেশ করিতে পারে ও সমুদ্র তাঁহার উত্তপ্ত মাংসের উপর শেষ শান্তিবারি বরণ করিতে পারে তাহাই ভাবিতে ভাবিতে তিনি বলিতেছেন -

*I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear
Till death like sleep might steal on me.*

.১৮১৮ খৃষ্টাব্দের ডিসেম্বর মাসে কাঁব ইহা লিখিয়াছিলেন, তাহার কয়েক বৎসর পরেই ১৮২২ খৃষ্টাব্দে সমুদ্র তরঙ্গ তাঁহার দেহকে ডুবাইয়া ফেলিল। যে সমুদ্রকে শেলী এত ভাবাবাসিনেন ও যাহার বিষয় কত রকমে কত কথা বলিয়া গিয়াছেন, সেই সমুদ্র তাহার শীতল ক্রোড়ে শোকতাপক্লিষ্ট সন্তানকে সাদরে স্থান দিল। সারাজীবনের পুঞ্জীভূত অশান্তি অতাপ্ত গভীর শাস্তির মধ্যে ডুবিয়া জুড়াইল। যতই দিন যাইতেছে, ততই আমরা শেলীর ঐশ্বরিক ক্ষমতার ও প্রতিভার পরিচয় পাইতেছি কিন্তু সেই প্রতিভা পূর্ণ লাভ করিবার পূর্বেই অকালে শুষ্ক হইয়া গিয়াছিল। ইহা ভাবিয়া আজ আমাদের অনুতাপের সীমা নাই। মাত্র ২৯ বৎসর বাঁচিয়া যুবক কবি যাহা

রাখিয়া গিয়াছে আবালবৃদ্ধবনিতা চিরকাল সাদরে তাহা মহামূল্য মণির ন্যায় মন্তকে ধারণ করিয়া রাখিবে । প্রলয়ের গভীর জলেও সে অমর স্মৃতির বিনাশ নাই ।

বৈজ্ঞানিকের “কেন ?” ❀

শ্রীস্বধাংশুশেখর বসু,

দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী, রিপণ কলেজ ।

উৎসব কোলাহল মুখরিত ভবনের এক কোণ হইতে কাস্তুরাবর একটি সঙ্গীত আমার কর্ণে প্রবেশ করিল । , বাক্যস্বল্পে সঙ্গীত হইতেছিল :-

একবার ডাক দেখি তোর বৈজ্ঞানিকে !

দেখবো সে উপাধি নিলে ক’টা কেনর জবাব দেয় কে ।

ধরা কেন কেন্দ্র পানে ছোট বড় সবকে টানে

বোটা ছেঁড়া ফলটি কেন দেয় না যেতে অণু দিকে

*

*

*

পার্শ্বে উপবিষ্ট একটি ছোট বালককে জিজ্ঞাসা করিলাম—বস্তুচ্যুত ফলের ভূপতনের কারণ কি ? সে মুহূর্ত্ত মাত্র চিন্তা না করিয়া একটু গাঙ্গারীয়া সহকারেই বলিল, “পৃথিবীর মাধ্যাকর্ষণ শক্তি আছে, এই জন্ম উহা ফলকে আকর্ষণ করে ।” আমি এই অপ্রত্যাশিত উত্তরে প্রথমে একটু আশ্চর্যান্বিত হইলেও ভাবিলাম, এই স্থলেই কি প্রশ্নের শেষ হয় ? এ প্রশ্নের পরও কি প্রশ্ন নাই ? পৃথিবী বস্তুমাঝেই আকর্ষণ করে, চুম্বক লৌহকে আকর্ষণ করে, কিন্তু আকর্ষণকারী ও আকৃষ্ট বস্তুর মধ্যে ত কোনও স্থিতিস্থাপক পদার্থ নাই ; স্থিতিস্থাপক পদার্থ যদি থাকিত তাহা হইলেও ত প্রশ্ন হইত স্থিতিস্থাপক পদার্থ যে আকর্ষণে সাহায্য করে তাহার কারণ কি ? অগ্নির উত্তাপে ধাতুর আকারের বৃদ্ধি হয় ; আমরা বহু গবেষণার পর স্থির করিয়াছি যে ধাতুর পরমাণুগুলি তাপের প্রভাবে সরিয়া যায়, তাহাদের মধ্যস্থিত স্থানের প্রসার হয় । শৈতাপ্রভাবে ধাতুপদার্থের সংকোচন হয় ; তাহাদের পরমাণু সকলের মধ্যস্থিত স্থানের হ্রাস হয় । হিম, শিশির, তুষার, মেঘ, বৃষ্টিপাত, ঝড়, শিলাবৃষ্টি, তরঙ্গোৎপত্তি প্রভৃতি বিষয় লইয়া মস্তিষ্ক আলোড়ন করিয়া আমরা এই সিদ্ধান্তে উপনীত হইয়াছি যে হিম, শিশির, তুষার, বৃষ্টিধারা, মেঘ প্রভৃতি জলেরই রূপান্তর মাত্র ; বায়ুর উত্তাপ ও

* যে গিম্মতকর নিয়মে সৌরজগৎ পরিচালিত হইতেছে সেই অদ্ভুত রহস্যের বিষয়ে চিন্তাশীল ব্যক্তিমানেরই মনে যে প্রশ্ন উদ্ভূত হয় এই প্রশ্ন তাহারই প্রতিনিধি মাত্র—রহস্য উদ্ঘাটনের বুধা চেষ্টা নহে ।

শৈতাপ্রভাবে বিভিন্ন রূপান্তর সংঘটিত হয়। ঋণতাড়িৎ ও ধনতাড়িৎ এই উভয়বিধ তাড়িৎ নিকটবর্তী হইলে আকর্ষণ হইয়া থাকে; ঋণতাড়িত ও ঋণতাড়িতের মধ্যে সম্বন্ধ অল্পপ্রকার, এক্ষেত্রে বিকর্ষণ হইয়া থাকে, ধনতাড়িত ও ধনতাড়িতের মধ্যে সম্বন্ধ ও এইরূপ। চুম্বকের ধর্ম ও তাড়িতের ধর্মের মধ্যে যথেষ্ট সামঞ্জস্য আছে। আমরা পরমাণুগুহস্থ দ্বারা আকর্ষণ ও বিকর্ষণের এই কারণ নির্ণয় করি। যখন একাধিক মৌলিক পদার্থ মিলিত হইয়া নূতন পদার্থের সৃষ্টি করে তখন তাহারা নির্দিষ্ট অনুপাতে মিশ্রিত হয়। এই বিষয়ও আমরা পরমাণুবাদের দ্বারা প্রমাণ করি।

কিন্তু যদি জিজ্ঞাসা করি মাধ্যাকর্ষণের কারণ কি, তাহার উত্তর কোথায়? চুম্বক ও লৌহের পরমাণুর বিশেষ ধর্মের কারণ কি? এ প্রশ্নেরও উত্তর আছে কি? তাপপ্রভাবে ধাতব পদার্থের পরমাণু সকলের মধ্যে যে স্থান আছে তাহার প্রসার এবং শৈতাপ্রভাবে সেই স্থানের সংকোচ হয় কেন? এ প্রশ্নের উত্তর কি? বস্তুচ্যুত ফল উর্দ্ধদিকে বা অল্প কোনও দিকে গমন করে না কেন? প্রকৃতপক্ষে এরূপ প্রশ্নের উত্তর দান অসম্ভব, যে কারণ আমরা প্রদর্শন করি তাহা কারণ নহে। বস্তুচ্যুত ফলকে পৃথিবী আকর্ষণ করে ইহাই আমরা জানি, ইহার অধিক আর কিছু জানি না। শুধু তাহাই নহে, গ্রহ নক্ষত্রাদিও পৃথিবীর মধ্যেও এই আকর্ষণ আছে। চুম্বক যে লৌহকে আকর্ষণ করে তাহা আমরা দেখিতে পাই, তাহার প্রকৃত কারণ জানি না। সমুদ্রের জল রৌদ্রতাপে বাষ্পে পরিণত হইয়া উর্দ্ধে গমন করে, তাহা হইতে মেঘের সৃষ্টি হয়, তাহাই বৃষ্টিধারারূপে পতিত হয়; তাহার কারণ জানি না। বায়ুকালে গুণিতাম :

“আমার কথা” ফুরাল

নটে গাছটি মুড়াল—

কেনরে নটে মুড়াল?—

গরুতে কেন খায়?—

কেনরে গরু খাস?—

ইত্যাদি”

এ ক্ষেত্রেও প্রত্যেক বিষয়ে প্রশ্নের পর প্রশ্ন উদ্ভূত হয়, কিন্তু প্রশ্নের সমাধান হয় না— শেষে আমাদের যুক্তিরও শেষ হয়। ফলকে চিরকাল পড়িতে দেখি বলিয়া ইহার মধ্যে বিশ্বয়জনক কোন বিষয় দেখিতে পাই না—কিন্তু ইহার দ্বারা বিশ্বয়জনক বিষয় আর কি আছে? ফলকে উপরে উঠিতে দেখিলে আমরা যেরূপ বিশ্বাসিত হইব নিম্নাভিমুখী হইতে দেখিলে তাহা অপেক্ষা অল্প বিশ্বাসিত হইবার কোন কারণ নাই।

তবে কি যিনি মাধ্যাকর্ষণশক্তির কথা জগতে প্রচার করিয়াছিলেন তাঁহার কথা অর্থশূন্য? ঐহারা পরমাণুবাদের কথা প্রচার করিয়াছিলেন তাঁহাদের কথারও কি

কোনও অর্থ নাই ? মনোবী নিউটন, কপার ও ডাল্টনের প্রতিষ্ঠালাভের কারণ কি ? তাহাদের কথা অর্থশূন্য নহে । কিন্তু তাহারা কোন অপ্রাকৃত ঘটনা ঘটাইতে পারেন না, কোন প্রাকৃত ঘটনার কারণ নির্দেশের ক্ষমতাও তাহাদের নাই । যাহা ঘটাইতে পারে, যাহা অসম্ভব তাহা ঘটাইতে পারে না ; যাহা এককালে স্বপ্নের অগোচর ছিল তাহা প্রকৃতির নিয়মানুযায়ী বলিয়াই ঘটতেছে ।

তাহারা নীরব দর্শক মাত্র । তাহারাও সেই নিয়মের অধীন । কিন্তু আমাদের ও তাহাদের মধ্যে কিছু পাথক্য আছে । আমরা সকলেই ফল পাড়িতে দেখিয়াছি, নিউটনও দেখিয়াছিলেন । কিন্তু তিনি বৈজ্ঞানিক ; প্রকৃতির নিয়ম সকলের বিষয় চিন্তা করেন । নানাবিধ ঘটনা দেখিয়া এবং ঘটাইয়া প্রাকৃতিক নিয়মের শৃঙ্খলা ও সামঞ্জস্য বাহির করেন । কিন্তু তাহার ক্ষমতা সীমাবদ্ধ । তিনি এইরূপ কার্যও সকল সময়ে প্রকৃত সত্য আবিষ্কার করিতে পারেন না, অনেক সময়ে আংশিক সফলতা লাভ করিয়া কল্পনার আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করেন । পাশ্চাত্য-রসায়নবিদগণের ক্রিজিষ্টেনবাদের ভ্রমাত্মক ছিল । তাহার পরিবর্তে অল্পজ্ঞান বায়ুর রহস্য প্রচারিত হইল । প্রাচ্য ঋষিগণের পঞ্চভূততত্ত্ব ভ্রমাত্মক বাল্য প্রমাণিত হইয়াছে, এখন প্রায় সমস্তটি মৌলিক পদার্থের অস্তিত্ব নির্ণীত হইয়াছে । বায়ু ও জল মৌলিক পদার্থ বলিয়া প্রমাণিত হইয়াছে । বৈজ্ঞানিক এইরূপে প্রকৃতির নিয়মের মধ্যে সামঞ্জস্য বাহির করেন । যদি ঘটনা সকলের মধ্যে সামঞ্জস্য না থাকিত তবে তিনি ব্যতিব্যস্ত হইতেন । এই সামঞ্জস্য ও শৃঙ্খলার বিষয় অবগত হইয়াই, যে ঘটনা সম্ভাব্য তাহা না তাহাকেও প্রকৃতির নিয়মে ঘটে বাল্য প্রমাণিত কারণে পারেন । সম্ভাজগতে এই উপায়েই বিজ্ঞানের রূপান্তর সুখসমৃদ্ধ হইয়াছে । প্রাকৃতিক নিয়ম অবগত হইবার অধিকার বৈজ্ঞানিকের আছে, সেই সকলকে ব্যবহারিক জগতের উপকারে নিয়োগ করিবার ক্ষমতাও বৈজ্ঞানিকের আছে, কিন্তু প্রকৃতির উপর হস্তক্ষেপ করিবার বা তাহার নিয়মের রহস্য উদ্ঘাটন করিবার ক্ষমতা বৈজ্ঞানিকের নাই । যুগযুগান্তর ধরিয়া যদি প্রশ্ন করা যায়—“ফল নিয়মানুযায়ী হয় কেন ?”—তবে প্রতিধ্বনিই শ্রুত হইবে—“কেন ?”

আনন্দ ।

(সন্ন্যাসীদত্ত উপদেশাবলী)

শ্রীযতীশচন্দ্র বাগচী,

প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী, রিপণ কলেজ ।

সেদিন পথে যাইতে যাইতে এক গৈরিক বসন পরিহিত, দীর্ঘশ্রব, দীর্ঘশ্রব, দীর্ঘ-জট, চিন্তাপাণি সন্ন্যাসীর সহিত দেখা হইল । আমি মহা ভক্তিতরে প্রণাম করিলাম ।

দীর্ঘ বাহু-যুগল বিস্তার করিয়া প্রভু কহিলেন, “আনন্দ রহো হো বাচ্চা !” আমি সকাভারে নিবেদন করিলাম, “ঠাকুর, এই অন্নচিন্তা, ফেলের ভাবনা । এর ভিতর আনন্দে রহি কি প্রকারে ?” কুটিল আশ্ররাজি মার্জনা করিয়া ঠাকুর কহিলেন, “ও সব কিছুই নহে ; আনন্দ মনে ।” হৃষ্ট ও কোঁতুহলী হইয়া জিজ্ঞাসা করিলাম, “সে কিরূপ ?” প্রভু বলিলেন, “সে অনেক কথা । রাস্তায় দাঁড়াইয়া অত কথা হইবে না । গৃহে চল ।” আমি ঠাকুরকে লইয়া গৃহে গেলাম ।

আনন্দ কি ?

পরিষ্কার বিছানার উপর ত্রীপদারাবিন্দের সুদীর্ঘ চিহ্ন যদ্বিত করিয়া প্রভু বসিলেন । আমি মহা ভক্তিতে ত্রীচরণোপাস্তে বসিলাম । ঠাকুর আরম্ভ করিলেন ।

“দেখ, আনন্দটা আমরা সংসারের নিকট হইতে কড়ায় গণ্ডায় আদায় করিয়া লইতে পারি, যদি কতকগুলি নিয়ম প্রতিপালন করিয়া চলিতে পারি । সে বিষয় আমি তোমাকে পরে বুঝাইব । আপাততঃ অবধান কর ।

কি কি কারণে লোকে সাধারণতঃ আনন্দ লাভ করে এ বিষয় বিশদ ভাবে বুঝাইতে গেলে বহু কথা বলিতে হয় । কিন্তু আমার সময়ভাব । সুতরাং অল্প দু একটি উদাহরণ দিয়াই এ বিষয়ের পরিসমাপ্তি করিব । লোকে আনন্দ প্রকাশ করে- পরনিন্দা-শ্রবণে, পরগত্যা-দর্শনে, আশ্ব-প্রশংসা-শ্রবণে ও কথনে, চাকুরী-প্রাপ্তিতে, সাহেবের খেরানন-দর্শনে, সহপাঠীর পরীক্ষায় অরুতকার্য্যতায় ইত্যাদি ইত্যাদি । এটুকু খুব সস্তম্ভ তোমার বশেষ জানা আছে, পরনিন্দা শ্রবণে লোক তর্জ্জনী উত্তত করতঃ ও শিরঃসঞ্চালন পূর্ব্বক ঘন ঘন ‘ঠিক্ ঠিক্’ বলিয়া থাকে । এটী একটা বিশেষ আনন্দের লক্ষণ । পরগত্যা-দর্শনে যুগে সাহসবৃত্তিচক নানাবিধ অশ্লুট শব্দ করিয়াও লোকে যে গৃহিণী ও অন্তরঙ্গগণের নিকট গভীর আনন্দপূর্ণ বাক্যের অবতারণা করিয়া থাকে তাহা কোন মূঢ় জানে না ! যথা ‘আপদ গেছে, বাজারে গিয়ে জিনিষের দর বাড়াত, আমার চেয়ে কম সুদে টাকা লাগাত’ ইত্যাদি । আশ্বপ্রশংসাবাদ-কথনে লোকের কণ্ঠ কিরূপ গাষ্ট্রীয়া ও উচ্চতা লাভ করে এবং শ্রবণে কিরূপ রোমাঞ্জন, শিহরণ, ঘনশ্বাস, ওশরীর হইতে বর্ষ্ম নিঃসরণ হইয়া থাকে, তাহাও তোমার অজ্ঞাত নহে । চাকুরী প্রাপ্তিতে ও সাহেবের খেরানন দর্শনে যে কি অপূর্ব্ব, স্বর্গীয় আনন্দের উদ্বেক হয় তাহা আশা করি তুমি পুরুষাত্মকমে জ্ঞাত আছ । যখন বিদ্যালয়ে তোমার জীবনের শেষ পরীক্ষা দিয়া চাকুরাঙ্কলে দ্রুত ধাবনাশায় ব্যস্ত হইয়া পড়িবে, সহপাঠীর অরুতকার্য্যতায় কণ্ঠস্থলে একটা প্রতিদ্বন্দা কমিল জ্ঞানে কি মহানন্দের উদয় হয় তখন বুঝিবে ।”

আমি বিশ্বয়ে বিস্ফারিত-লোচনে সন্ন্যাসীর বদন-কমলের প্রতি স্থির দৃষ্টি সংলগ্ন করিয়া রহিলাম। আনন্দাতিশয়ো শরীর কম্পিত, স্বপ্নাক্ত ও রোমাঞ্চিত হইতে লাগিল। অপার আনন্দে আমি চীৎকার করিয়া উঠিলাম—

“ক্ষণমিহসজ্জনসজ্জিতিরেকা ভবতি ভবাবর্ণ তরণে নৌকা।”

অহো, কি আনন্দ ! কি আনন্দ !! আমার চক্ষু ও নাসিকা হইতে অসিরল জল ঝরিতে লাগিল।

সন্ন্যাসী বলিলেন “একটু অবহিত হইয়া শ্রবণ কর। এক্ষণে আমি আনন্দিত হওয়ার লক্ষণ সমূহ বর্ণন করিব।”

আনন্দের লক্ষণ ।

“অতিরিক্ত আনন্দিত হইলে কি কি হয় ? প্রথমে চক্ষুযুগল মুদিয়া আসে, ওৎসব আকর্ণ বিস্তৃত হয় এবং তুমারধবল দশনপঙ্ক্তি বিকশিত হইয়া উঠে, তৎপরে হাঃ হাঃ, হোঃ হোঃ, হিঃ হিঃ, হঃ হঃ ইত্যাদি বাকরণ ও অভিধানবিগহিত নানাবিধ উৎকট শব্দোচ্চারণ করিয়া কণ্ঠ ষড় ষড় করিতে থাকে। কাহারও কাহারও নাসিকা হইতে সম্বন্ধ দীর্ঘবায়ু হঃ হঃ করিয়া বাহির হইতে থাকে। গভীর আনন্দের শেষ অবস্থায় মানুষ নিম্পন্দ নির্বিকার হইয়া বসিয়া থাকে। তখন তাহার যোগাবস্থা। শরীর পুলকিত, শিহরিত, রোমাঞ্চিত ও স্বেদ-সিক্ত হয়। তোমার এখন সেই অবস্থা।”

কৃতজ্ঞতাভরে আমি চক্ষু মুদিলাম। বিশেষ মনোযোগ দেওয়াতে শুনিলাম, গল-দেশান্তরে হইতে মৎস্ত-কণ্টকজুক্, লাঙ্গলান্দোলনকারী, মুদিত-নেত্র মার্জ্জারের আখ স্মৃগভীর ষড় ষড় শব্দ হইতেছে।

সামু কহিলেন, “এইবার আমি সংক্ষেপে আনন্দলাভের উপায় বর্ণন করিয়া বিদায় লইব।”

কি প্রকারে আনন্দ লাভ করা যায় ?

“তুমি যে বলিতেছ সংসারে বহু ঝগড়া সেকথা সবিশেষ ঠিক। একটা বিপদ গেলেই আর একটা হাজির হয়। একটা পরীক্ষা মিটিলেই আর একটা পরীক্ষা উঁক মারে। ‘স্বপ্নায়ুর্থাবহবর্চবিষাঃ’। এস্থলে নিছক আনন্দ লাভ করা দুর্লভ ব্যাপার। তবে সংসারে প্রতি কার্যের মধ্যেই আনন্দ সংমিশ্রিত থাকে; সেইটুকু আদায় করিয়া লইতে পারিলেই যথেষ্ট। মাষ্টার পণ্ডিতের চক্ষে ধূলি নিক্ষেপ করিয়া নাটক নভেল পড়া ছাত্রাবস্থায় একটা মহা আনন্দের বিষয়। কিন্তু তাহাতে একটু পিয় আছে। উক্ত কণ্ঠের সময় বিশেষ দৃষ্টি রাখিতে হইবে যে শেষে যেন দ্বারবন্ধ-বাটীকাখ অদৃষ্ট পরীক্ষা না হয়। তাহা হইলে কর্মজীবনে আনন্দ প্রাপ্তির আশা অত্যন্ত দুর্লভ হইয়া পড়ে।

অতঃপর বিবাহ । সে সম্বন্ধে বিশেষ কিছু বলবার নাই । তোমরা বল সংসারে পুত্রকলত্রগুলি বড় যন্ত্রণাপ্রদ জীব । কিন্তু যদি দূরে বসিয়া উদাস মেয়ে তাহাদিগের প্রতি দৃষ্টি নিষ্ক্ষেপ করিয়া চিন্তা কর কণ্ঠাপঞ্চকে ব্রাহ্মিকা ভাবে শিক্ষিত ঘরে বিনাহ দিন, পুত্রচতুষ্টয়কে সমভাবে জজ-মাজস্ট্রের কবিশ্য ভুলিব, তাহা হইলে দেখিও হৃদয়বিত তত্ত্ব কিরূপ রোমাঞ্চিত ও ঘম্মাক্ত হয় ।

অনেকে চাকুরীকে একটা মহাবল্লভার বিষয় ভাবিয়া থাকেন । কিন্তু সেটা একটা ভুল ধারণা । চাকুরী একটা যোগ-সাধনা । দশটা হইতে পাঁচটা পর্য্যন্ত একাসনে বসিয়া বসনা বিস্তার পূর্ব্বক অবিরাম হংসপুচ্ছ চালনায় যে কি উৎকট আনন্দের তরঙ্গ উপস্থিত হয়, তাহা পাকা চাকুরীজীবনই জানেন । তবে বৈজ্ঞানিক চেগার-গছের হইতে ছারপোক প্রভৃতি নবরত্ন কিঞ্চিৎ গণ্ডগোল করে । সে স্থলে একখানি বস্তুমতী বিছাটয়া লইলেই সব গোলযোগ চুকিয়া যায় । কার্য সমাপনান্তে লখন গুরু কণ্ঠে যেমন প্রদীপ কল্পনা করিতে করিতে গৃহে ফিরিবেন তখন দেখিও কি অপার আনন্দ !”

আমি কৃতজ্ঞতা ও আনন্দ পরিপূর্ণ চিত্তে প্রতিপ্রবরকে ধন ধন সাষ্টাঙ্গ প্রণাম করিতে লাগিলাম । সন্ন্যাসী কর্তৃক

“সব চেয়ে মহা আনন্দ যমকে ফাঁকি দেওয়া । বাস্তবী শৈশবে Mellin's Food, কৈশোরে Edward's Tonic, ‘প্রোটো মকরধ্বজ ও চাবণ প্রাশ এবং বার্ককো আফি’ খাইয়া যমকে ফাঁকি দেয় । ছাত্র্যকালের জন্ম Vibrona, Nervigour ইত্যাদি stimulant ঔষধ ত আছেই । এতদ্ভিন্ন তোমর বহুবাজার ও কলেজ স্ট্রীটের মোড়ে প্রদত্ত বিজ্ঞাপন লিখিত ঔষধাবলী খাইতে পার । আনন্দোদ্দেগের বিশেষ সহায়ক হইতেছে ছগণ্ডা পয়সা মূল্যের সটিক গীতা পাঠ ও মদ্যবিহীন ‘সর্ব্বজয়া মাদুরা’ ধারণা ” আমি কৃতজ্ঞতা ও প্রজ্ঞা অন্তঃকরণে সন্ন্যাসীকে পুরতঃ পৃষ্ঠতঃ ভূষোভূষ প্রণাম করিলাম ।

কবিতাশুদ্ধ ।

বাদল-শেষে ।

শ্রীগণেশ চন্দ্র রায়,

দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

সোণাব 'আলো ছড়িয়ে গেল সজল মেঘের পাখ !

দিগন্তেরি প্রান্তে সে কে

স্বরপুরীর জান্না থেকে

বৃষ্টি-ধোয়া ধরার পানে মিটি চোখে চায় ।

বর্ষগেরি অঙ্ককারে শুণ্ড ছিল পরা ।

চাওনি তার—সোণার কাঠি

যেহুনি ছ'ল ধরার পা'টি,

চাব্দিকেতে আলোয় মেতে উঠ'ল জেগে দ্বা !

উঠ'ল জেগে চৌদিকেতে হাজার কলরব !

বৃষ্টি ভেজা রক্ত-অ'শি

পক্ষ ঝাড়ি' লক্ষ পাখী

বাহির হ'য়ে দেখ'তে এল আলোরি উৎসব !

ক্রান্ত হ'য়ে বাঁশের বন পড়ে'ছে হেথা হেলি' ।

তাছারি মাথা ছু'য়ে—দূরে

বকের জেগী যাচ্ছে উড়ে

স্নিগ্ধ কোমল আলোয় ধোয়া শুভ পাখা মেলি' ।

বৃষ্টি থেমে গিয়েছে—শুণু মাঠ টি ভবা জল ।

হাঁটুর পরে কাণড় ভুলে'

আনন্দেতে আপ'না ভুলে'

জল খেলিতে বাহির হ'ল মত্ত শিশুদল ।

মাঠের বুক উঠ'ছে বেজে জলেরি কল্লোল ।

কোন্ দূরে সে কোথা থেকে

জলের ধারা এ'কে বেকে

জামের সারির তলা দিয়ে—বইছে করি' বোল ।

অদূর বনে ঝিল্লি-রব কখন গেছে মিশি' ।

শ্যামল ঘন কানন হ'তে

সজল মধু সমীহ-শ্রোতে

কেন্ অজানা ফুলের বাস বিলায় দিশি দিশি !

বেলিফুলের গন্ধে ভরি' অক্ষ বসুন্ধরা

নদীর পারে সিক্ত কাশ

চাঁড়িয়ে দিয়ে শুভ্র হাস

খালোয় ভরা পৃথিবীবে কক্ষে মনোভবা ।

নীল গগনের কোমল হাসি পা'ড়েছে ধরার পায় !

ঐ পে হাস ঐ যে আলো

ঐ তো কবি বাসে ভালো :

(অজ) খালোয় ভবা বসুন্ধরা ঐ হাসিতেই চায় !

যবেব কোণে থাকিস্নে আজ আশাব করি' মন ।

বাহির পানে দেখ'রে চে'য়

মেঘে-চাওয়া গগন বেয়ে

আকাশ আজি পাঠিয়ে দে'ছে আলোব নিমন্ত্রণ ।

জাগরণ ।

শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে.,

দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

(১)

আজকে এমন বর্ণাশ্রোতে নীল আকাশের আক্সিনাতে

হারিয়ে গেই কোন্ ভাবনার টানে !

হৃদয় আঘাৎ নৃত্য কবে' ছুটল কালো মেঘের ধরে,

কোন্ কুহকীর কুহকভরা গানে !

মদন ঐ আড়াল থেকে কোন্ বাগিণী বাজায় যে কে,

কার মুকুটে ঢপল জ্যোতিঃ ভাসে,

● ধ্বণী কাব অচ্ছিন্নাতে কুশুম ভূগ-মস্তিমাতে

দাঁড়িয়ে আছে সজল শ্যামবাসে ।

(২)

কাব করুণা স্রুতিরে পট্টরূপে পড়ল বয়ে,

ফুটিয়ে ফুলে বহিয়ে নদী শ্রোত,

ঐ যে হোথা তুণের দলে সঙ্কটনা গোথন চলে,

কার করুণা সেথায় শুভাশ্রোত !

পাগলত্বা জুড়িয়ে আজি শ্যামল করি কাননরাজি
সাজল কে আবার নবসাজে ?
পানীর গানে পাতার দোলে নদীব জলে বাতাস কোলে
বন্দনা কার বিশ্বভরি' বাজে ?

(৩)

ঐ প্রান্তরের জলদ সম হৃদয় মম নিবিড়তম,
ঝরছে তা'তে ভাবের বারিরাশি ;
অজানা কোন্ গানের সুরে আশার বাধা বেড়ায় গুরে,
গদায় কভু,—ফেটিয় কভু হারি .
ঐক্যতির এই মহোৎসবে প্রাণের ভিতর আকুলববে
উঠেছে কার বন্দনাবি গান !
মিলন-আশা-অগ্নি নিয়ে, ঐ আকাশের অশ্রু দিয়ে
ছুটেছে তাই আমার জাগা আশা !

ভক্ত ও ভগবান ।

শ্রীমণীন্দ্রনাথ ঘোষ,
ভৃতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

ঈশ্বরির ভক্তিরসে আপ্লুত হইয়া,
শান্তি-সুখে নৃত্য সদা করে শিখী-হিয়া ।
শ্যামের নীরদ-রূপ হেরিয়া জলদে,
শ্রেষ্ঠ তার পুচ্ছ খানি দিতে চায় পদে ।
নারায়ণ ভক্তি তার হৃদয়ে জানিয়া,
বাধিলেন পুচ্ছ স্বীয় মস্তকে ধরিয়া ।



Our Magazine Committee, (1916-17).

Sitting on the chairs:-- from the left hand side. 1 Prof. B. N. Bhattacharya, M. A. B. L. (member). 2. Prof. A. N. Mukherjee, M. A. B. L. (Secretary and Publisher). 3. Principal, Ramendra Sundar Tripathi, President. 4. Prof. S. K. Datta, M. A. B. L. (Editor). 5. Prof. A. K. Sinha, M. A. B. L. (Editor).

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. { NOVEMBER, 1916. } No. 2.

College Notes and Observations

The second issue of the first volume of our magazine came out in the October of the last year, and compared with that, we might seem a little late in publishing its corresponding number this year. The Puja holidays came rather early and all our activities had to be stopped on that account : but the indomitable energy of our youthful contributors was seething for expression and no lapse of time could suppress it. So out they come as soon as the College is opened, not, of course, without causing some disturbance to the innate placidity of the editors !

History repeats itself: if this is a fact, there is no earthly reason why the Editorial should not repeat itself too, though we have no lawyer or logician at hand to argue and prove that History is Editorial, and Editorial, History, and *ergo*, Editor is Historian and Historian, Editor. But such an awful craze have men got for new things that they will never be satisfied with a mere repetition. We think that it would have established the sanity of Hamlet's mind beyond the controversy of Shakespearian critics, if instead of ejaculating "Frailty thy name is Woman," he had substituted *man* in her place !

We venture to think, however, that we have not committed an unpardonable crime in coming out rather late this time. Nature's progress seems to have been a little belated. The rainy season came late and trespassed into the winter, the winter after violently repulsing the rains has fallen back for strategic reasons, and shows

no signs of a crushing offensive. The spring will perhaps come in June! So if we have erred, we have done it on Nature's side. Ruskin could not have got a finer example of Pathetic Fallacy than in this marvellous sympathy of Nature with our Magazine!



The few weeks that pass before the Puja Holidays appear to be a period of general hilarity, especially among the students. This year almost all the Colleges held some theatricals with more or less success. The Dramatic Section of this College, which got no outlet for its activity last year, and was consequently seething with pent-up energy, has shown an amount of vigour and enthusiasm that has taken us by surprise. Under the guidance of their popular Dramatic Vice-President, Prof. Atindranath Mukherji, the students of this College performed *Kapalkundala* on board the Alfred Theatre with admirable success. The auditorium was packed to the full with students, professors and guests, and the actors in general acquitted themselves creditably. A new departure was made in the attempt to make the costumes as historical as possible.



Literal fulfilments of good and time-honoured maxims and proverbs very seldom fall to the lot of humanity. Often we have to satisfy ourselves with metaphorical or partial truths. But once at least, on the eve of the last vacation, we enjoyed a liberal and literal interpretation of the very considerate maxim मधुरेण समाप्येत् । We had so many feasts in the College, coming one after another in battalions (but not to be termed misfortunes, on that account) that we were literally choked with sweets at the time of our parting.



We are glad to announce that the Sarada Prasad Prize in logic has been obtained by Bhabatosh Roy Banerji and the Abinash Chandra Gold Medal has been awarded to Somnath Maitra, both appearing from our college.



The science students of the College accompanied by their Professors went on their annual visit to the Bengal Chemical Works. They enjoyed it immensely and learned much. We like that they should visit bigger factories like Tata's at Sakchi and derive proper lessons therefrom.

The B. Sc. students entertained their Professors of the Science department with light refreshments and amusements. It was a purely scientific affair, got up by Science students for the Science professors. We arts-men do not grudge it. But what about the professors of Mathematics? They seem to be on both sides. That's unfair, they cannot be designated (like logic) as both a science and an art.

The card system has at last been introduced into the library, and we hope it would, to some extent, facilitate the use of books by the students. It is also gratifying to note that the Library is getting more and more additions.

Professors' Union The last meeting of the Professors' Union was held on the 12th of August when Prof. Sukumar Dutt, M.A. read a paper in English entitled, *The Paribrājaka in Pre-Buddhist India*, in which he attempted to set up the theory that the *Paribrājaka* or the fourth *asram* system is of Non-Aryan origin. This led to a lively discussion among those present on the occasion. Mm. Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan took the chair.

With the retirement of Dr. P. C. Ray, the Science department of Presidency College has sustained a severe loss. An irreparable injury was suffered when Dr. J. C. Bose bade farewell to the scenes of his life-long activity;—and the departure of Dr. Ray has made bad worse. We understand that he was made an I. B. S. man on the last day of his service. An admirable opportunity of doing it indeed!

The Bengal Double Company is now an accomplished fact, and thanks to the organisers of this movement that they have been able to give lie to the facile theory that we are not meant for military service. *Capital* is right in saying that this enlistment was confined to the educated middle class (which is always the backbone of the community) and forms a "corps d' elite." We hope the lesson set up by the middle class will be taken up by all, as more men are wanted. Burma has also volunteered for a like task.

The foundation stone of the Rameshchandra Saraswat Bhavan was laid by the Governor on Monday the 24th November. This Historial Museum containing supplementary collections of purely local interest and personal relics of great men, set up to perpetuate

the memory of a man who made so much to raise Bengal and India to a higher status before the eyes of the world, will be much appreciated. But a large sum is necessary to materialise this scheme, and we hope contributions will be forthcoming from all admirers of Romesh Chandra and lovers of Bengali literature.

The *Statesman* writes; "Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who is touring in the United States, has declined to lecture, or even to land in Canada. 'He will never set foot on Canadian or Australian soil, while his countrymen are treated as they are.' It is impossible not to sympathise with the poet, although one could have wished that this particular demonstration of his opinions and sentiments could have waited until after the war. While thanking the *Statesman* for his sympathy, we, in turn, cannot but wish that the Canadians and Australians would have been more sane in the demonstration of their likes and dislikes.

The Nobel Prize for literature for 1915 has been awarded to the French novelist Romain Rolland and for 1916 to the Swedish poet Heidenstain.

English Articles

BRAHMAGUPTA AND BHASKARA.

By Haranchandra Banerji, M.A., B.L.,

Vice-Principal and Professor of Mathematics, Ripon College.

Brahmagupta who flourished after Aryabhatta and Varahamihira was a great algebraist and astronomer. In a passage in his celebrated work called the *Brahma-Siddhanta* he informs us that he completed the work in the year 550 of the Saka era, corresponding to 628 A.D. at the age of thirty. This date agrees nearly with that deduced by Colebrooke from astronomical considerations. The star *Revati* (*Zeta Piscium*) is placed by Brahmagupta exactly at the vernal equinoctial point. Taking into consideration the precession of the equinoxes, Colebrooke calculated the age of Brahmagupta as 582 A.D.; and he explained the difference of forty-six years by saying that the rate of precession being very small (only 50'2 seconds per annum), and the Hindu astronomers having no instruments for very accurate observation, Brahmagupta could not detect the very small deviation of the vernal equinoctial point from the beginning of the constellation Aries or *Mesha*.

Brahmagupta's work is divided into twenty-four chapters, of which chapters twelve and eighteen deal with arithmetic, algebra and geometry, and have been translated by Colebrooke. The rest of the work deals with astronomy. In the twelfth chapter, the author gives various rules but no examples. These rules are explained and illustrated by his famous commentator Chaturveda Prithudaka Swami.

Bhaskara, the celebrated mathematician and astronomer who may truly be regarded as the *bhaskara* (sun) in the Indian astronomical sky, was born at Vijjarabida (modern Bijapur) near Sahyadri (western ghats) in the year 1036 of the Saka era, corresponding to 1114 A.D. He completed his great work called the *Siddhanta-Siromani* at the age of thirty-six. The *Lilavati*, *Vijaganita* and

* रसगुण पूर्णमही समशकनृपसमयेऽभवन्ममोत्पत्तिः ।

रसगुण वर्पेण मया मिद्वान्तशिरोमणी रचितः ॥

Goladhyaya form parts of this work. The first two parts deal with arithmetic, algebra and geometry, and the third deals with astronomy. The *Vijaganuta* evinces considerable advance in *Algebraical* analysis. Bhaskara says that he has abridged it from the more elaborate treatises of Brahmagupta, Sridhara and Padmanabha. Colebrooke informs us that he possessed a copy of Sridhara's work, but that he failed to recover any part of the algebra of Padmanabha, though he made a long and diligent search for it in various parts of India.

A few interesting rules and examples given in the works of Brahmagupta and Bhaskara are collected here.

1. Problems leading to simple equations with one unknown quantity.

1. One person has three hundred of known species and six horses. Another has ten horses of like price, but he owes a debt of one hundred of known species. They are both equally rich. What is the price of a horse? If half the wealth of the first, with two added, be equal to the wealth of the second; or if the first be three times as rich as the other, tell me in the several cases, the value of a horse. (*Vija-ganita*, IV, 103-104.)

For the first part of the problem, putting x for the price of a horse, we get $6x+300=10x-100$, whence $x=100$. For the second part we have $\frac{1}{2}(6x+300)+2=10x-100$, whence $x=36$. For the third part, $6x+300=3(10x-100)$, whence $x=25$. Bhaskara uses the phrase *yavat—tavat* (so much as) or its abbreviation *ya* for the unknown quantity. He does not use the signs $+$ and $-$, but indicates a negative quantity by a dot placed over it.

2. In a certain lake swarming with ruddy geese and cranes, the tip of a bud of lotus was seen a span above the surface of the water. Forced by the wind, it gradually advanced, and was submerged at the distance of two cubits. Compute quickly, mathemati-

* एकस्य रूपत्रिशतीषडश्व आश्वादशान्यस्य तु तुल्यमूल्याः । ऋणं तथा रूपशतं च तस्य तौतुल्यवित्तौ च किमश्वमूल्यम् ॥ यदाद्यवित्तस्यदलं द्वियुक्तं तत्तुल्यवित्तो यदि वा द्वितीयः । आद्योधनेनत्रिगुणोऽन्यतोवा पृथक्पृथक्चे कट् वाजिमूल्यम् ॥

chian, the depth of water. (*Vija-ganita*, IV, 125 ; *Lilavati*, VI, 153 ; *Brahmagupta*, XII, 41).

If x denotes the depth of the water in cubits, we have $x^2 + 4 = (x + \frac{1}{2})^2$, whence $x = \frac{1}{2}$.

• 3. From a tree a hundred cubits high, an ape descended and went to a pond two hundred cubits distant: while another ape, vaulting to some height off the tree, proceeded with velocity diagonally to the same spot. If the space travelled by them be equal, tell me, quickly, learned man, the height of the leap, if thou have diligently studied calculation.† (*Vija-ganita*, IV, 126 ; *Lilavati*, VI, 155 ; *Brahmagupta*, XII, 39).

If x denotes the height of the leap in cubits, then we have a right-angled triangle of which the base is 200, the height $100 + x$, and the hypotenuse $300 - x$. Hence we get $(300 - x)^2 = (200)^2 + (100 + x)^2$, whence $x = 50$.

II. • Problems leading to simple equations with more than one unknown quantity.

1. One says, "give me a hundred, and I shall be twice as rich as you, friend." The other replies, "if you deliver ten to me, I shall be six times as rich as you." Tell me the amount of their respective capitals. (*Vija-ganita*, IV, 106).

Putting x and y for the respective capitals, we get the equations $x + 100 = 2(y - 100)$, and $y + 10 = 6(x - 10)$, whence $x = 40$ and $y = 170$.

2. Eight rubies, ten emeralds and a hundred pearls, which are in thy ear-ring, my beloved, were purchased by me for thee, at an equal amount; and the sum of the rates of the three sorts of gems was three less than half a hundred: tell me the rate of each,

* चक्रकौञ्जकुलितसलिले क्वापिदृष्टंङ्गागे तोयादूर्द्ध्वं कमलकालिकाग्रं वितस्ति प्रमाणम् । मन्दं मन्दं चलितमनिलेनाहतं हस्तयुग्मे तस्मिन्मग्नं गणक कथय क्षिप्रमम्भःप्रमाणम् ।†

† वृद्धाद्वस्त्रशतोच्छ्रयाञ्छ्रुतयुगे वापीं कपिः कोऽप्यगादुत्तीर्याथ परोद्भुतं श्रुतिपथेनोड्डीय किञ्चिद्द्रुमात् । जातैवं समतातयोर्यदिगताऽर्द्धाऽप्यनं कियद् विद्वन् चेत्सुपरिश्रमोऽस्तिगणिते क्षिप्रं तदाचक्ष्व मे ॥

if thou be skilled, auspicious woman, in this computation.† (*Vijaganita*, IV, 107).

Putting x, y, z for the price of a ruby, an emerald and a pearl respectively, we get the equations $8x=10y=100z$, and $x+y+z=47$, whence $x=25, y=20, z=2$.

III. Rule for the solution of a quadratic equation.

1. Multiply both sides of the equation by a number equal to four times the coefficient of the square of the unknown quantity, and add to them a number equal to the square of the coefficient of the unknown quantity. Then extract the root.† (*Vijaganita*, V, 131).

Bhaskara gives the above rule citing it as the rule of Sridhara-charyya. In commenting on it he remarks that there are always two roots which in some cases may be impossible or imaginary. The equation is supposed to be reduced to the form $ax^2+bx=c$. Multiplying both sides by $4a$, and adding b^2 to both sides of the result we get $4a^2x^2+4abx+b^2=b^2+4ac$. Extracting the square root, we obtain $2ax+b=\pm\sqrt{b^2+4ac}$, whence $x=\frac{-b\pm\sqrt{b^2+4ac}}{2a}$.

2. The sum or difference of a quantity and of a multiple of its square root being given, the square of half the coefficient is added to the given number, and the square root of the sum is extracted; that root with half the coefficient added or subtracted, being squared, is the quantity sought by the interrogator. (*Lilavati*, III, 62).

This rule applies to the equation $x\pm a\sqrt{x}=b$ which is a quadratic in \sqrt{x} . We shall get $x=\left\{\frac{\mp a\pm\sqrt{a^2+4b}}{2}\right\}^2$, or $\left\{\sqrt{b+\left(\frac{a}{2}\right)^2}\mp\frac{a}{2}\right\}^2$, taking the positive root only, which agrees with Bhaskara's rule.

* माणिक्याष्टकमिन्द्रनीलदशकं मुक्ताफलानां शतं यत्ते कर्णविभूषणे समधनं क्रीतं त्वदर्धमया । तद्रत्नत्रयमौल्यसंयुतिमितिस्त्वृत्तं शताद्धं प्रिये मौल्यं ब्रूहि पृथग्यर्धाहगणिते कल्यासि कल्याणिनि ॥

† चतुराहतवर्गमैरूपैः पञ्चद्वयंगुणयेत् । अव्यक्तवर्गैर्युक्तौ पक्षौ ततो मूलम् ।

‡ गुणप्रमूलोनयुतस्य राशेर्दृष्टस्य युक्तस्य गुणार्द्धकृत्या । मूलंगुणार्द्धेनयुतं विहीनं वर्गाकृतं प्रष्टुमीष्टराशिः ।

IV. Problems leading to quadratic equations. *

1. The eighth part of a troop of monkeys, squared, was skipping in a grove and delighted with their sport. Twelve remaining were seen on a hill, amused with chattering to each other. How many were they in all? (Vija-ganita, V, 139).

Putting x for the number of monkeys, we get the equation $\left(\frac{x}{8}\right)^2 + 12 = x$, whence $x = 48$ or 16 , both the values being admissible.

2. The fifth part of a troop of monkeys less three, squared, had gone to a cave; and one monkey was in sight, having climbed on a branch. Say how many they were.† (Vija-ganita, V, 140).

Putting x for the number of monkeys, we get $\left(\frac{1}{5}x - 3\right)^2 + 1 = x$, whence $x = 50$ or 5 . Here, although both the values satisfy the equation, the second value is not admissible, since its fifth part, one, cannot have three subtracted from it. Bhaskara remarks:—"But the second is in this case not to be taken, for it is incongruous. People do not approve a negative absolute number."‡

3. Of a flock of geese, ten times the square root of the number departed for the *Manasa* lake, on the approach of a cloud; an eighth part went to a forest of *Sthalapadminis*; three couples were seen engaged in sport, on the water abounding with delicate fibres of the lotus. Tell, dear girl, the whole number of the flock.§ (Lilavati, III, 66).

Putting x for the number of geese, we get $10\sqrt{x} + \frac{x}{8} + 6 = x$, whence $x = 144$, the other value being inadmissible.

4. The square root of half the number of a swarm of bees is gone to a shrub of jasmine; and so are eight-ninths of the whole

* वनान्तराले स्रवगाष्टभागः संवर्गितो बलगति जातरागः । फलत्कारनाद-
प्रतिनादतुष्टा दृष्टा गिरौ द्वादश ते कियन्तः ॥

† यूथात्पञ्चांशकस्यूनो वर्गितो गङ्गुरं गतः । दृष्टः शाखामृगः शाखामारुढो
वद ते कति ॥

‡ द्वितीयत्रयं न ग्रह्यमनुपपन्नत्वात् । नहि व्यक्ते ऋणगते लोकस्य प्रती-
तिरस्तीति ।

§ यातं हंसकुलस्य मूलदशकं मेघागमे भानसं प्रोङ्डीयस्थलपद्मिनिवन-
मगादष्टांशकोऽम्भस्तटात् । बाले बालमृणालशालिनिजले केलिक्रियालालसं
दृष्टं हंसयुगत्रयञ्च सकलां यूथस्य संख्यां वद ।

swarm : a female is buzzing to one remaining male that is humming within a lotus, in which he is confined, having been allured to it by its fragrance at night. Say, lovely woman, the number of bees.* (*Vijaganita*, V, 132 ; *Lilavati*, III, 68).

Putting x for the number of bees, we get $\sqrt{\frac{x}{2} + \frac{8}{9}x + 2} = x$, whence $(\sqrt{x} - 6\sqrt{2})(\sqrt{2x} + 3) = 0$. The only admissible solution is $\sqrt{x} = 6\sqrt{2}$, so that $x = 72$.

5. If thou be conversant with operations of algebra, tell the number of which the biquadrate, less double the sum of the square and of two hundred times the number, is a myriad less one.† (*Vijaganita*, V, 138).

Bhaskara gives the following solution :—Denoting the required number by x , we get $x^4 - 2(x^2 + 200x) = 9999$; $\therefore x^4 + 2x^2 + 1 = 4x^2 + 400x + 10000$, whence extracting the square root of both sides, we get $x^2 + 1 = 2x + 100$; $\therefore x^2 - 2x + 1 = 100$, whence $x - 1 = 10$ or $x = 11$. It should be noticed that the above quartic cannot have more than one positive root as is evident from Descartes' Rule of Signs. Bhaskara does not take the negative values of the square roots. Taking the negative values we get $x = 9$, and $x^2 + 2x + 101 = 0$, the roots of which are imaginary.

6. What is the number, learned man, which being multiplied by twelve and added to the cube of the number, is equal to six times the square added to thirty-five ?‡ (*Vijaganita*, V, 137).

Bhaskara's solution is as follows :—

Denoting the required number by x , we get $x^3 + 12x = 6x^2 + 35$; $\therefore x^3 - 6x^2 + 12x - 35 = 27$, whence taking the cube roots of both sides, $x - 2 = 3$, so that $x = 5$. The other two roots found from the quadratic $x^2 - x + 7 = 0$, are imaginary.

* अलिकुलदलमूलं मालतीं यातमष्टौ निखिलनवमभागाश्चालिनीभृङ्गमेकम् । निशि परिमललुब्धं पद्ममध्ये निरुद्धं प्रतिरणति रणन्तं ब्रूहिकान्तेऽलि संख्याम् ॥

† कोराशिर्दिशती क्षुण्णोराशिवर्गयुतोहतः । द्वाभ्यां तेनोनितोराशिवर्गवर्गोऽयुतं भवेत् । रूपो न वद तं राशिं वेत्सि बीजक्रियां यदि ।

‡ राशिर्द्वादशनिघ्नोराशिघनाढ्यश्च कः समोयः स्यात् । राशिकृतिः षड्गुणिता पञ्चत्रिंशदयुतविद्वन् ॥

V. Square root of surds.

The rule given by Bhaskara for finding the square root of a compound surd agrees with that given in modern works on algebra.

1. Find the square root of $5 + \sqrt{24}$.

Assuming the square root to be $\sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y}$, and following the usual method, we get $x + y = 5$, $2\sqrt{xy} = \sqrt{24}$ or $xy = 6$. Hence from inspection $x = 3$, $y = 2$.

2. Find the square root of $10 + \sqrt{24} - \sqrt{40} - \sqrt{60}$.

Here assuming the square root to be $\sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y} - \sqrt{z}$, we may put $2\sqrt{xy} = \sqrt{24}$, $2\sqrt{xz} = \sqrt{40}$, $2\sqrt{yz} = \sqrt{60}$, that is $xy = 6$, $xz = 10$, $yz = 15$, whence $x = 2$, $y = 3$, $z = 5$. These values satisfy the equation $x + y + z = 10$. Thus the root required is $\sqrt{2} + \sqrt{3} - \sqrt{5}$.

3. Find the square root of $17 + \sqrt{40} + \sqrt{80} + \sqrt{200}$. (*Vijaganita*, I, 52).* Following the method of example 2, the root is $\sqrt{2} + \sqrt{5} + \sqrt{10}$.

4. Find the square root of $16 + \sqrt{120} + \sqrt{72} + \sqrt{60} + \sqrt{48} + \sqrt{40} + \sqrt{24}$.

Here assuming the root to be $\sqrt{w} + \sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y} + \sqrt{z}$, we may put $2\sqrt{wx} = \sqrt{120}$, $2wy = \sqrt{72}$, $2\sqrt{wz} = \sqrt{60}$, $2\sqrt{xy} = \sqrt{48}$, $2\sqrt{xz} = \sqrt{40}$, $2\sqrt{yz} = \sqrt{24}$, whence $w = 6$, $x = 5$, $y = 3$, $z = 2$. These values satisfy the equation $w + x + y + z = 16$. Thus the required root is $\sqrt{6} + \sqrt{5} + \sqrt{3} + \sqrt{2}$.

VI. Arithmetical Progression.

1. The period less one, multiplied by the common difference, being added to the first term, is the amount of the last. Half the sum of last and first terms is the mean amount; which multiplied by the period is the sum of the whole. (*Brahmagupta*, XII, 17).

The above rule gives the well known expressions for the n th term and the sum of n terms of an A. P. The rule is given in nearly the same terms by Bhaskara (*Lilavati*, V, 119).

2. Add the square of the difference between twice the initial term and the common increase, to the product of the sum of the progression by eight times the increase: the square root, less the foregoing remainder, divided by twice the common increase, is the period. (*Brahmagupta*, XII, 18).

* चत्वारिंशदशीतिर्द्विंशतीतुल्याः करण्यश्चेत् । सप्तदशरूपयुक्तास्तत्रकृतौ
किम्पदं ब्रूहि ।

This rule gives an expression for the number of terms in an A. P., the sum, the first term and the common difference being supposed known. From the formula $s = \frac{n}{2} \{ 2a + (n-1)b \}$, we get $2s = n^2b + (2a-b)n$. By solving this quadratic in n , we obtain $n = \frac{\sqrt{[(2a-b)^2 + 8sb]} - (2a-b)}{2b}$, taking only the positive sign before the radical. The rule is given in substantially the same terms by Bhaskara* (*Lilavati*, V, 125). Neither Brahmagupta nor Bhaskara notices the fact that there are two values of n , both of which are in some cases applicable.

3. One, &c. increasing by one, being added together are the sum of a given period. That sum being multiplied by the period added to two, and being divided by three, is the sum of the sums. The same being multiplied by twice the period added to one, and being divided by three, is the sum of the squares. The sum of the cubes is the square of the sum. (Brahmagupta, XII, 19—20).

These rules give the well known expressions for the sum, the sum of the squares and the sum of the cubes of the first n natural numbers. The second rule gives the sum of n terms of the series $1 + (1+2) + (1+2+3) + \dots$, that is the sum of n triangular numbers, which $= \frac{n(n+1)}{6} (n+2)$. The same rules are given by Bhaskara † (*Lilavati*, V, 115, 117).

(To be continued.)

* श्रेढीफलादुत्तरलोचनप्राञ्चयार्द्धवृत्तान्तरवर्गयुक्तात् । मूलं मुखोनं
चयखण्डयुक्तं चयोद्धतं गच्छमुदाहरन्ति ॥

† सैकपदत्रयपदार्द्धमथैकाद्यङ्कयुतिः किल सङ्कलिताख्या ।
सा द्वियुतेन पदेन विनिष्ठी स्यात् त्रिहता खलु सङ्कालितैक्यम् ॥
द्वित्रयपदं कुयुतं त्रिविभक्तं सङ्कालितेन हतं कृतियोगः ।
सङ्कलितस्य कृतेः सममेकाद्यङ्क घनैक्यमुदीरितमाद्यैः ॥

POETRY AND NATURE.

(Continued from Page 21)

By S. K. Gupta, M.A., B.L. (Cal) B.A., B. LITT. (Oxon) PH. D. (Berne)

Professor, Ripon College.

Satisfying, as I have now done, the claims of certain types of Poetry *viz.*, the epic, the eclogue and the erotic verse, as to their special treatment in connexion with Nature, I now proceed to survey the relationship in general subsisting between Poetry as a whole and Nature. It would be convenient as well as complete, to consider this relationship from two different standpoints *viz.*, the amount or quantity, and the nature or quality of such affinity.

To begin with the former: I have spoken a few words already as to the inseparable tie with which Nature is linked to Poetry and the closeness of this kinship. Different poets have viewed Nature in different lights but none has questioned this bond. In rugged and healthy contrast to Kalidas, the fountain of erotic verse, stands out the majestic figure of Bhababhuti, the champion of heroic verse, glorifying primarily the sombre and sublime traits in Nature. But whatever their theme, the two have "drunk at the self-same rill", and each have drunk deep, this elixir. Their descriptions are actual transcripts from Nature. Glowing and suggestive are those of Byron: "whatever he touched he made palpitate and live." Every description of his expressed an emotion of the eye or heart." People wonder at poets; but what are they, apart from their fount of inspiration in Nature? It is Nature that is the greatest wonder. What are poems but cupfuls from that boundless boiling brine which rolls by and repeats its mighty tale from eternity to eternity. It is receptivity and response that makes a poet of a man. Isolation of Poetry therefore from Nature is not only prejudicial but positively suicidal.

• The flora and fauna of Nature have met with a ready response from poets. What sights could be more pleasing to the poet than the flora which reveal the perennial luxuriance of Nature? The primrose, the pansy, the violet, the daisy, the woodbine, the eglantine, the lotus, the lily, the rose, the jasmine spread the floral couch on which the poet revels in dream. • With Shelley,

"He will watch from dawn to gloom

The lake-reflected sun illumine

The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom!"

The fauna likewise enjoy a large measure of a poet's tenderness. No denizen of the animal world is too small or too large for a poet to enlist his sympathy with. From the glow-worm in a gloomy night and the humblest insect of the field, to the drudging dromedary on the Arabian sands and the Leviathan amongst roaring icebergs, nothing falls beyond the pale of a poet's delight and sympathy. Burns condoles feelingly with the mishap of an upturned mouse; Shelley has immortalised the skylark; Keats, the nightingale; Marvell, the fawn; Tennyson, the swan; the Oriental bards, the tropical beasts and birds.

Other objects, none the less, inspire the poet. The rosy glow on glaciers, the thundering cascade, the nodding trees, the murmuring rills, the iridescent spray, the shell-strewn beach, have all left their indelible imprints in Poetry.

Nor have the atmosphere and the firmament been overlooked. The stars that twinkle overhead are mirrored not only on placid lakes, but in the serene bosom of the poets as well. One among this glorious galaxy of poets stands out supreme in the singleness of interest evinced in such ethereal phenomena. It was Shelley who has disported himself in and out in cloud-scenery and cloud-imagery. His poetry is studded with star-like gems, is luminous with forked lightning, is fantastic with strange combinations of vapour and lustre, is fleeting as the fleecy clouds.

In spite of such extensive dredging and churning, the sea of Nature still teems with rare treasures and prolific marine life. Despite such continuous drainage, the reservoir is brimful and needs no replenishing.

So much for the quantity: I pass on now, as indicated, to the quality or kind of relationship that obtains between Poetry and Nature, and in this connexion, cannot do better than just glance at the creeds upheld by some of the distinguished Nature-Poets.

I will take first Wordsworth. To Wordsworth as to the brother poets of this group, Nature is alive. With Wordsworth, the elixir of Nature is thought, a spirit, a living soul that throbs in the mighty heart of Nature as well as in ours. Though not so optimistic as Liebnitz to assert, that this world is the best of all possible worlds, Wordsworth ardently believed that there was a pre-established harmony in Nature, and an unfailing interchange of thoughts and ideas between her and Man. The personality of Man is transfused with that of Nature, and Nature's with that of man. Thus, the

meanest object is sanctified with this holy communion, and causes in Wordsworth, "thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears." "One touch of Nature hath made the whole world akin." The Wordsworthian creed has confiscated Man's lordship over creation. Before his philosophic vision, the botanist is nothing but a "fingering slave;" the tender plant has an equal claim to immunity from molestation, as the life of any human being. With Wordsworth, the word *inanimate* is a misnomer. It finds no place in his vocabulary. Animation is the law; the spirit rules and pervades the universe. Such was his conviction, that he could entertain personal feelings for Nature. The more lifeless stocks and stones appear to others, the more life he finds in them; the more they are maltreated, the more he feels for them. He pleads the cause of the mute before the tribunal of God. He admonishes the trespasser in the sylvan domain, with calm reproach:

— • "with gentle hand,
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods."

He requests man to respect the sentiment of plants and flowers. Nature hath been to her darling, "both law and impulse"—"to kindle or restrain," and the poet is singularly grateful, in his devotion to that August Dame, his life-long preceptress. From the poet of reflection, I pass on now to the poet of love and imagination.

The cult of Shelley, though cognate to Wordsworth's, diverges widely as regards the cardinal principle. "The pervasive spirit, that instils life into this material world, is with Shelley, Love—all-embracing Love. Shelley's creed is shadowed forth in a most straightforward manner, in the lines:

• "I love Love,
Though he has wings and like light can flee."

and again.

"I love everything almost which is Nature's."

Nature is all harmony, so are the exquisite lyrical strains of Shelley. He addresses the spirit of Nature variously, as "Life of Life," "Child of Light," "Lamp of Earth." He invokes it thus:

"where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness."

Not brooding like Wordsworth upon a semi-panteistic mysticism, Shelley, highly optimistic, holds out prophetic hopes for man. His

dramatic efforts are accordingly directed towards emancipation of this world in "*Prometheus Unbound*." There Shelley, in his golden dream, wins back the golden Age; the mask and chain from Man has fallen, the ideal of Love is realised and the *summum bonum* attained. Shelley believed everything in Nature to be possessed by a spirit pre-eminently loving. He finds scores of such in the pollen of flowers, in flickering sunbeams and moonshine, in dew-drops, mist and spray. He knew how to grasp and interpret the fleeting aspects of Nature.

While Shelley yearned to renovate the impracticable—the utopian, Keats tried to perfect the feasible. The golden age was too dazzling and too much of a dream to him; so he turned his eyes to the Mediæval, the Hellenic. Beauty was raised to the foremost rank in his adoration. He crowned Nature with Loveliness and obtained a mastery in his art.

To Byron, Nature was a serviceable foil to his boiling passions, adventures and reveries. It is his Lordship that is more prominent, and demands homage. The Byronic hero—a strong personality indeed,—would however be extremely loath to eclipse the grandeur of Nature. Byron used to be completely cured of his morbid egotism, whenever he was faced with the solemnity and sublimity of Nature. He invariably attempted to assert himself and make his personality felt in Society, but in Solitude he lives not in himself but becomes a portion of that around him. He had a predilection for the wild and tumultuous aspect of Nature. Byron's love of Nature, again, was a love by way of contrast—by contrast to Society, contrast to Art. His misanthropy drove him, like Timon, to the very heart of Nature; his despondency, directed him to seek succour in the sanctuary of Nature. He felt more at home amidst the 'wonder-works' of his Maker than amidst art-treasures in galleries—the handiwork of man. Still, his love of Nature was not solely an interested love. It was a genuine passion and inspiration with him. He complacently calls himself an offspring of Nature "her never-weaned, though not her favour'd child." Byron's nomadic spirit is in itself, a clear testimony to his passion for Nature.

I cannot here very well dismiss the subject without making a few observations on the charge of unrealism and visionariness with which Poetry is often generally stigmatised. The Poet, as the etymology of the word would suggest, means the *maker*—the creator. Now, in what sense is he a creator? I should rather like to call him a transformer, an exorcist. He is the wizard, who by a single

wave of his magic wand, can conjure up novel beauties, and transform entire landscapes into dreamlands. The materials and resources are the same; his real merit lies in the strange and fantastic combinations he makes of homely sights and sounds. This is how by one subtle touch he fascinates the eye and ravishes the ear. The poet, again, views things in a different light. "The poet in the presence of this world, is as the first man on the first day." He is a highly sensitive, excitable being, quickly responding to all stimuli, and the thrilling language of his heart is offered to us in floral characters. The poet's heart is ever attuned to that of Nature. It is all very easy to point a bedlam to a bard, but he is really the sanest of the sane. It is we, who are the silly, superficial observers; the poets dive deep into the beauty and mystery of things and their ejaculations, unintelligible to us, appear no doubt as ludicrous paroxysms of lunacy. This is why so much is accredited, to what is insolently called—'poetic license.' Is Man so presumptuous, as to issue license for what is initiated and sanctified by Nature!

The poet stretches our imagination, without which life would have been a veritable bondage, fosters the spirit of abstraction, without which Godhead would be inconceivable. He is the butterfly, which though pent up in its cocoon, bursts forth at last in all its glory and gaiety and enjoys the nectar of every blossom, while swarms of other grubs are boring deeper and deeper, away from the refreshing sunshine. Cast but your glance at the sky: you cannot but be struck by its immensity and the littleness of the kingdom of man. Consider but the stars. regard them as planets, populous as ours: your brain will grow dizzy and your spirit do obeisance to the supreme spirit, the mainstay of this mighty system. One cannot but be lost in the rapturous amazement of Lorenzo as he sat entranced, viewing "the floor of heaven, thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Kant used to say: "Two things strike me with ever-increasing awe and admiration, the more I think of them,—the starry heavens above and the immortal soul within." The first inspires Poetry and inculcates Theism. The two together encourage Teleology and Philosophy. Sublime Nature paved the way for Religion, and Religion doubly endeared it to man.

The Poet transcends the limits of space and time. This is why he is represented as soaring, why Pindar is called the "Theban Eagle." He longs to live in an enchanted sphere,—a clime of perpetual ease and bliss, far far away from the contagion, "the weariness, the fever and the fret," of this life. This is why Shelley burst out lamenting:

"Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud,
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !"

In this ideal world where poets revel, "poet up on beds of amaranth and moly," everything must be superlatively good and beautiful. The sentiments must be mellifluous. No oddity, crudity or incongruity, be allowed to disturb the modulated harmony of ideal perfection. Here trees blossom perennially ; the flowers faint at their own sweetness : waters are ever mantled with lotuses and spangled with swans ; the woods ever vocal with the humming of intoxicated bees and birds.

"Here falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

The peacocks ever pour forth their melody with full-furled plumage. Here is no season save spring, no age, but youth. The realm is steeped in eternal moonshine,—“the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream.” This is veritably the land of the Lotos-Eaters,—happy dreamers like Tennyson himself :

‘There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes.
And in the stream, the long-leaves flowers weep
And from the craggy ledge, the poppy, hangs in sleep.

Calm reverie, golden languor, probably, beatific-vision are the foods of the poets here. But with all this over-fullness of fancy, and emotion and strange voluptuousness of this fairyland, the poet should not sever all connexion with his life on this earth. The equilibrator, when ill-managed may retard the speed of the airship, but without it or some sort of ballast to steady her course, she will shoot up to regions, one knows not where, to drop back again as a shrunk and shattered debris beyond recognition, to the very earth she spurned. The poet, as Wordsworth admires in the Skylark, should be :

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

The poet is not only the *maker* as I had been regarding him ; he is also the *imitator*. Poetry, as Aristotle defined it, is a mimetic art. It is an imitation in florid and sonorous diction, the rhythmic pulsation of the giant heart of Nature. It is the absorption of the microcosm in the macrocosm, and effective expression thereof.

Poetry is thus deemed as more real than History and more serious than Philosophy,—in this sense, is the poet—a seer, a prophet.

Nature enlivens and embellishes Poetry. Withdrawn from it Poetry is like a transplanted plant, that withers away on an alien soil. Without genuine love for Nature, Poetry is as it were the statue of Polyphemus with his one eye out. Poetry is balm to weary and flagging souls—a crystal fount of eternal joy and felicity—an oasis to the thirsty caravan of humanity.

The Poet is the worshipper of Nature *par excellence*. The matins and vespers of the poet are all offered on this holy ground. The temple of the poet is nothing but the stupendous, world-wide cathedral of nature. Its dome is the colossal vault, fretted with star-galaxies, paved with the blue and green mosaic of land and water and “for altar, verily, the astral throne of the eternal.” Its tapers, the legions of luminaries that burn by day and night, under the blue canopy of the sky. “Its litany and psalmody, the noble acts and sufferings of all the valiant sons of men. Its choir-music and organ, the unaging winds and oceans, deep-toned, inarticulate, but none the less, the most speaking voices of Destiny, History and Eternity—supernal as of old.” Its columns, the massive snow-capped mountains; its arches, the ethereal rainbow; its redolent and resonant aisles, the blooming dales and vocal ravines: its incense, the floral fragrance, its priest, the Poet; its votary, humanity.

THE SPACE OF PHYSICS.—A REVIEW VI.

By Pramathanath Mukherjea, M. A.

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

The Space of Physics is not the real Space of perception. The latter apparently does not possess any of the characteristics *viz.* unity, continuity and infinity which belong to the former. My real space of perception is not the same as yours: there is not *one* perceptual (or as Mach would say, physiological) space for you and me, though under the exigencies of the struggle for existence there has evolved an approximate sameness between the physiological spaces of any two individuals. You and I could not possibly live together unless we could see our way to agree largely about how we should experience our spaces: no serious practical negotiations are possible

between one individual whose space is the ordinary space of three dimensions and another whose experiences may conform to the hyper-spaces of meta-geometry. Imagine a neighbour who can afford the luxury of a fourth dimension and picture a life of give and take between him and yourself: what sort of life will it be? And yet there seems to be no inherent *a priori* necessity as to why I must have only three dimensions, neither more nor less. The explanation of our having three dimensions only is a biological one, and probably that explanation is sound. Hering 'to whom is due the clearing away of many of the superstitions of' the theory of space-perception, connected the fact of our having three dimensions in "sight space," with the three kinds of muscular feelings pertaining respectively to 'a threefold innervation, which turns the eyes to the right or to the left, raises or lowers them, and causes them to converge, according to the respective needs of the case.' The needs of the case are simply the needs of life. These 'biologico-teleological considerations' do not surely establish any *a priori* necessity for our having only three in the optical, tactuo-muscular and Euclidian spaces. With a different scheme of life those 'biologico-teleological considerations, (which Ernst Mach and Henri Poincaré among eminent physicists have so boldly recognised) would be different, and consequently we might have a world of actual meta-geometricians instead of a world of three dimensions—the world of Euclid. There is no absoluteness therefore about this so-called fundamental property of our space-perception or space-conception, *viz.* the circumstance of its presenting to us three dimensions only: it is relative to the particular scheme of life which we have been made to adopt, or what is the same thing, to the particular design of the machinery of our living organisms. The sameness of the spaces of perception is conditioned by and relative to, the sameness of that scheme or that design. They make *one* space in so far as our lives or organisms make one kind. We might call this the pragmatic unity of space—it is *vyābhārika* and not *prātibhāsika* unity, to adopt once again the nomenclature employed by Principal Trivedi.

A form of sameness also supplies the basis of our ordinary conception of continuous space. 'Continuous' has often been used in Physical Science as meaning homogeneous: 'continuous space' will accordingly mean a space in which one position is as good as any other and one direction is as good as any other. Two positions of course do not mean *one* position and two directions *one* direction;

nevertheless in the conceptual space which is the space of Euclid and Physical Science (where we commonly determine the position of a point by the three co-ordinate axes x, y, z , or simply by a vector starting from a certain fixed initial point and representing the operation of carrying a point from an initial position to another position, thus involving both magnitude and direction) we have ignored certain considerable distinctions between one position and another, and between one direction and another, which obtain in our actual space-perceptions. The concrete "up," as Dr. Ward has said in effect, is not the same as the concrete "down," and the actual "right" is not the same as the actual "left": positions and directions of space in actual experience must be translated into *different* form of muscular feeling (though in some cases these may be symmetrical). But we seem to impart to our conceptual positions and directions a certain character of evenness or impartiality which they do not certainly possess in life. We do not *conceive* that a given position in space possesses certain virtues merely as that position or that a given direction bears certain charms merely as that direction. We conceive an absolute space in which there is a configuration of an infinite number of points which do not lose or gain in the least merely by virtue of their positions in the configuration. But as Principal Trivedi has pointed out, and as indeed it becomes readily clear from a rough psychological analysis, such an 'homogeneous assemblage of points' is as much wide of our actual experiences as the hyper-spaces to which we were lately alluding. The difference of position is relative to our own living organisms, and as such it means difference in the way of our bodily adaptations to the environment—briefly it means a difference in the *living*. We cannot 'parry a blow' (as Henri Poincaré says in his characteristic happy style) aimed at us from one position in the same way as one from another position: a parry that succeeds in the one case may spell our peril and ruin if it be repeated in the other, so that our life has required and evolved *different* "kinæsthetic sensations" connected with or representing different positions in the real space surrounding us. But Geometry is quite innocent of blows and parries and feels herself comfortably at home with unsubstantial, dreary planes, lines and points. Here we have the absolute space where the philosopher may revel, but where no life is possible and no phenomena can occur. In this absolute space of the first order we have not even motion but only certain ideal relations of co-existence: then motion is introduced in

kinematics irrespective of moving bodies and forces acting between them : we may call this, if we like, conceptual space of the second order. Then comes Physics, as it is ordinarily pursued, which admits moving bodies as well as forces ; we may call this conceptual space of the third order. Taking continuity to mean homogeneity or evenness, we may say that the refinement of the idea increases as we proceed from our ordinary perceptual space to the space of Physics, from the space of Physics to that of kinematics, and from this last to the space of Pure Geometry. Between the very last and the last but one the dividing line is, we think, thin, but not wholly conventional. In perceptions we have unity and sameness in a certain sense, but it is a unity and sameness that can be regarded as only pragmatic or "workable" : as Principal Trivedi has pointed out, and as the savant-philosophers referred to above have pointed out, you and I could not live together without providing between ourselves a workable basis of unity and sameness, for life means not only the parrying off of the blows of each other but also the organising of our parries in respect of the blows that may be aimed in common at us. Hence, as Karl Pearson has pointedly and repeatedly urged, the processes which are already started in perception are carried to their limits in conception—limits which have nothing corresponding to them in the actuals of perception. In this way arises our absolute space of the different orders noticed above : a space with more and more refined characters in respect of unity, sameness and infinitude.

But we may pertinently ask : Have we reached the *absolute limit* in the conceptual space of Geometry ? Even a space in which there obtain such distinctions as here and there, near and far, straight and curved, and so on, is a *discontinuous* space, and after Boscovich Physicists may attempt to rear up their science upon such a simple and unsubstantial basis of discontinuity : thus it is not merely the atoms and electrons which may render space discontinuous but also planes lines and points. The limit reached in Geometry is therefore tentative rather than final ; we have room yet for the old Vedantic conception of *chidakasa* with its seamless unity and evenness. Is not this the *final* conceptual limit of our real space ? We may offer this as food for reflection to the western savants, and particularly to the departed genius of Henri Poincaré—'by the general agreement the most eminent scientific man of his generation'—who has said : "It is impossible to picture empty space. All our efforts to imagine pure space from which the changing images of material objects are"

excluded can only result in a representation in which highly-coloured surfaces, for instance, are replaced by lines of slight colouration, and if we continued in this direction to the end, everything would disappear and end in nothing." And we might attain to Buddhistic *nirvana*—one might add. But, in the first place, are we quite sure that persistent imagination in that line would really end in nothing? In the second place, may not some *other* method of reaching the limit of pure space succeed where both ordinary perception and representative imagination fail? I have in my own writing answered the former question in the negative and the latter in the affirmative: I have tried to show in particular how both our perceptual space and conceptual are grounded in an alienable though veiled and ignored intuition of *chidakasa* (vastness or immensity of conscious existence) and therefore derive their "matter" but not their "form" from that unfailing intuition of spiritual immensity. The same applies to perceptual and conceptual time. Thus while we experience the "restricted" and the "extended" space of Poincaré in our common perceptions, we have veiled and ignored the immensity of our conscious existence and have mistaken a pragmatic "fact-section" for the whole, given Fact. In conception we more and more largely recognise the ignored immensity as expressing itself in space and time. The conceptual limit therefore need not be an unreal limit: whether or not it is an unreal limit will depend upon whether or not it still confines us to a fact-section. The "form" of space and time, however, must not be sought or found in that consciousness of immensity. It is to be sought, differently of course for space and for time, in the "stress" which is overflowing in *chidakasa* through a multiplicity of co-ordinated centres, and indeed is implied, as Karl Pearson points out quite innocently of any metaphysical standpoint, in the very process of distinguishing things apart." When this stress vents itself as a complexus of kinæsthetic sensations with co-ordinates spreading as it were from my own body as the "origin", I have my perceptual space and then with the aid of memory, mental construction and particularly by "the method of limits," I have my conceptual spaces of the various orders. This is merely a detail, a necessary one, of how the "stress" operates through a given centre *in relation to* other centres in a consciousness of immensity (veiled though it be, and almost completely veiled in that group centres which we know as the amœbæ where possibly experience is nothing more than successive shocks of "somatic feeling"). Extensiveness of space comes from the consciousness of

immensity : kinæsthetic serieses by themselves could never make an extended space (however restricted)—an order of co-existence. The "stress" operates through a centre in relation to other centres : hence its *relatively*. While putting emphasis, and very properly too, on the relativity of space, the savant thinkers have forgotten an absolute element given in both time and space, *viz.* the unfailing but more or less*unaccepted consciousness of the immensity of existence. Principal Trivedi in his preliminary constructions follows in the main the lead of the savants to whom he bears life-long company ; but his Indian adeptness has asserted itself with sufficient force in his such masterly metaphysical syntheses as *Mukti* and *Jajna*. Surely the above conception of "immensity of existence" cannot be in the least shocking or even unwelcome to his metaphysical temperament.

But continuity has been used in a mathematical sense in Physical science also. To quote Maxwell : "We may obtain the conception of continuity from the consideration of the continuous existence of a particle of matter in time and space. Such a particle cannot pass from one position to another without describing a continuous line in space, and the co-ordinates of its position must be continuous functions of its time." A quantity is a continuous function of its variables if, when the variables alter continuously, the quantity itself varies continuously. Any abrupt variation of the quantity upon a continuous variation of its variables will make it a discontinuous function. Now, what is precisely implied in this idea of continuous variation or variation though all intermediate values ? This is not the sameness or homogeneity of our previous discussion. The continuity of magnitude and number (adopting for one moment the Kantian doctrine that time is the basis of number) means simply that time and space extends without breaks or gaps—that a particle, for instance, cannot move in space by arbitrarily being and not being in space, by whimsically being and not being in time : from being in space it cannot pass into being out of space, from being in time it cannot pass into being out of time. This continuity is also conceptual rather than perceptual—it arises from carrying to the limit (or as near to the limit as we can in representation) a process which has started already in perception. A comet passes into the field of our observation and then passes out ; we *conceive* that it is still moving continuously in space, but there are no perceptual grounds to make us sure that it has *not* passed out of space in passing out of the range of our vision. That is inconceivable

undoubtedly, but we are talking now not of analogies and inferences but actual perceptions. The same misgivings may arise in our minds in regard to the bounds and links of the temporal chain. Who knows that links may not be *really* wanting here and there in the chain so that it may be possible for a thing to jump across the gaps, and hence *to cease to be in time* while making that inconceivable self-projection? 'Inconceivability of the opposite' of Spencer may not, after all, be an absolutely safe criterion of the real dispositions of things. The ground has shaken very much of late under the feet of some of the deepest-laid maxims of Physical Science which were generally believed to be *a priori*, e. g. the principle of conservation of momentum, the principle of least action, and so on, and indeed of any principle of dynamics which has to deal out its formula in terms of mass, force, velocity, space and time. Would you state an equation of motion supposing mass to be independent of velocity and adopting certain "absolute" measures of space and time? A Newton and a Lagrange might base their mechanics upon such *suppositions* which no body cared to challenge; but the suppositions may be warranted only within certain approximate limits, and the new mechanics of Lorenz and others has already reduced the old Newtonian mechanics to be but a "rough conceptual model" for the description, classification and prediction of phenomena. The dimensions of a body, for example, are not independent of its velocity as "the Lorenz-Fitzgerald deformation" seems to establish conclusively. Assuming the electronic constitution of material bodies and also assuming that the velocity of the propagation of light (which is embraced in electro-magnetic disturbance to be constant, Lorenz has shewn that a body moving with the velocity v will contract in the direction of the velocity in the ratio of $\sqrt{1-v^2/c^2}$ to 1, where 1 is the original, dimensions of the body while at rest, v is the velocity, and c the velocity of the propagation of light which is taken as constant: distances at right angles to the velocity being unaltered. Thus a measuring rod of unit length will shorten to the extent of the fraction given above in moving with the velocity of v . The ordinary experimental methods of proving this cannot be availed of: we might describe after Poincare an abortive attempt to measure the deformation of a cube moving in a direction parallel to that of the rotating earth with a yard-measure. Not only the space-measures but the time-measures are affected by the operation of this principle. So that the rocks upon which the edifice of Science has been built in the past ages are crumbling away. To quote

Mr. Russell (one of the builders of mathematical logic) : "The conception of the 'working hypothesis,' provisional, approximate, and merely useful, has more and more pushed aside the comfortable eighteenth century conception of 'laws of nature.' Even the Newtonian dynamics, which for over two hundred years had seemed to embody a definite conquest, must now be regarded as doubtful, and as probably only a first rough sketch of the ways of matter." And is the *new* dynamics which is displacing the old any thing better as a working hypothesis itself? No. Look at the assumptions with which it has started. Are these absolutely sure? We cannot tell. As before I shall take leave to remind Principal Trivedi and "scientific" readers that a solid basis for this mathematical conception of continuity must again be sought and found in that inalienable but commonly unaccepted consciousness of immensity of existence : there are no perceptual gaps in the flow of experience—gaps being merely pragmatic and never actual—and hence we conceive that there are no gaps in space and time whose immensity is only the immensity of the Fact, the concrete whole of experience. However in a review one need not thrust his own views too much : he can throw a broad hint here and there, but his main business is to set a work in its proper perspective.

THE MODE OF TEACHING IN OUR COLLEGES.

By **Ramaprasanna Sanyal**, B. A.

Ex-Student, Ripon College.

The position of the fault-finder is never a very agreeable one, but considering that dissatisfaction often leads to reform a censorious habit is not always to be looked down upon. We cannot expect a perfect equilibrium of all things in human affairs which have remained and must always remain in a state of imperfection. It is never our desire to indulge here in such fanciful expectations, but only to point out some of the main defects in the method of teaching prevalent in our colleges.

The most obvious defect that comes to our notice is the system of dictating notes which are often swallowed by the examinees at random and retained just so long as their purposes are not served.

They are hardly digested, and are only vomitted into the examination papers. It is hardly necessary to say that such an indiscriminate system of studies is fruitful of grave consequences. It deprives the student of self-help and ultimately of knowledge. It puts a limit to the range of his studies and it deceives people into believing that a student is really worth what he passes for. It would certainly be very unwise to say that this system has not its bright side as well. It is never the intention of the professors to deceive their students in such a way. They are always actuated by the idea that their notes will show the students the way by which to proceed, and that they will never solely depend upon them. But the reverse often happens. The students often regard the notes as worth their weight in gold, and it is curious to observe that the reputation of many eminent professors depends upon the quality and quantity of the notes they dictate. It should be clearly brought home to the minds of the students by their professors, as is sometimes done by some of them, that the notes which are dictated by them can never be solely relied on, but are to be supplemented by the study of their prescribed books.

Another grave drawback is the slow and tedious way in which some professors proceed. They have an idea that the slower the progress in the class, the surer the understanding and preparation of the students. But considering the number of books that are prescribed for an examination, such a course can hardly be profitable. Indeed, when after the close of their university career, the students of their own accord apply themselves to their studies they may proceed in a slow but diligent way, so that they may suck all the honey they find there. But when in a short space of time difficult examinations upon which the future livelihood of students so intimately depends are to be passed, such a mode can hardly find an advocate. This slow mode of procedure is not without another defect. By trying to explain every minute detail, it paralyses the intellectual powers of the student and makes him indolent and lazy. The opposite mode of proceeding in a very hurried way by skipping many important things is resorted to by some of them, but this also, like the previous process cannot be approved of. The aim of a Professor should not be to overcome every difficulty that comes in the way of the student, for in that case he will be deprived of self-help, but only to give him such hints as may kindle his intellectual powers and enable him to overcome his difficulties.

Another patent defect in the existing system of teaching is that very little scope is given for original composition. Students hear much in the class, and they become confident that they will be able to reproduce it when necessary. But when they put pen to paper, and are required to give expression to what they know, they are sadly at their wit's end. It is most obvious that without constant practice in writing we cannot hope to assimilate and integrate all that we learn. "Writing" as Bacon observes, "maketh a perfect man"—is true to the letter, and this maxim should by no means be departed from. It is true that under the present University Regulations there are tutorial classes in most colleges, but the scope for tutorial work is so very little that compared with lectures tutorial work pales almost into insignificance. The authorities of every college should see that students get as much opportunity for original composition as for hearing lectures. It is a known fact that want of regular training in writing is solely responsible for the fact that the University result of many a student does not at all correspond to his actual merit. A student, for example, may do very well in a certain examination by committing notes to memory or by other modes but when he has to write something which he may call his own, he is nowhere.

There is another drawback which the University authorities have tried to avert *viz.*, the want of a close personal touch of the students with their professors. The students get very little opportunity of mixing freely with their teachers. Hence they have often to remain in the dark about many things which their professors may easily explain to them. There has indeed been an outcry for a residential university such as the proposed one at Dacca, but the probable expenses of studying in such universities will stand in the way of many students from availing themselves of such opportunities. In ancient time Indian students lived with their *gurus* and read with them not only their text-books, but also many things about manners, customs and everyday life. Unless the students get ample scope for mixing freely with their teachers they cannot hope to become cultured and educated men in the proper sense of the term. They may develop their intellectual powers but their moral faculties, which are far superior to the intellectual ones, will ever remain in a dormant state. We often hear that so and so is a gigantic intellect but that he is morally very weak. If, however, we consider a little and try to find out its cause we may easily see that it is due solely to the absence of a close personal relation between the teacher and the taught. This

defect may easily be got rid of if the professors or teachers as the case may be, do away with the barrier that exists between them and their pupils and like to mix intimately with them. Such a course will illumine what in the student is dark and raise and support what is low.

SUCCESS IN SCIENCE.

By Kartik Chandra Mukherji,

Fourth Year Class, B. Sc. Ripon College,

The secret of success in science lies mainly in the close observation of trivial things. It consists further in learning the best use of opportunities. A Latin author says, "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald ; if you seize her by her forelock you may hold her but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Many before Newton had seen the fall of an apple, but it was Newton who seized that opportunity for observation by her forelock and devoted his whole mind to the laborious and patient investigation of the subject of gravitation. Coloured soap bubbles blown from an ordinary straw suggested to Dr. Young the theory of Interferences and led to the discovery of the diffraction of light. Galileo when a youth of eighteen, observed in the cathedral at Pisa an oil lamp hanging from the roof and swinging to and fro. This led him to the invention of the pendulum which is of immense value in the measurement of time and in the astronomical calculations. The simple fact that a Dutch spectacle-maker had a lens by means of which distant objects appeared nearer to the beholder suggested Galileo the idea of inventing the telescope. A prism, a lens, and a sheet of paste-board enabled Newton to learn the composition of light and the origin of colours ; and the instruments by which Dr Blacke discovered *Latent Heat* were a pan of water and two thermometers. The fact that a frog's leg contracted, when placed in contact with different metals, led Galvani to discover the Dynamical Theory wherein lay the germ of the electrical telegraph, the telephone, the Rontgen ray and every others electric achievement of the twentieth century. Michael Faraday who may be called the 'father of electricity' was at first a book-binder.

One day a member of the Royal Institution, calling at the book-binder's shop where Faraday was employed in binding books found him reading attentively an article on Electricity in an Encyclopædia placed in his hands to bind. The gentleman seeing his eagerness to learn the subject admitted him to the Royal Institution where he attended four lectures delivered by Sir Humphry Davy.

The first experiment of electricity Faraday made by means of an old bottle. Dr. Priestley discovered so many gases through his living in the neighbourhood of a brewery. He began his experiments with some rude apparatus of his own contrivance.

Thus we observe that men who are resolved to find out a way for themselves will always find opportunities enough, and if they are not ready to their hand, they will create them. They will make some thing out of almost nothing and make epoch-making discoveries from things seemingly of no value.

RELIGIONS IN JAPAN.

By Nagendra Krishna Mazumdar,

Fourth Year Class, Ripon College.

The oldest form of religion in Japan, the land of the rising sun, was Shintoism or esteem for national customs and worship of ancestors and the emperor called Mikado. But in the far off time when India, China and the other countries of Asia had attained the most essential glory of civilization, Japan, their sister country, was alone steeped in darkness of ignorance, and inhabited by a savage and barbarous Mongolian race occupied and deeply interested in demon-worship. In course of time, however, Shintoism was brought in there from China by a new tribe who crossed the ocean, drove out the barbarians and established themselves in Idzuma in the west, Kyushu in the south and Yamato in the centre. They soon lost the memory of immigration, became mixed with the other tribes, began to worship *Ameterasu-Mikoto* the sun goddess on the same shrine and to pay due homage to the then Mikado, believed to be descended from the sun-goddess. Thus we observe that Shintoism was an ancient and practical form of religion introduced from China into Japan in remote antiquity.

The advent of Buddhism in the land took place in 552 A. D. A king of Corea is said to have presented some golden images of the Buddha and a few copies of Buddhist theology to the then Mikado. Again in 572 A. D. Buddhist missionaries landed in Japan from Corea to preach Buddhism there. Their enthusiastic and effective preaching exercised a stimulating influence upon the minds of the people. Even his Majesty, the then Emperor himself set his heart upon Buddhism and expressed his most heartfelt desire to be a proselyte to the new faith. But the majority of the people were averse to innovation and changes. They were far from agreeing to the proposal of His Majesty, the then Mikado, and determined to preserve their old Shintoism even when the chief minister of the realm took up the cause of the new-worship. A pestilence broke out in the meantime throughout the land and carried away more than half the population. The people were easily led astray by superstition and ran headlong into a perverse decision that the new religion was the sole cause of the ruinous calamity. Consequently Buddhism was almost extirpated by a severe persecution, the proselytes were put to death, the foreign missionaries were driven out of the country, the images of the Buddha were mutilated and Buddhist temples were demolished. There is a tradition that at that time when a few refractory fanatics were demolishing the temples, and disfiguring and deforming the sacred idols, their atrocities were arrested by a supernatural agent. Since that time the Japanese have cast off their prejudices against the new faith and have been gradually converted to Buddhism. In course of time, it is said, the heir-apparent of the throne became a convert and put forth his best effort for the propagation of Buddhism. By 621 A. D. more than forty Buddhist temples had been built in the heart of conservative Japan. The oldest temples of Japan were most probably built in this age.

In 629 A. D. Hiuen-Tsang, who had been an ardent and enthusiastic student of Buddhist philosophy in several monasteries in China, set out on a pilgrimage to India for the solution of various religious problems which had been greatly perplexing his mind. During his sojourn in India he acquired a profound knowledge of Sanskrit and made pilgrimages to all Buddhist holy places, in the course of which he gathered together many manuscripts and sacred images. He then came back to China after satiating his thirst after knowledge and in 650 A. D. started on a mission to Japan. He was

received as a great sage by the Japanese and the *Mahāyāna* (great vehicle) form of Buddhism was accepted in the land.

His advent brought in a new epoch for Japan; Buddhism became the state religion, the Indian and Chinese civilization ennobled and expurgated the national character, the irrational belief in supernatural agency, omens, divination, sorcery and the like were absolutely disregarded and discarded, Tokyo became the permanent capital of the empire, the laws were modified, social and moral evils were done away with, and to crown all, trade and commerce became prosperous. The Shinto deities were not cast off but came to be worshipped along with Buddhist idols in the same temples and pagodas and looked upon as the incarnations of the Buddha.

During that heyday of religious regeneration and national evolution, Confucius, the most celebrated Chinese philosopher and law-giver and the famous author of *Ly-King* or "Book of Rites and Ceremonies," was born in the state of Loo. He spent his early life in deep meditation and studious seclusion. He travelled through various parts of China, inculcating those doctrines which have remained to this day the only code of Chinese morals and customs. He however incurred the displeasure of the neighbouring rulers by his preachings and was compelled to leave their countries. After encountering various dangers, privations and disappointments he retired from the world accompanied by his few chosen disciples, though cheered daily by the augmenting number of proselytes. He died in his seventy third year.

After his death his disciples preached his faith in Corea and from Corea it was introduced into Japan. And though the Japanese adapted many of the sacred and moral principles of Confucianism, yet the two older forms of religions were not totally neglected and relinquished.

Thus we notice that there are altogether three religions current among the Japanese *viz.* Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism. Shintoism is a practical form of religion as we have mentioned above, Buddhism is a creed of pessimism, while Confucianism is the religion of the educated classes in Japan and an ethical code of pure scepticism. Christianity also largely prevails in the land now-a-days. George William Knox, formerly a professor of philosophy and ethics in the Imperial University, Tokyo, says, "Certain it is that Japan henceforth will be chiefly under the influence of modern ways of thought and life. It will not return to India and to China, but

turn to Europe and the United States. As in the past it adopted and transferred the civilization of Asia, so will it be with the new enlightenment. And of this new enlightenment Christianity is a part." We are not so foresighted as Knox, but so far as we know Japan will soon encounter a religious revolution. Our *Vedantists* are now up and doing for the furtherance of their mission work among the Yankees. We do request them to set out on a mission to Japan to counteract the influence of Knox who denounces Buddhism in the course of his long and tedious American lectures in the history of religions. "Buddha was born," he says, "in a barbarous land in a time of darkness—Buddhism has become a false guide, a blind leader of man, and it is to be fled as the voice of the charmer; for it identified religion with flight from the world and men and exhorted in its name to forsake parents, wife, child and station." A sage and catholic pronouncement indeed!

The Ripon College Union.

LITERARY SECTION.

Session 1915-16.

The first meeting of the Literary Section for this session was held on the 12th August last with Prof. Atindra Nath Mukherjee as President. An interesting paper on "Our Past and Present" was read by Sj. Janakiram Bhattacharya, of the Third Year Class. The speaker contrasted the glorious past we had with our present low condition and spoke of the various evils that are eating into our society. A lively debate ensued in which Messrs. Bhut Nath Banerjee, Nani Gopal Chakravarti and Bankim Chandra Adhya took part.

In the second meeting a paper on "The Secret of Success in life—individual and collective" was read by Sj. Bhut Nath Banerjee. Mr. Surendra Nath Banerjee graced the meeting by his acceptance of the Presidentship, and it is interesting to note that the subject was suggested by the honourable President himself. The paper being read out, the President charmed the audience by his eloquence and sound advice. It is a pleasure to note that he always took a keen interest in the Union.

The Third meeting of the Union was held on the 24th of November under the presidentship of Prof. S. K. Dutt. A paper on "Philo-

sophy of Student life" was read by Sj. Bhut Nath Banerjea and gave rise to a lively debate, which was ably summed up by the Chairman.

BADARIKA NATH BHATTACHARYYA.

JANAKIRAM BHATTACHARYYA.

- DRAMATIC SECTION.

Session 1915—16.

Shortly after the annual election of the office-bearers in August last the Dramatic Secretary approached the Principal to get the sanction for staging a drama on the eve of the Puja Vacation. Bankim Babu's 'Kapalkundala', a text book for the B. A. examination of the University, was selected for staging on the suggestion of Prof. Atindra Nath Mukherjee, M. A., B. L., the Director of the Union. On the 22nd September the actors went to the Alfred Stage for stage-rehearsal and on the 24th they finally staged it on that Stage.

The play was successful and gave great satisfaction to the audience. The auditorium was packed to the full. Ramani in the role of Kapalkundala, Kamakhya as Mati-Bibi and Jiten as Ramasundari came out very successfully. Naranath as Nabo-Kumar did excellent work and Profulla Munsii in several comic parts kept the house in a continuous roar of laughter, while Abinash as Bhikshuk charmed the audience with his songs. The Union owes his gratitude to Bikesh Lobhon and Sachindra for their good works and also thanks Lalit (the ex-Secretary), Sisir, Phani (who played on the Harmonium) and others who kindly assisted the union in staging the drama successfully.

The union also conveys its thanks to Profs. Ananda Krishna Sinha, M. A., B. L., and Batuk Nath Bhattacharya, M. A., B. L., for their kind suggestions and help.

The surplus money after meeting all the expenses, was handed over to the Secretary of the College Students' Fund.

BANKIM CHANDRA MUKHERJEE,

Hony Secretary.

ATHLETIC SECTION

Session 1915-16.

The football season this year was more interesting than those of the previous years. We keenly feel the want of a play ground. We

have complained about it to the college authorities in previous years, and we do the same this year also. We pray to the College authorities to send a petition to the Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation for lending us a share either of the Greer Park or of Marcus Square or of one of the grounds in the maidan at least for a day in the week. Without a playground of our own we cannot play any other team in friendly matches and this want of practice prevents the players from forming a strong combination amongst themselves. The secretaries in selecting the team have only to depend on the individual reputation of the player and cannot see for themselves whether he is in proper form or not. Professor S. K. Gupta has kindly promised to secure for us a share of the High Court ground.

This year we played 21 games, won 8, drew 6 and lost 7. The most interesting game of the season was that between the staff and students. The students were beaten by the narrowest possible margin of a goal, the result being four goals to three. The Rajshahi College F. C. paid us a visit and a friendly match was played on the Presidency College ground: a hard fought game resulted in a pointless draw. After the game we entertained the Rajshahi College boys with light refreshment. We invited the Krishnath College F. C. to come down to Calcutta but for unavoidable reasons Prof. Radha Kamal Mukherji, M. A., the Secretary of the Krishnath College A. C. could not bring down his team.

This year we entered seven football competitions viz. Elliot Shield, Nasker Shield, Bankim Shield, Monindra Shield, Banerji Pancy Cup, Hardinge Birthday Challenge Shield and Shymsundar Cup.

In the Elliot Shield we went up to the semifinal but were distinctly unlucky in being beaten by the Presidency College by two goals to nil. We went up to the Final stage in the Hardinge Shield and Shymsundar Cup, but were unfortunately routed in the preliminary rounds in the other four competitions. In the Hardinge Shield we played the Metropolitan College F. C. in the final but were distinctly unlucky in being beaten by a goal to love. The goal was a disputed one as the ball did not enter the net. After the game the referee Sgt. Mann admitted his mistake but we did not lodge any protest and bore the defeat like sportsmen. Our players pressed from start to finish but could not draw level. We got a penalty kick in our favour but failed to materialise it. The luck was against us. In the Shymsundar cup we played the Baraipur Roychaudhuri Club in the final but were beaten by two goals to one. On this occasion several of our best players failed to turn up.

We offer our sincerest thanks to our worthy Vice-President Prof. K. K. Bose and to Drs. Gupta and Chakravarti and Profs. B. V. Gupta, S. M. Sen Gupta, B. N. Bhattacharji. A. K. Sinha, G. D. Mukherji, P. C. Banerji and L. M. Kar. We should be wanting in duty if we fail to thank Messers Jitendranath Bose, Somnath Sanyal and Kaurindra Narayan Kar and the regular players, specially Messers Bankim Chandra Bose, B. A., Satydranath Maitra, Jogendranath Maitra, Provash Chandra Roy, and the Captain Mr. Ashutosh Mukherji but for whose valuable services the football club would have been a failure.

Reviews.

Bengali Poetry

There have been lying for some time on our table a few books of Bengali Poetry which afford much good and interesting reading. With apologies to the authors for the delay in the publication of these reviews, we gave below brief accounts of them :

পত্রলেখা and রেণু by *Srimati Priambada Devi*.

The authoress has made her mark in the field of Bengali Poetry and requires no introduction at our hands. Though we miss in her poetry any boldness of originality (which however is no derogation from the merit of a poetess), its pleasing qualities are unmistakable. If poetry, as Milton says, should be 'simple, sensuous, impassioned,' we have in the writings of Srimati Priambada Devi genuine poetry indeed. Together with these qualities, her rounded loveliness of expression is a source of constant delight. We quote the following specimen which will bring home to our readers her charm as a poetess.

ভোর হতে নীলাকাশ ঢাকা কালো মেঘে,
 ভিজে ভিজে এলো মেলো বায়ু বহে বেগে,
 আমারো পরাণ তাই অন্ধকারময়
 অবসর, আশাহীন, শ্রান্ত অতিশয় !
 কিছুই নাহিত হায় এ বুকের কাছে,
 যা কিছু আকাশে আর বাতাসেতে আছে ।

মণি মুক্তা by Sri Rasamoy Laha.

This little book is a collection of free translations from different English poets. Some of the gems of English poetry like Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* (ত্রি), Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* (পাইয়া), Hood's *The Bridge of Sighs* (পতিতা), Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty* (কৰ্মদেবী), Campbell's *The Soldier's Dream* (সৈন্যের স্বপ্ন), Moore's *The Harp of my Country* (বীণা), Keats's *Ode to Autumn* (শারদ লক্ষী), Tennyson's *The Poet's Mind* (কবির অন্তর), Wordsworth's *Peele Castle* (কবি ও শিল্পী), Wordsworth's *Poet's Epitaph* (কবির আশ্রম), etc., are rendered into charming Bengali verses. The names of the English poems which are translated are however nowhere mentioned. The author shows great skill and facility in translation and not only the spirit of the originals, but something of their music and lyric movement also is delicately retained in the Bengali. This is no mean achievement, considering how different the genius of the Bengali language is from that of the English. The book is excellently well-adapted to be a text-book in the lower forms and a study of these beautiful translations will be a good preparation for the study of the original poems in English in the higher forms. The following lines afford a good specimen of Mr. Laha's power of free translation: they are a rendering of the first stanza of Keat's *Ode to a Nightingale*.

বিলুপ্ত চেতনা নম সুখ-ক্ষিণ প্রাণ,
পারিজাত-বাস যেন ক'রেছি আশ্রাণ ;
সুস্থপ্ন দায়িনী সুধা নিঃশেষি' নিমেষে,
সন্তোষ-সলিলে যে ডুবৈছি আবেষে ;
তোমারি সৌভাগ্যে আজি এ দশা আমার ;
শান্তিবারি পরিপূর্ণ চিতে সুখেতে তোমার
হয়েছি পরম সুখী । অগ্নি বিহঙ্গিনি,
অগ্নি বনদেবি, অগ্নি পাদপচালিনি,
ছায়ামগ্ন শ্যামকুঞ্জ হ'তে সুললিত
ঢালিতেছে মুক্তকণ্ঠে অগ্নি সঙ্গীত ।

বেঙ্গুর, বীণ by Sri Narendra Nath Ghose.

The author is a student of our College and the maturity of talent that he has shown in this work is worthy of praise. Mr. Ghose's poems are certainly under the influence of the poetry of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore but it seems to be impossible for a Bengali poet of our time to escape the influence of such an overshadowing figure in the

field of Bengali letters. The intrinsic quality of this little book of poetry will surely bear examination.

The author has a happy faculty of imposing into a description of nature the human feeling appropriate to it, as passages like the following will show :

কুল ভাঙা বান কানায় কানায়
উন্মির মুখে ফেনায় ফেনায়
ফুলিয়া ফুলিয়া কি ব্যথা জানায়
ক্ষুর গভীর জলে !
আজিকার দিন বুঝিবা আনার
মিথ্যাই যায়ে চলে !

The ring of Rabindranath's poetry here is unmistakable. The invocation to evening (সন্ধ্যারাগী), has the same note, though in a different key :

অঁধার আলোর ঝালর কাটা
ওড়না-খানি গায়,
কে' তুমি গো মৌনমুখী ?—
আলতা পরা পায় ।
আকাশ থেকে বাতাস-রণে
নাহলে এসে পরার পণে,
চরণ পাতে তুচ্ছ ধূলা
স্বর্ণ হ'য়ে যায় !
অঁধার-আলোর ঝালর-কাটা
ওড়না খানি গায় ।

We wish we had space for more quotations. The author is a young student and the work is probably his maiden effort in poetry. Hence there are a few immaturities of expression which a strict critic would wish away. But if the author cultivates his talent we are sure he would attain to a more uniform perfection and chastity and style. The spirit of poetry, like the wind of heaven, blows where it listeth, and the poet must patiently wait for moments of inspiration with the hope and prayer as in our poet's own words :

এমনি নিরুন্ম নিশীথে তৌয়ার
বাঁশীতে তুলিও তান,
হে চির অপ্রমাণ !

বাঙ্গালী রচনা ।

আয়ু স্তম্ভ ।

শ্রীযতীশচন্দ্র রাগচী ।

প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

অতি আশ্চর্যের বিষয় এই যে দুঃখ-পাপ-তাপপূর্ণ সংসার হইতে নির্বিক্সে বিদায় লওয়ার পরিবর্তে মানুষ এখানে বেশীদিন টিকিয়া থাকিতে ভালবাসে। আরও আশ্চর্যের বিষয়, পরস্পর পরস্পরের প্রতি অসহ্য সহানুভূতি বশতঃ তাহাদিগের এই দুঃখের সহায়তা করে। “বৈঁচে বর্তে থাক,” “চিরঞ্জীবন,” “আমার চুলের সমান পেরমাই হোক” ইত্যাদি প্রবচন শ্রীল ইহার বিশেষ নজীর। এতদ্বিন্ন সমপ্রাণসখা অত্যন্ত অষ্ট হইলে “বৈঁচে থাক বাবা !” বলিয়া পৃষ্ঠদেশে প্রকাণ্ড চপেটাঘাত করিয়া থাকেন। উহাতে Will-force এর ঠেলায় আত্ম অনেকটা বাড়িয়া যায়। কিন্তু বাঁচিয়া লাভ কি ? অনর্থক রাশি রাশি ঔষধ গেলা এবং তাক্ত বিরক্ত পরিবারবর্গের কঠোর গঞ্জনা-যন্ত্রণা ভোগ করা অপেক্ষা নিরাপদে সরিয়া পড়াই শ্রেয়স্কর নহে কি ? কিন্তু দুঃখের বিষয় মানুষ এই সরল তত্ত্বটী বুকে না। তজ্জন্ত তাহারা দুঃখ, ঘি হইতে আরম্ভ করিয়া নানাবিধ পাঁচন ও সালসা খাইয়া আত্ম মাত্রাটী অসম্ভব রকম লম্বা করিয়া দেয়।

মানুষ কতদিন বাঁচে তা ঠিক করিয়া বলা যায় না। আমাদের এই “চালুশে ধরা” দেশে মানুষের আয়ু বড় ছোর ৬০ বৎসর। তাহার কিঞ্চিদধিক বয়সে পঞ্চাশ প্রাপ্তি ঘটিলে লোকে নিতান্ত নির্দয়ভাবে হাস্যসহকারে বলিয়া থাকে, “তা বেশ গেছেন।”

সাহেবদের কথা ছাড়িয়া দিন। দুর্দ্দৈব জাতি ! পঞ্চাশবৎসর বয়সে—“পঞ্চাশোর্দ্ধে বনং ব্রজেন্”—সেই পঞ্চাশ বৎসর বয়সে—একগাল দাঁত লইয়া তাঁহারা সব Young men ! হুড়েহুড়ি করেন, Foot-~~বল~~ খেলেন, শাণ্ড-প্রশাখায় লক্ষ-বিলক্ষ-প্রলক্ষ প্রদান পূর্বক ডাকুইনের মতের সত্যতা প্রচার করিয়া বেড়ান। সুতরাং বয়স সম্বন্ধে একটা বাঁধাবাঁধি কোন হিসাব নাই।

গতযুগসমূহে নরপ্রাণ স্ব স্ব আয়ত্তাধীন ছিল। তাঁহারা যখন কচ্ছপবৎ হাত পা ঠুটাইয়া বসিয়া বলিতেন, “প্রাণ, বেরিয়ে যাও ত,” প্রাণ অমনি বিনা বাক্যব্যয়ে

বাহির হইয়া পড়িত। কিন্তু এখন! অহো, কালের কি বিচিত্র, গতি। এই ঘোর কলিতে, এই “অন্নগত প্রাণ” কালে ক্ষুর-কাঁচি-দড়ি-আকিং-ছোরা-খানা-ডোবা-কেরোসিন প্রভৃতি সহস্র দ্রব্যাদির সাহায্য লইয়া প্রচুর ধ্বস্তা-ধ্বস্তি করিলে প্রাণ-বিহঙ্গম এই নখর কলেবর পিঞ্জর পরিহার করেন। মরিয়াও নিস্তার নাই। যম-যজ্ঞণা ত আছেই, তদুপরি রাজদণ্ড প্রাণদণ্ডাজ্ঞা সেই সুদূর যম-লোক পর্যন্ত পশ্চাদ্ধাবন করে। ভাগ্যি ধোঁজ পায় না!

যাই হোক বয়স সম্বন্ধে একটা ঠিক ঠিকানা না থাকিলেও লোকে যথাসাধ্য বেশীদিন বাঁচিতে চায়। এই জরাজীর্ণ বঙ্গবাসিগণকে দীর্ঘজীবী করা বিশেষ আবশ্যক হইয়া পড়িয়াছে বলিয়া আমরা একটা সভা সংস্থাপন করিয়াছি। সেখানে নিম্ন-লিখিত নিয়মাবলী সর্বসম্মতি ‘ক্রমে গ্রাহ্য হইয়াছে। “পরোপকৃত্যে” আমরা সেই আইনাবলীর প্রতিলিপি নিম্নে লিপিবদ্ধ করিলাম। ইহাতে জীবনকে তিন ভাগে বিভক্ত করা হইয়াছে। আশা করি, পাঠকবর্গ জীবন ত্রাহস্পর্শে এই আইন কানুন গুলি পরিপালন করতঃ বুদ্ধাঙ্গুষ্ঠসাহায্যে যমদেবকে ফল বিশেষ প্রদর্শন পূর্বক নাতি-নাতিকুড়ো কোলে ছেঁচা-পান খাইতে খাইতে দীর্ঘ জীবনানতিবাহন করিবেন।

দীর্ঘায়ুলাভের নিয়মাবলী।

(ক) বঙ্গীয় যুবকগণ দিন দিন হীনবীৰ্য্য ও দুর্বল হইয়া অকালে করাল-কাল-কবলে নিপতিত হইতেছেন এবং জননী জন্মভূমিকে নানারূপে বিপন্ন করিতেছেন। উক্ত অনিষ্টকর ঘটনা সমূহ দূরীভূত করার জন্ত এই সভা সংস্থাপিত হইল।

(খ) অত্রত্য বিজ্ঞ সম্পাদক ৩৭ সভাসদবর্গ বিপুল পরিশ্রম ও অমাতুল্যিক গবেষণা বলে অকাল মৃত্যু বিদূরীকরণ মানসে নিম্নলিখিত আইনাবলী আবিষ্কার করিয়াছেন।

(গ) এতদ্বারা প্রকাশ থাকে যে, উক্ত আইনাবলী সর্বসাধারণের জ্ঞান গোচর হওয়া প্রয়োজন বিধায় আমরা বিশেষ কষ্ট ও ব্যয়ভার স্বীকার করিয়া এই বিজ্ঞাপন মুদ্রিত করিলাম।

(ঘ) এতদ্বারা আরও প্রকাশ থাকে যে, বঙ্গীয় যুবকবৃন্দ এই নিয়মাবলীর প্রতি অবহিত হইয়া কার্য্য করিলে সভা অত্যন্ত হৃষ্ট ও শোক-তাপ ক্লিষ্ট। বঙ্গমাতা পুনরপি “সুজলা-সুফলা-মলয়জশীতল।” হইবেন।

নিয়মাবলী—গৌরচন্দ্রিকা।

আজ দেশের কি দুর্দিন। আজ বাক্সালী অবনতির কি চরম সীমায় পদাপণ করিয়াছে! অহো, বঙ্গজননীর শ্রাম-হৃদয় শতধা হইয়া কাটিয়া যাইতেছে। আর বঙ্গদেশে সে “তমির সর্দার,” সে “আশানন্দ ঢেঁকী” নাই। আর বাক্সালী আহায়াস্তে চল্লিশ গণ্ডা পানভুয়া অন্নানবদনে গলাধঃকরণ করিতে পারে না। এমন কি বাক্সালী ,

কবি পর্যন্ত আর সে “হাড় শুদ্ধ গিলে কেলি হাড়গিলে হয়ে” কবিতা লিখেন না।
বাক্যলা উচ্ছন্ন গিয়াছে। নিম্নলিখিত আইনগুলি পড় ও প্রতিপালন কর। দীর্ঘরেচ্ছায়
দীর্ঘজীবী হইবে। চাই কি খনার বচন “নর-গজা বিশেষ শয়” ছাড়াইয়া “দীর্ঘ সপ্ত
শতাব্দী” পর্যন্ত বাঁচিয়া যাইবে। রুই-কাৎলার ঝাড় Diabetes, Dyspepsia,
Colic, Asthma হইতে টেকরা পুটির দল আধকপালি, ঘুংড়ি কাশী ইত্যাদি কিছুই
কাছে ঘেসিবে না। উঠ, জাগো, পড়। এই অভয়বাণী প্রচারার্থে আমাদিগকে
অর্থ সাহায্য কর।

তাং—২৩ ভাদ্র।

সন ১৩২৩ সাল।

সাং—খেঙ্গরা পটী ষ্ট্রীট, কলিকাতা।

বশব্দ,

শ্রীখেলারাম সরথেল।

বঙ্গীয় দীর্ঘায়ুলাভ বিধায়িনী সভা।

জীবন তিন ভাগে বিভক্ত।

ছাত্র জীবন, গৃহস্থা জীবন. বাণপ্রস্থ বা পেম্বন জীবন।

দীর্ঘায়ুলাভার্থ ছাত্রজীবনের কর্তব্য।

(ক) অতি প্রত্যুবে শয্যাত্যাগ করিবে না। নানাবিধ বৈজ্ঞানিক উপায়ে স্থিরীকৃত
হইয়াছে যে প্রভাত-পেলব সমীরণ কোবিদজনগণমনোরঞ্জে সুপটু হইলেও যুবক-
গণের ক্ষে অতীব অপকারী। “দেবতান্না নগাধিরাজ” হইতে আগত উক্ত মেঘুর
বায়ু রীরে লাগিলে কফোৎপত্তির বিশেষ সম্ভাবনা ঘটে। সকলেই জানেন যে বক্ষ
কফ সঞ্চারের ঞায় প্রাণান্তকর ব্যাধি আর নাই। “বঙ্গবাসী” তে Little’s Oriental

• র বিজ্ঞাপন দেখুন। বঙ্গ দেশে শত সহস্র ঔষধের বোতল ধর্ষণ করিলেও
ইহার হস্ত হইতে পরিব্রাণ পাওয়া যায় না। তত্ত্বিন্ন গলায় কফ বসিলে শরীর ঠাণ্ডা
হইয়া যায়। রক্ত কণিকা সমূহ শীতল ও পেশীনিচয় জড়ভাব ধারণ করে। স্নতরাং
হস্ত পদাদি গুটাইয়া যায়, কঠিনালাভ্যন্তরে আনন্দাকুল হংসের ঞায় হাঁস কাঁস শব্দ
উখিত হইতে থাকে। এই সকল উপপ্লব ও বিপ্লব ঘটায় জ্ঞান নিয়মিত ভাবে
পড়াশুনা করা যায় না। উক্ত পড়া শুনার অসম্ভাব ভাবী জীবনে যে কি নির্ভর ও
কঠোর ফল প্রসব করে তাহা ভাষায় প্রকাশ করা অত্যন্ত কঠিন ব্যাপার। অতএব
প্রাক্তরুখান ত্রিধেয়। •

(খ). কলেজে বাইয়া পড়াশুনা করিবে না।

কোনদিকে অধিক মনোযোগ প্রদান করিলে মস্তিষ্কের নিদারুণ পরিশ্রম হওয়া
অবশ্যসম্ভাবী। স্নতরাং পড়াশুনা শুনিতে মস্তিষ্ক দুর্বল হইয়া পড়ে। সজে সজে হৃদয়ও
যুষ্ড়িয়া যায়। তাহার ফলে হস্ত পদাদি অবসন্ন হইয়া আসে, ঘন ঘন হাই উঠে,

তুড়ী দিতে দিতে আঙ্গুলে বেননা জন্মে। শেষে তুড়ী দেওয়ার শক্তিকুণ্ড নিঃশেষ লাভ করে। ঘাড় ক্রমশঃ ঝুঁকিতে ঝুঁকিতে বেক্ষের উপর পড়িয়া যায়। অতঃপর দেহরাজ্যে একটা ঘোরতর কোণাহল সমুপস্থিত হয়। নাসিকা হইতে সকলের হলহল শব্দ গভীর ভাবে বিনির্গত হইতে থাকে। কখনও কখনও তাহাদিগের অশ্রুশাশি লালারূপে মুখ বিবর হইতে ঝরিতে থাকে। উহাতে আয়ু খাটো হয়। স্মতরাং Classএ Lecture শুনিবে না।

(গ) বাড়ী ফিরিয়া প্রচুর পরিমাণে জলযোগ করিবে। এতদসম্বন্ধে অধিক লিখা নিম্প্রয়োজন। সাধারণের রসনার প্রতি লক্ষ্য রাখিয়া আমরা আহাৰ্য্যের তালিকাদানে বিরত রহিলাম।

(ঘ) পৈকালে College Squareএ বেড়াইতে যাইবে এবং পাঁচটা হইতে আটটা পর্যন্ত শিক্ষকগণের আদ্যশাস্ত্র ও সপিণ্ডকরণ সমাপ্ত করিয়া দুপাঁচটা রসাদাপ করিতে করিতে গৃহে ফিরিবে। ইহাতে প্রভূত আনন্দলাভ হয়, তজ্জগৎ আনন্দে বাড়িয়া যায়।

(ঙ) রাত্রে বাড়ী ফিরিয়া উত্তমরূপে আহাব করিবে। অনন্তর বই খুলিয়া কাণ চুলকাইতে থাকিবে। কিয়ৎক্ষণ পরে দেখিবে অতি পরিশ্রমে চক্ষু মুদিয়া আসিতেছে। তখন মস্তিস্ককে বিশ্রাম দেওয়ার জ্ঞাত কোমল উপাধানে মত্তক রক্ষা করিবে। সঙ্গে সঙ্গে পুঁথিখানি মুড়িয়া ফেলিবে।

অতঃপর জীবিকা সংগ্রহের চেষ্টা। এটা অতি ভয়াবহ ও গদ্যময় ব্যাপার। যদি B. A. পাশ করিতে পার তাহা হইলে Railway Station হইতে ১৮২০ ক্রোশ দূর-বর্তী কোন Schoolএ Head Master হইতে পার। ফেল করিলে Third Master মহাশয়। I. A. পাশ করিলে M. E. Schoolএর Head Master, ফেল করিলে চিফ্‌টা কাটা Classএ Bengal Reader, কথামালা, সরল পাটীগণিত ও কিণ্ডার গার্ডেন শিক্ষা প্রণালী পড়াইতে হইবে। উপরোক্ত কর্ম্মাবলীও সব সময়ে সকলের অদৃষ্টে জুটিয়া উঠে না। যেতন ৪০ হইতে ১২ পর্য্যন্ত। এটা সায়েস্তা খাঁর আমল নহে। ৭ টাকা চালের মণ। সামান্য কয়েকটা রজতখণ্ডের দ্বারা জানমান বাঁচাইয়া সংসার করা কি কষ্টসাধ্য ব্যাপার! ভাবিতে ভাবিতে বদনচন্দ্রমা। কালিমাধুতি ধারণ করে এবং কমকলেবর কৃষ্ণপক্ষ সুধাকর সম দিন দিন ক্ষীণ হইতে থাকে। অতঃপর একদিন পুত্র, কলত্র, স্বজন, বান্ধব সব পরিত্যাগ করিয়া ভগ্ন হৃদয়ে এই ভবের হাট হইতে চট করিয়া সারিয়া পড়িতে হয়। স্মতরাং চাকরি পাইলেই আয়ুক্ষার নিমিত্ত কয়েকটা নিয়ম পালন করিতে হয়। উহা নিম্নে লিপিবদ্ধ হইল।

(ক) প্রাতঃস্থান পূর্বক চারিগুণা পয়সা ট্যাঁকে গুঁজিয়া বাঁ করিয়া বাজারে বাহির হইয়া পড়িবে। চতুর্দিকে পরিভ্রমণ পূর্বক স্মরণে যে সমস্ত দ্রব্যাদি

পাইবে, তাহা সংগ্রহ করিয়া যথাসম্ভব দ্বিরিতপদে গৃহে প্রত্যাগমন করিবে । তদনন্তর স্নান সমাপনপূর্ব্বক অগ্নিতুল্য অন্নরাশি খোড়, অলাবু ও চিংড়ী মৎস্য সংযোগে উদর দেশে প্রেরণ পূর্ব্বক কর্ণস্থানে ছুটিবে ।

অর্থাৎ “গমন বিলম্বন” হইলে উপরিয়ালা হুজুরেরা চটিয়া অগ্নিশর্ম্মা হইয়া থাকেন । উপরিয়ালা বান্ধালী হইলে বিবিধ রকম মুখব্যাদান ও অসভ্য বাক্যাবলী প্রয়োগ করেন । সাহেব হইলে দ্বন্দ্বদেশকরকবলিত কল্পতঃ ঘৃস্তাঘাতও করিয়া থাকেন । উহাতে মনঃক্ষুণ্ণ হইয়া আত্ম কমিয়া যাইতে সুরু করে ।

(খ) কর্ণস্থানে যাইয়া কর্ণে মনঃসংযোগ করিবে । কদাচ কথা কহিবে না, ধিমাইবে না বা “হাক্-থুং, হাক্-থুং” করিয়া একশ বার মিছামিছি নিষ্ঠীপন ত্যাগ করিতে উঠিবে না ।

(গ) গৃহে প্রত্যাবর্তনের সময় তামাক, কুনড়ার ফালি, কপিথণ্ড, তামুল, খদির, থজা, নকল দানা, ঘুগুনি, ঘুঁড়ি ও লাটাই ইত্যাদি ক্রয় করিয়া আনিবে । কারণ পরিজনবর্গ তুষ্ট হইলেই “জগৎ তুষ্টঃ ।” জগতের তুষ্টিতে নিজের তুষ্টি, স্মৃতরাং আয়ুর বৃদ্ধি !

(ঘ) তদনন্তর হস্তপদাদি ধৌত করিয়া ছিন্ন সেতারসংযোগে যাত্রা-দলের গীত গাহিতে পার । খবরদার, “কা ওব কাস্তা কপ্তে পুজঃ” কিংবা “দিবস রজনী আমি যেন কার আশায় আশায় থাকি” ইত্যাদি কিছুই গাহিবে না ! উহাতে অন্তঃপুরে বিশ্বশ্রুতা ও বিদ্রোহ ঘটান সম্ভাবনা উপস্থিত হয় ।

(ঙ) পুলকন্যাগণকে কদাচ শাসন করিবে না । করিলে কান্না-হাটী ইত্যাদি নানাবিধ ফলরোগ উঠিতে পারে । উহাতে রাত্রে নিদ্রার ব্যাঘাত ঘটে । শত চেষ্টাতেও নিদ্রা আসে না । নিদ্রা ভাবে শেষটা Clive সাহেবের মত অনৈশ উপায়ে প্রাণপানীকে উড়াইয়া দিতে হয় ।

বানপ্রস্থ বা পেন্সন জীবনের কর্তব্য ।

• এ সৌভাগ্য সকলের ঘটে না । পূর্ব্বজন্মার্জিত স্মৃতির ফলে যাহারা এই সুবিধা ভোগ করেন যমরাজ তাঁহাদিগের প্রতি নিতান্ত নারাজ । হুচার বৎসর যাইতে না যাইতেই তিনি তাঁহাদিগকে থপ্ করিয়া গিলিয়া ফেলেন । তবে

“যত্নে কৃতে যদি ন সিধ্যতি, কোহত্র দোষঃ ।”

স্মৃতরাং যত্ন করিতে হইবে ।

(ক) প্রথমে লক্ষ্য রাখিবে আয় কমিয়াছে, অথচ আয় বাড়াইতে হইবে অতএব • সর্ব্বদা ছুটিয়া কল ও ব্যাপার এবং গলায় কক্ষটার জড়াইয়া ছত্র এবং যষ্টিহস্তে প্রাতঃ ও সন্ধ্যা ভ্রমণ । College Squareএ বসিয়া যুবক বৃন্দের মস্তক চর্ষণ ও ইলিস মৎস্য হইতে কাম্বিরী শাল সম্বন্ধে বিবিধ মন্তব্য প্রকাশ করণ ।

(খ) তামাক ছাড়িয়া ধীরে ধীরে আকিং খাওয়া অভ্যাস করিবে। আকিং খাইলে দুঃখ নৈরাশ্রপূর্ণ সংসারধামের সমগ্র দুঃসহ জ্বালা যন্ত্রণার হাত এড়াইয়া প্রাণপক্ষী ডানা মেলিয়া একটা নবীন মেঘোজ্জ্বল দেশে উড়িয়া বেড়ায়। আয়ুটীও বাঁ বাঁ করিয়া বাড়িতে থাকে।

(গ) পাড়ায় একজন মোড়ল পাকড়াইবে। প্রভাতে লৌহদাণ্ডা বিশিষ্ট চশমাটা বেশ করিয়া পুঁছিয়া, নাসার উপর চড়াইয়া, “হিতবাদী” হস্তে উক্ত মোড়লের বাড়ী গাইবে। তথায় ঘন ঘন চা ও ধূম্র পান করিবে। তখন দেখিও, আয়ুর দৈর্ঘ্য এই সংকীর্ণ নর-মানস-গজ ঘারা পরিমান কর। কীদৃশ সুকঠিন!

(ঘ) কদাচ শব্দ দর্শন করিবে না। উহাতে জীবনসন্ধ্যা সমাগত প্রায় জানিয়া উদরস্থ প্লীহা নামধেয় বস্তুটা চমকাইয়া উঠিতে পারে। সেই চমক-বিপ্লবে কলেবর-রাজ্যে বিশেষ গণ্ডগোল উপস্থিত হয়। তাহার ভীষণ ফল ভগ্ন হৃদয়ে পাণ্ডু বদনে অকস্মাৎ মৃত্যু।

(ঙ) প্রতাহ উপাসনা করিবে। উপাসনা ষড়বিধ। নীরব ও সরব।

নীরব উপাসনা পদ্ধতি :—

প্রথমে যুক্তছাদে একটা চেয়ার বসাইবে। সাবধান, যেন পায়-ভাঙ্গা না হয়! অতঃপর তাহার উপর একখানি কাগজ বিছাইবে। তৎপরে তদুপরি উপবেশন পূর্বক যুগপৎ হস্ত ও পদ নাভির নিকট লইয়া গাইবে, এবং মৃদিত নেত্রে চিন্তা করিতে থাকিবে, “হ্যাটকোট পরিশোধিত, শুভ্রমুষ্টি সাজেব এক হস্তে “বীচামের পিল” ও অপর হস্তে পেন্সনের চেক বহি লইয়া দাঁড়াইয়া আছেন। মধুর হাস্য হেতু সেই নিমিড় ক্লম্ব ধূম্র রাশি ভেদ করিয়া নিম্নীবন করিতেছে।”

উক্ত প্রকার নীরব ধ্যানে ‘আধ্যাত্মিক জীবন উন্নত ও আয়ু পরিবর্দ্ধিত হয়।’ নিম্ন লিখিত সরব ধ্যানে আয়ু বৃদ্ধি প্রাপ্ত হয় বটে, কিন্তু প্রতিবেশীবর্গ চটিয়া থাকে হন। তন্নিন্দন কখন কখন বিপ্লব বাধে।

সরব উপাসনা পদ্ধতি :—

দশ বার জন এক জায়গায় বেশ ঘেঁসা-ঘেঁসি করিয়া বসিবে। এ’জন “গদাম্-গদাম্” করিয়া একটা খোল ও অপর সকলে “খচাখচ্” শব্দে খঞ্জনী বাদন করিতে থাকিবে। সকলে তাকাইয়া থাকিবে। হুঁসিয়ার, খোলের টাটা কিংবা খঞ্জনীর আঘাত গাত্রাদিতে না লাগে। কিছুক্ষণ বাজাইয়া “একবার চাঁদ বদনে ধরি বল ভাই ‘রে, দিন দূরাল’ কিংবা “এসে এক রসিক পাগল বাধালে গোল, নদের মাঝে, ‘দেখ’ সে তোরা” ইত্যাদি বৈকল্প পদাবলী গাহিতে ক্ষুর করিবে। দেখিবে আয়ু উপকথার নাকেখরীর নাকের মত হু হু শব্দে বাড়িয়া গাইতেছে! এতস্তির ইচ্ছা করিলে মূলাঘোড়ে ‘মা ব্রহ্মময়ী’ ও চুঁচুড়ায় “বাসা বাড়েশ্বর” দেখিয়া বেড়াইতে পার। তথ্যতঃ মধ্যে

মধ্যে যদি ভাবাবেশে “কুষ্ঠ কুষ্ঠ” কিংবা “গৌর হে” বলিয়া এক আঘট। হাঁক ছাড়িতে পার, তাহা হইলে ত সোণায় সোহাগা !

দ্রষ্টব্য :—

উপরে যে নিয়মগুলি প্রকাশ করা হইল, উহা হইতেছে সাধারণ নিয়ম। তন্নিম্ন আনুও কয়েকটী নিয়ম পালন করিলে মৌলিকতা পূর্ণ হয়। যথা,—যুবকগণ দীর্ঘ চুল রাখিবে, শিশু দিবে ও থিয়েটার দেখিবে।

কর্মজীবীগণ ইচ্ছা হইলে মাথায় পকড় জড়াইয়া ওঠে জলন্ত ঝিড়ি সংলগ্নপূর্বক কাঠ গোলায় যাত্রা শুনিতে পারেন।

বৃদ্ধগণ বিবাহের মিছিল আসিতেছে শুনিলেই ছুটিয়া দেখিতে যাইবেন। উহাতে জীবনের বিস্মৃত-স্মৃতি-বীণার অনাদৃততন্ত্রীসমূহে সহসা আঘাত পড়িবে।

আয়েষা ও নবাবনন্দিনী।

(বক্সিমবাবু ও দামোদরবাবু)

শ্রীঅনিলচন্দ্র বন্দোপাধ্যায় ।

চতুর্থ বাসিক শ্রেণী ।

গদি বলি যে বক্সিমবাবু পড়িয়া আমরা আয়েষার চরিত্র সম্বন্ধে গম্ভীর ভূমি লাভ করিতে পারি নাই তাহা হইলে হয়তো ষাণ্মাদিককে বহু সমালোচকের অঙ্গীভিজ্ঞ হইতে হইবে, সন্দেহ নাই। কিন্তু তথাপি আমরা আমাদের ক্ষুদ্র বুদ্ধিতে যাহা অনুভব করিয়াছি, তাহা লিপিবদ্ধ করিতে কোনই কুষ্ঠা বোধ করিব না। স্বাধীন চিন্তায় সকলেরই অধিকার আছে।

বক্সিমবাবু আয়েষাতে নিকাম প্রেমের যে আদর্শ অবতরণা করিয়াছেন, তাহাতে কোনই সন্দেহ নাই, কিন্তু তথাপি সেন মনে হয় যে তথায় উহার সম্পূর্ণ প্রস্ফুটন হয় নাই। দুর্গেশনন্দিনীতে আমরা দেখি, যে আয়েষা জগৎসিংহকে ভালবাসিয়াছিল কিন্তু যখন দেখিল যে তাহার ভালবাসার প্রতিদান অসম্ভব, তখনই আপনার মন ফিরাইয়া লইল। এবং নিকাম ভালবাসার ক্রোড়ে আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করিল। কিন্তু যদি সেখানে অনুকূল বায়ু প্রবাহিত হইত যদি জগৎসিংহের পক্ষ হইতে কোনরূপ আকর্ষণ সম্ভব হইত, তাহা হইলে আয়েষা কতদূর তাহার নিকামযোগ রক্ষা করিতে পারিতেন, তাহা প্রশ্নান-যোগ্য। কিন্তু নবাবনন্দিনীতে তাহার সম্পূর্ণ বিশ্লেষণ হইয়াছে। সেখানে মানসিংহ, তিলোত্তমা, এবং স্বয়ং অশ্বর মহিষী নিজে তাহাকে এ বিবাহে সম্মত

হইবার জ্ঞান অনুমোদন করিয়াছিলেন, কিন্তু তথাপি কতল খাঁ দুহিতা এ প্রস্তাবে সম্মত হন নাই। তিনি দেখিলেন যে তাহার স্নেহের জ্ঞান বহু দুঃখের সৃষ্টি হইবে। একদিকে ওসমান আর একদিকে বীরেন্দ্র কন্যা। এ দুইয়েরই ইচ্ছাতে মহান অনিশ্চয়ের সম্ভাবনা ছিল। যদিও তিলোত্তমা তাহাকে প্রাণ অপেক্ষা ভাল বাসিতেন, যদিও তিনি আয়েষাকে “এক সাগরে দুই নদী” প্রবাহিত হইতে অনুমোদন করিয়াছিলেন এবং বলিয়াছিলেন, “একই বস্তুে দুই দুঃখ ‘প্রস্ফুটিত হয় নাকি,’” তথাপি আয়েষা বুঝিয়াছিলেন যে এরূপ বিবাহে তিলোত্তমা সুখী হইবে না। এবং তাহাতে জগৎসিংহও যে সম্পূর্ণ সুখী হইতে পারিবে, এ সম্বন্ধেও বিশেষ আশঙ্কা ছিল। এই ভাবিয়াই আয়েষা আপনাকে বলি দিলেন। তাহার স্নেহের জ্ঞান একটা প্রাণীও কষ্ট পাবে, তাহা তাহার কদাপি ইচ্ছা ছিল না। আয়েষা যে মহাযোগিনী ছিলেন নবাবনন্দিনীতেই তাহা সম্পূর্ণরূপে অভি-ব্যক্ত হইয়াছে।

দ্বিতীয়তঃ বঙ্কিমবাবু আয়েষার চরিত্রের একদিকই গ্রহণ করিয়া তুলিয়াছেন, কিন্তু অন্যদিকটা একেবারেই যেন অন্ধকারে আচ্ছন্ন রাখিয়াছেন। আয়েষা যে ভ্রাতৃ প্রেমের অতুলনীয় ছিলেন, ইহা বঙ্কিমবাবু সম্পূর্ণরূপে চিত্রিত করেন নাই। জগৎসিংহের প্রতি তাহার অনুরাগ বর্ণনা, ও ওসমানের প্রতি কঠোর বাক্য প্রয়োগের পর আয়েষা ওসমানকে সম্মেলন সম্ভাষণ করিয়াছিলেন বটে কিন্তু সেখানে তাহার স্বকৃত অপরাধ নিমিত্ত ক্ষমা প্রার্থনাই বেশীর ভাগ। তথায় আমরা ভালবাসার সম্যক বিকাশ দেখিতে পাইনা বরং আমরা দেখিতে পাই যে যেহেতু ওসমান তাহার প্রেমাস্পদের শত্রু সেই হেতু সে আয়েষার বিরাগভাজন। কিন্তু নবাবনন্দিনীতে দামোদর বাবু এই ভ্রাতৃস্নেহের পরাকাষ্ঠা দেখাইয়াছেন। তিনি দেখাইয়াছেন যে আয়েষা যদিও ওসমানকে ভালবাসিয়াছিলেন তথাপি তিনি কদাপি ভ্রাতৃস্নেহ জলাঞ্জলি দেন নাই। যখন আমরা দেখি আয়েষা স্নেহে দুঃখে ওসমানের সহচরী, যখন মনে হয় মানসিংহের সহিত ওসমানের পরাজয়ে আয়েষা কত দুঃখ ও অন্তরিতা প্রকাশ করিয়াছিলেন তখন আমরা কিছুতেই বিচলিত না হইয়া থাকিতে পারি না তাহার পর যখন দেখি আয়েষা রণক্ষেত্রে, জগৎসিংহ ও ওসমানের মধ্যবর্তিনী তখন আমাদের হৃদয়বেগ শতধারে উচ্ছ্বসিত হইয়া উঠে। পাঠক ঐ দেখুন আয়েষা ওসমানের বন্ধের উপর পড়িয়া মুক্ত কণ্ঠে কি বলিতেছেন—“ওসমান ভাই! আমি জীবনে তোমার অশেষ যত্নগার কারণ হইয়াছি, প্রার্থনা করি জন্মান্তরে যেন আমাকে তোমার ক্রোশের কারণ না হইতে হয়। আবার ঐ দেখুন বলিতেছেন “ওসমান—তুমি আমার প্রতি চির করুণাময় জানিয়া, তোমার ক্রোড়ে মৃত্যু বড় সুখ, তোমাতে আমাতে—স্বর্গরথে—বিমানে—ভাই ভগ্নি—কি মধুর—আহা!—যাই—ওসমান,” মৃত্যু কালেও ওসমানের নাম। ইহা কি উৎকৃষ্ট ভালবাসার অলস্তু দৃষ্টান্ত নহে।

বক্ষিম বাবু পড়িয়া আমাদের মনে হয় যে আয়েষা অসামান্য। কিন্তু দামোদর পড়িয়া আমাদের মনে হয় যে আয়েষা আরো কিছু। ভূর্গেশনন্দিনীতে আমরা দেখি আয়েষা আদর্শ মানবী, কিন্তু দামোদর পড়িয়া আমাদের মনে হয় তিনি দেবী, বক্ষিমের আয়েষা পাঠে আমাদের যেন তাহার সম্বন্ধে আরো কিছু জানিবার ইচ্ছা থাকে নবাবনন্দিনীকে দেখিয়া আমাদের সে কৌতুহল নির্বাপিত হয়।

কিন্তু উপসংহারে এটাও বিবেচ্য যে বক্ষিম বাবু যদি পথ প্রদর্শক না হইতেন তাহা হইলে দামোদর বাবু কতদূর কৃতকার্গ হইতে পারিতেন তাহা সন্দেহের বিষয়। বক্ষিম বাবু পুতুল গড়িয়া তাহার উপর খড়ি লেপন করিয়া গিয়াছিলেন দামোদর তাহার উপর তুলি বুলাইয়াছেন। এ বিষয় কুতিদ কাহার বেশী আমরা সে সম্বন্ধে আলোচনা করিতে ইচ্ছা করি না, এবং আলোচনা বোধ হয় সম্ভবপরও নহে।

সাগরের কথা ।

শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে ।

দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

(১)

আমি সাগর। অতি প্রাচীন। প্রাচীন বলিলে তোমরা গুরুকেশ লোলমাংস পলিতদন্ত এক যুদ্ধের কল্পনা করিয়া থাক, কিন্তু আমি তাহা নয়,—আমি চির-নবীন, চির-উল্লাসময়, চির যৌবন চঞ্চল ! জড়িত রুদ্ধের সঙ্গে আমার তুলনাই হইতে পারে না !

কোন দিন, কোন যুহুর্ভে ও কোন্ গ্রহের দশায় আমার জন্ম তাহা আমি ঠিক বলিতে পারিব না। সে সময় তোমাদের পার্শ্ববর্ষ পঞ্জিকার সৃষ্টি হয় নাই। তখন এক বিরাট্ নিয়ম পঞ্জিকার কার্য্য করিত। সমস্ত বিশ্ব ব্রহ্মাণ্ড সেই মহানিয়মের অধীন ছিল,—এখনও আছে। তোমাদের মধ্যে যাহারা জ্ঞানী বলিয়া পরিচয় দেয় তাহারা কত চেষ্টা, কত জীবন, কত অর্থ সেই মহানিয়মের নিষ্ফল আবিষ্কারে ঢালিয়া দিয়াছে ! তোমাদের বিজ্ঞান, তোমাদের দর্শন শুধু তাহাকেই খুঁজিয়া বেড়ায়। কিন্তু তোমরা কখনও তাহার উদ্দেশ্য পাইবে না। অতি ক্ষুদ্রাদপি ক্ষুদ্র কতকগুলি নিয়ম কণিকার জীর্ণ আবিষ্কারে যাহারা উল্লাসে নৃত্য করিতে থাকে,—তাহাদের সেই অস্থিতীয় বিরাট্ মহানিয়মের আবিষ্কার চেষ্টা কত ফলদায়িণী !

আমার জন্ম অন্ধকারে। তোমরা যাহাকে অন্ধকার বল তাহার তুলনায় সে অন্ধকারের কল্পনাও তোমরা করিতে পারিবে না। কিন্তু এই পর্য্যন্ত বলিতে পারি, আমি তখন নিজের অস্তিত্ব নিজেই বুঝিতে পারিতাম না,—শুধু গুণিতে পাইতাম এক দিগন্তব্যাপি কল্লোল !

সেদিন আমার কি শুভদিন, তাহা কেমন করিয়া বুকাইব ? আমার চতুঃপার্শের বাষ্পাবরণ হঠাৎ গলিয়া গেল !—সেই মুহূর্ত্তে একদী আলোক তরঙ্গ আসিয়া আমার নয়নের অন্ধকার সরাইয়া দিল !—সেইদিন—সেই অতি স্নমুহূর্ত্তে পৃথিবীর সৃষ্টি হইল । পৃথিবীর দিন হইল । আমি মহানন্দে চারিদিক চাহিয়া দেখিলাম—ওড়ই আমি আমার বিশালবপু আন্দোলিত করিয়া নৃত্য করিতেছি !

হঠাৎ দূরে চাহিয়া বড়ই চমকাইয়া উঠিলাম।—ওটা কি ? দিগ্‌দিগন্তব্যাপিনী উজ্জ্বল ময়ূখমালা লইয়া ও কে ? বিশ্ব ও ভয়ে কাঁপিতে লাগিলাম।—ধীরে ধীরে নয়ন মুদ্রিলাম । কিয়ৎকাল পরে চাহিয়া দেখি অন্ধকার !

কি ?—আবার অন্ধকার ! অন্ধকারের মধ্য হইতে আলোকে আসিলাম,—আবার অন্ধকারে থাকিব ? বড়ই কষ্ট হইতে লাগিল আমার চির অন্ধকার যে ছিল ভাল !—কোন যন্ত্রণাই ছিল না । কেন আলোক দেখিলাম ! যাহা পাইয়াও পাইলাম না, তাহা না দেখা ছিল ভাল । মুহূর্ত্তের আশা মুহূর্ত্ত পরে নৈরাশ হইবে কে জানিত ?

ও কি ?—আবার ধীরে ধীরে অন্ধকার সরিতেছে কেন ? আবার সেই উজ্জ্বল গোলাকৃতি পদার্থ ! তখন হইতে বুঝিলাম আলোর পর অন্ধকার আসে, আবার অন্ধকারের পর আলোক আসে । তখন হইতে দিন ও রাত্রি বুঝিলাম । ক্রমশঃ তোমাদের ভাষায় বুঝিলাম সেই গোলাকার দীপ্তি সূর্য্য ।

(২)

তারপর কতদিন চলিয়া গিয়াছে । এখন সে সব কথা মগ্ন বলিয়া মনে হয় । এই যে তৃণশষ্পাঙ্গনা বৃক্ষলতা সমাকীর্ণ ভূমি এখন নানা জীবজন্তুর আবাস হইয়াছে, একদিন ইহারই উপর আমার কৈশীর্গ তরঙ্গ ছুটিয়া যাইত ! আমি আমার বক্ষভেদ করিয়া ভূমি উঠাইয়াছি, আবার কখন কখন সেই ভূমি আমার অতলম্পর্শবন্ধে চির-নিমজ্জিত করিয়া রাখিয়াছি !

আমি তোমাদের দিকে চিরমহাকুলনেত্রে চাহিয়া আছি । যে সকল জীব তুমির আধিপত্য স্থাপন করিতে পারে না, তাহারা আমার ক্রোড়ে এক অনন্তপ্রহতপ্রভাব রাজ্য সংস্থাপন করিয়াছে । আমি তোমাদের সৃষ্টি রক্ষার জন্ত স্কন্ধে আমার বক্ষশোণিত তপনকরে গুপ্ত হইতে দেই । আমিই মেঘের সৃষ্টি করি । সূর্য্য ষাটী জলটুকুই লয়,—আমার বক্ষে শুধু লবণের স্থপ জমিতে থাকে । পরাদর্শ এমন নিস্বার্থ আশ্রয়ান তোমরা দেখিয়াছ কি ?

আমি না থাকিলে তোমাদের কি দশা হইত ভাব দেখি ? পৃথিবী হাহাকারে পূর্ণ হইত । আজ যে শস্যশ্রামলাভূমি তোমাদের আহাৰ্য্য ও পেয় প্রদান করে আমি কি তাহার নিমিত্ত নহে ? তোমরা একবার বিশেষ ভাবিয়া দেখ—সত্য কিনা ?

আমি কালের সঙ্গে সঙ্গে নৃত্য করি । কাল ওখানে ছিলাম, আজ আবার

এখানে সরিয়া আসিয়াছি, আবার কাল ওখানে যাইব। সাহারার বিশাল মরুক্ষেত্রে ও হিমাদ্রির শিখরমালায় আমার অস্তিত্বের অনেক নিদর্শন পাইবে। কিন্তু তোমরা আমার পরিবর্তন বুঝিতে পার না। ঐ যে শত শত নগরমালা আমার কূলে দাঁড়াইয়া আছে উহাদের অধিবাসীদেরকে জিজ্ঞাসা করিয়া দেখ,—আমি চিরকালই এইরূপ আছি কিনা ?—তাহারা নিশ্চয় বলিবে,—তাহাদের আজন্মকাল তাহাদের সম্মুখে আমার এই বিশাললবণাধুরাশি বিস্তার করিয়া আছে। তাহারা জানিতে পারিল না কালক্রান্তের বিপুলাবর্তে কত পরিবর্তন সংঘটিত হইয়াছে।

আজ তোমাদের যে সকল মহাজাতি বাণিজ্যের মূলমন্ত্র জপিতেছে তাহাদের জিজ্ঞাসা করিয়া দেখ তাহারা সে মন্ত্র কোথায় পাইল ? তোমাদের মধ্যে অনেকের হৃদয়ে আমাকে পার হইবার বাসনা হইয়াছিল—তাই—অনেক ঐতিহাসিক ও ভৌগোলিক তথ্য আবিষ্কার করিয়াছ। হিন্দুরা (গুনিয়াছি তোমাদের মধ্যে তাহারা জাতিবিশেষ) পূর্বে পোতারোহণে আমার তরঙ্গ বিধূষিত করিতে করিতে দেশদেশান্তরে ছুটিত। তখন তাহারা এক শ্রেষ্ঠ মহাজাতি ছিল—তখন তাহারা উন্নত ছিল।

আমি মনে গর্জনকারী উত্তালতরঙ্গময় সাগর। আমার মাথার উপরে অনন্ত অসীম নীলাকাশ ; আমি চিরকাল ঐ নীলাকাশের নীলমাটুকু বক্ষে ধারণ করিয়া রহিয়াছি। যে দিন মেঘপটলে সমগ্র গগনমণ্ডল অন্ধকার হইয়া যায়, বজ্রাঘির তীব্র লোলজিহবা মুহুমুহু বিরাট শব্দ তরঙ্গকে আঘাত করিয়া ছছকারে ছুটিয়া যায়, ঝটিকার প্রবল হাডানে দ্বিধিক্কাঁপিয়া উঠে,—তোমরা প্রলয় গণনা করিয়া গৃহদ্বার অর্গলবদ্ধ কর,—আমি সেদিন মহানন্দে মহোৎসবে নৃত্য করিয়া উঠি ! সেদিন আমি তটে তটে দাক্ষিণ্য পদাঘাত করিয়া উন্মাদের মত চিৎকার করি !—সেদিন নৃত্যোৎসব !

(৩)

কখন কখন তোমাদের অবিচার ও অত্যাচারে আমার ক্রকটাকূটলললাটে আশ্রয় জলিয়া উঠে ! তোমাদের ভাষায় তোমরা তাহাকে বাড়বাগ্নি বল। তোমরা বিশ্বাসে চাহিয়া থাক ! প্রকৃতির সৃষ্টিবৈচিত্রকে অত্যাশ্চর্য্য মনে কর। কিন্তু তাহার মধ্যে রোবের ভীষণতা লুকাইয়া আছে জানিতে পার কি ?

একবার মনে করি অজ্ঞানপূর্ণ জলন্ত লইয়া তোমাদের জনপদ চূর্ণবিচূর্ণ করিয়া ফেলি—তোমাদের গর্বের ভাণ্ডার লুণ্ঠন করিয়া লই—তোমাদের অভিমান মুছিয়া লইয়া আসি, কিন্তু পারি না। জানিনা কোন অদৃষ্ট মহাশক্তির নিয়মে আমি বদ্ধ,—তাই আমার নিজের ইচ্ছার উপর আশ্রিত্য চলে না।

আবার কখন আমি তোমাদের মূৰ্খতা দেখিয়া হাসিয়া উঠি। আমার সে হাসি কি তোমরা দেখে নাই !—অচঞ্চল তরঙ্গমালা,—স্তব্ধ নীলাধুরাশি—কোন সুন্দর

প্রভাতের তরুণ-অরুণ-করে দিগন্তে ছড়াইয়া পড়িয়াছে ! যদি দেখিয়া থাক,—নিশ্চয় করিয়া বলিতেছি আমার সে হাসি কখনও ভুলিবে না !

আমি তোমাদের মধ্যে সর্বাপেক্ষা ভালবাসি ছোট ছোট বালক বালিকার মধুর হাসি ভরা মুখগুলি । তাহারা কখন কখন আমার বেলায় বালুকার গৃহনির্মাণ করিয়া আনন্দে নৃত্য করে । আমার বড় সাধ হয় তাহাদের সঙ্গে খেলা করি । উচ্ছ্বাসে আবেগে আনন্দে শিশুর মত নাচিতে নাচিতে তাহাদের কাছে ছুটিয়া যাই । কিন্তু হায় তাহারা ভয়ে পলায়ন করে ! আমার ক্ষুদ্র তরঙ্গতলে তাহাদের ক্ষুদ্র গৃহগুলি ভাঙিয়া পড়ে ।—আমার জীবনে ব্যর্থতার একটা করুণ হাহাকার জাগিয়া উঠে !

আমি শত শত শতাব্দীর অক্ষয় ইতিহাস । কত রাজ্যের উত্থান-পতন জয়পরাজয় দেখিয়া আসিতেছি তাহার ইয়ত্তা নাই ! তোমরা যদি আমার ভাষা বুঝিতে তবে প্রত্যেক তরঙ্গের স্তরে স্তরে কত ইতিহাস গাঁথা রহিয়াছে দেখাইতে পারিতাম,—বুঝাইতে পারিতাম ।

নিত্যানূতন দেখিতেছি তবু পুরাতন মনে পড়ে কেন ? কে উত্তর দিবে ?—বুঝি জগতের নিয়মই এই ! যে দিন যে রাত্রি চলিয়া গিয়াছে তাহাদিগকে ফিরাইয়া পাইব না,—তাই কি এত দুঃখ ! যে সম্মানটী যমে কাড়িয়া লইয়াছে জননীর তার কথাই অধিক মনে পড়ে না কি ? আমি চিরঅশান্ত, জীবনের মধ্যে যে কটা সুখের দিন পাইয়াছিলাম, একএকবার তাহাদের জন্য চঞ্চল হইয়া উঠি ! তখন তোমাদের মত আমারও হৃদয় কাতর হইয়া পড়ে । তোমাদের মত আমারও সুখদুঃখ অম্লভব করিবার শক্তি আছে ! শুনিয়াছি তোমরা জানী,—জ্ঞানের স্পর্শ রাখি । আমার একটা প্রশ্নের উত্তর দাও, কেন এমন হয় জ্ঞান কি ?

হায় ! ওই প্রতিধ্বনি ফিরিয়া আসিল—“জ্ঞান কি ?”

কবিতা গুচ্ছ ।

মৃত্যু-ভয় ।

শ্রীমুরেন ধর ।

(কীটসের অনুসরণ)

মরমের কথা যত না হইতে প্রকটিত
ধারাকারে লেখনীর মুখে,
যবে হনে গ্রহচর যথা স্বর্ণ শস্ত্রময়
অক্ষয় ভাঙার ধরি বৃকে,
যখন আকাশ মাঝে নেঘতারা শত সাজে
স্বপ্নরাজ্য করে উদ্ঘাটন,
রব না'ক আমি আর,— ভয় হয়—সে সবার
মায়াচিত্র করিতে অক্ষন !
ভাবি যবে, এ জীবনে হে সুন্দর, তোমাধনে
আর আমি হেরিব না হয় !
অমর-প্রেমের-জল স্বপ্নময়—সুবিমল,—
আর আমি ডুবিব না তায় !
সংসার সাগর তীরে একেলা দাঁড়ায়ে ফিরে
উদাসীন-করিব চিন্তন ;
ধীরে প্রেম-ঘণ্ডোরাশি নীরবে পড়িলে খসি
অন্ধকারে হ'তে নিমগন ।

সাধের বীণা ।

শ্রীবিকেশ লোভন সেন,

চতুর্থ বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

বাজ্রে আমার সাধের বীণা
বাজ্রে তোর আকুল প্রাণে,
সাধের জীবন যাচ্ছে বয়ে
ভেসে ভেসে প্রেম উজানে ।

(৩)

আমারই ক্ষুদ্রনিধি, আমারই গড়া,
আমারই প্রাণ দেওয়া, আমাতে ভরা !
চাই প্রেম, তাই হাঁসি, তাই বাজে মধু বাঁশী,
নীরদ ললিত দেহ শোভন হে !
আমি রূপ চাই তাই তুমি সুন্দর হে !

বারগার গান ।

শ্রীগণেশচন্দ্র রায় ।

দ্বিতীয় বর্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

গিরিরাজের	মেয়ে আমি	ধাকেন শুয়ে	শৈল-রানী
নাথটি বরণা,		তুহিন-শয়ানে	
টপ্কে' শিলা	উছলে' চলি	অবাক্ হ'য়ে	আকাশ চাহে
আকুল-চরণা ।		স্বর্ণ-নয়ানে !	
অক্ল-গুহা	পাষাণেরি	নাইরে হেথা	শ্রামল ধরার
বাধন টুটিয়া		কানন-ছায়া-রে,	
গর্জ্জ' উঠে'	সমুখ পানে	দিকে দিকে	দেয়না এ'কে'
যাইরে ছুটিয়া !		গহন-মায়া-রে ।	
যাইরে আমি	আপন বেগে	অজি হেথায়	মাথা তুলি'
ঐধীর চলিয়া		দীপ্ত-গরবে ;—	
সাম্নে শত	বিস্ব-বাধা	বন্ধ ভেদি'	ছুটি তাহার
হেলায় দিলিয়া ।		গর্জ্জি' সরবে ।	
২			
বরফ গলা	পর্বতেরি	ভোরের বেলা	স্বর্ণ-মাধা
উচ্চ শিখরে		অরুণ-আলোকে	
স্বপ্ন রচে	স্বর্গ-বালা	শিউরে' উঠে	অজ আমার
স্বর্ঘ্যেরি করে !		তরুণ পুলকে !	

বন ফুলের	গন্ধ ভাসে	বেড়ায় এসে	হরিণ-বালা
মন্দ পবনে,		কৃষ্ণ লোচনা ;	
বিহঙ্গেরা	গাহে বসি	ঝরুণাতলে	দাঁড়া'য়ে থাকে
কুঞ্জ-ভবনে ;		সলিল-পিয়াসে	
ইন্দ্রধনু	উঠে রাঙা	চপল চোখে	চৌদিকেতে
বর্ণ মাণিয়া		তাকায় কি আশে !	
মানস-পটে	রঙীন আশার	কুহেলিমাথা	জ্যোৎস্নালোকে
স্বপ্ন আঁকিয়া !		রাত্রিবেলাতে	
প্রভাত-নভে	তরুণ রবি	মধুকবনে	স্নানার্থে
কিরণে নাহিয়া		মত্ত খেলাতে ।	
আনন্দেতে	যাই গো নব	স্বপ্ন-ভরে	সেথায় উঠে
ছন্দে গাহিয়া !		পরান মোহিয়া	
৪		চঞ্চলিয়া	সমুৎপানে
স্বচ্ছ সাদা	জ্যোৎস্নার	যাইরে বহিয়া !	
স্বপ্ন-চাদরে		৬	
অন্ধ ঢাকি'	মৃদু গিরি	পাহাড়ী মেয়ে	সন্ধ্যাবেলা
চন্দ্র-আদরে !		মেথায় একেলা	
স্বর্ণঘট	কক্ষে ল'য়ে	পাথর নিয়ে	আনন্দেতে
স্বর্ণ-পরীতে		করে গো সে খেলা ;	
জ্যোৎস্নারাতে	নিত্য আসে	স্বাধীনমনা	কানন-বালা
সিনান করিতে ;		কণ্ঠ খুলিয়া	
সিনান ভুলি'	নৃত্য করে	শিলার'পরে	গান গাহে গো
আঁচল ছলা'য়ে		লজ্জা ভুলিয়া ;	
জ্যোৎস্নাময়ী	মৃদু নিশার	সরমহারা	'নবালিকা
চিত্ত ভুলা'য়ে ;		কানন-পাপিয়া,	
রিণি ঝিনি	শব্দ বাজে	উচ্চ তারি	'কণ্ঠ উঠে
স্বর্ণ-সুপূরে ;		গহন কাঁপিয়া	
ঝঙ্কারিয়া	বই গো সেথা	কুঞ্জে উঠে	লক্ষ শত
রাত্রি হুপূরে !		পুষ্প কুটিয়া ;—	
৫		মৃদু হৃদে	তার তলেতে
সাঁঝের বেলা	কুয়াশাতে	যাই গো ছুটিয়া !	
মলিন জোছনা—			

সন্ধ্যা প্রাতে কুমারী দলে

নিম্ন গিরিতে

বরুনা তলে নিত্য আসে

কলসী ভরিতে,

অলস স্রুখে শিখিল দেহে

রুক্ষে হেলিয়া।

শৈলতলে চাহিয়া থাকে

নয়ন মেলিয়া ;—

ওই যে বুঝি যায় গো দেখা

নিম্নভূমি রে,

উর্দ্ধে উঠে কাননরাজি

শৈল চুমি' রে।—

পথের মাঝে কোথাও ওগো!

চাই না থামিয়া,

আপন মনে মাটির পানে

বাই রে নামিয়া ।

৮

কোথায় তুমি—কোথায় ওগো

শ্রামল ধরনী

পত্রে ফুলে শম্পে ঢাকা

মানস-হরনী ?

কোথায় তব উদার স্নেহ

বিপুল মায়া গো ?

শান্তিহর। শান্তিময়ী

কানন-ছায়া গো ?

মিশ্ছে কোথা ' আকাশ সনে

যুক্ত মাঠ রে ?

রাখাল-বেণু মুখর কোথা

পল্লী-বাট রে ?

কোকিল-গানে কোথায় উঠে

পরাগ মোহিয়া ?—

আপন মনে চল রে সেথা

চলরে বহিয়া !

৯

শুভ্রাকাশে কোথায় ফেলে

দু'কূল ছেয়ে গো ?

কলসী কাঁখে নাইতে আসে

পল্লী মেয়ে গো ?

নদীর তীরে কান্তে হাতে

ধান্য ক্ষেতে রে

রুমকবালা গান গাহে গো

হর্ষে মেতে' রে ?

শশ্তে ভরা মাঠ ছ' ধারে

স্বর্ণ বরনী ;

পাল তুলে' দে' কোন্ বিদেশে

যায় রে তরনী !

একলা ঘাটে কোথায় বসে

রূপসী বালা গো ?—

আকাশ ভেদি' উঠছে কোথা

সৌধমালা গো ?

দিগন্তরে সলিল ক্রমে

হারায় সীমানা,

কোথায় পড়ে' কূল কিনারা

নাই রে ঠিকানা !

১০

কি গান ওরে কি গান আজি

ভাসছে পবনে,

স্বপ্নে যেন ভেসে' ভেসে'

আসছে শ্রবণে !

কোথায় ঘন সুনীল জল

আকাশ পরশে

ছুটছে তুলি' লক্ষ বাহ

গর্জি' হয়বে !

কি গান গেয়ে আজকে তুমি বন্ধ হারা কি 'আনন্দ
 পরাণ ভুলালে, হৃদয় ব্যাপিয়া
 মোহন আশায় সিদ্ধ মম এ কি ছন্দে মুচ্ছনাতে
 চিত্ত হুলা'লে ! উঠছে কাঁপিয়া !

হেমন্তে ।

.. শ্রীকৃষ্ণধন দে ।

দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

কোন স্বপনে দেখু'ছে চেয়ে মায়ায় ভরা হেমন্তে,
 সবুজ ধানের ঢেউ মিশেছে কোন্ সে সুদূর দিগন্তে !
 বাজল কখন আশার গীতি প্রাণের গোপন সারঙ্গে,
 ছুটল কখন ভাবের তরী প্রেমের আবেগ-তরঙ্গে !
 আলোয় ঘেরা মাঠের পথে চলছি কোথা আনমনা,
 তরুণ রবি তরল মেঘে দিচ্ছে রঙীন আল্পনা !
 পথের পাশে ধানের চারা ছলিয়ে মাথা ডাকছে “আয় ।”
 মা কমলার অঁচল খানি লুটিয়ে চলে মাঠের গায় ।
 দূরের ছোট গ্রামটা আমার—ত্রিদিব আমার—তার পানে
 ছুটেছি আজ প্রবাস হ'তে আপন হারা কোন্ টানে ।
 তেমনি আজও দাঁড়িয়ে আছে নীল গগনের চরণ চুমি',
 শৈশবেরি স্বপ্ন আমার—কৈশোরেরি রক্তভূমি !

সুদ্র যাহা তুচ্ছ যাহা—আজকে ভাল লাগছে চোখে ;
 জড়ও আজি পেয়েছে প্রাণ হেমন্তের এই স্নিগ্ধালোকে !
 পেয়েছি যে পরশমণি লোহারি প্রাণ স্বর্ণ আজি,
 ঘুচে গেছে স্বার্থভরা সকল বাধা বিশ্বরাজি !

পথের যত তরুলতা ডাকছে আমায় আদর করে—
 “আয় ফিরে আয় ঘরের ছেলে আজকে আবার আপন ঘরে !”
 পানীটী যে আকাশ পথে ছুটল হঠাৎ আকুল গানে,
 আমার কথা বলতে বুঝি ছুটল আমার ঘরের পানে !

হেমস্তের এই কণক প্রাতে আবার ফিরে দেখু ছেয়ে,—
হাসছে আমার ধানভরা মাঠ নীল আকাশের নাগাল পেয়ে !
বিশ্বপতির করুণা আজ হৃদয় মাঝে উথলে উঠে,
জানিনা সে নয়ন কোণে কোন্ আবেগের অক্ষ ছুটে !

দূর পিয়াসীর দল ।

শ্রীযতীশ চন্দ্র বাগ্‌চী ।

প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

ভেঙ্গে বাধ আসছে জল ।
চল, চল, এগিয়ে চল !
কুলের কোলে লুটোয় ঢেউয়ের হাস ।
কাণে কাণে ছাপিয়ে ওঠে
ফণিল জলরাশ ।
বাধন ভেঙ্গে আসছে ছুটে
ক্যাপা নদীর জল—
এগিয়ে চল, এগিয়ে চল •
দূর-পিয়াসীর দল ।
নীলার কোলে মেঘের লীলা ছোটে ।
কাপে রবির মোহন ছবি
জলের বুকে লোটে ।
কাঁচা সোণার মাঠ চুমিছে
দিগন্ত-অঞ্চল ।
পান করে নে, পান করে নে,
• দূর-পিয়াসীর দল ।
গাছে পাছে খেলছে হাওয়া দোল ।
• ধসে-পড়া পলিত পাতে
দিচ্ছে নদী কোল ।
অসীম পানে গাছে ছুটে
আকুল কল কল ।

এই ছবি আজ এঁকে নে রে

নিশ্চল, উজল !

তুলে যারে কেলো-আসা ঘর !

সুদূর-আসা এই শোভাটী

আজকে আপন কর !

নীরব দিঠি আপন হউক !

ওরে ও চঞ্চল

ঘরছাড়া, ও বাঁধন ছেঁড়া

দূর-পিহাসীর দল !

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. II. { FEBRUARY, 1917. } No. 3.

College Notes and Observations

The inevitable necessity of being regularly separated from our friends and helpers at the end of each year is a matter of serious disadvantage to the College Magazine. Every time a set of energetic students come forward to assist in the smooth working of the Magazine and just when they really begin to work are snatched away, leaving the editors in a position of difficulty and chagrin. We hope however that the First and Third Year students will now bravely throw themselves into the breach and strengthen our wavering line.

* * * *

In bidding good-bye to our Second and Fourth Year students we cannot but ask them to remember their old College and Magazine and to wish to see them prosper. It is an oft-repeated complaint that the Indian *alma maters* do not look with the same eye of affection and fond remembrance on their old alumni as the European universities do. Whatever truth there may be in the complaint it is equally true that the alumni themselves become at times supremely oblivious of their mothers. We hope that our ex-students will challenge this statement by giving positive proofs to the contrary. We wish our out-going students all success and hope that in their after-career they would keep up the prestige and good name of the College.

* * * *

We are sincerely sorry to record the bereavement of Prof. N. N. De who lost his father on the 8th December, 1916. Our heart-felt condolence to Prof. De and the bereaved family.

It is a pity that we have to record so many deaths at the beginning of the New Year. Bengali literature has suffered a great loss in the tragic death of Babu Chandicharan Banerji and of Rai Sarat Chandra Das Bahadur, c. 1. B. The contributions of the former to Bengali literature are too well known to need mention, while the latter as an ardent Tibetan scholar and explorer added to the store of the world's knowledge of the East. As a Tibetan and Pali scholar and an intrepid traveller his worth was highly appreciated by the people and the Government alike. Our sympathy and condolence go to the bereaved families.

Educational department has suffered another serious loss in the sudden death of Father Power of St. Xavier's College, Calcutta. He was one of the last remnants of the old type of Anglo-Indian professors who really felt for India and sympathised with the aims and aspirations of Indian youths.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The registered graduates of this University have shown another marvellous example of keen judgment and independent spirit by defeating Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi's election to the fellowship of the University. It is quite in the fitness of things that a *servant* and educationist of his worth and standing who has been serving the University since 1894 should have been ousted from the present Senate.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

We had a pleasant afternoon on 21st Jan. last when the staff met the students in a trial of strength in cricket on the Presidency ground at the *maidan*. The students easily managed to get the better of their professors—many of whom were quite innocent of the wicked trick of opposing the ball against the wickets. The students extorted from the Principal a holiday in honour of their victory.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Last December and January were months of meetings, conferences and commissions. There were the Literary Conference at Bankipore, the Congress at Lucknow, the University Convocation in Calcutta, the meeting of Scientists at Bangalore and the sittings of the Industrial Commission all over India. These were the principal ones, but there were others whose number is legion. The Literary Conference was a splendid success so far as management and the choice of the presidents were concerned. Much credit is due to the organisers for their excellent arrangements for the delegates and

securing Sir Ashutosh Mukherjea as their president. But we are sorry to remark that most of the papers read at the meetings were of little value.

The presidential speech was an inspiring one, emphasizing on the glorious end reserved for the Bengali language and literature in future. It was remarkably original in as much as it did not follow the beaten track left by previous presidential addresses. As a piece emotional writing, meant to fire up the imagination and enthusiasm of the audience, it served its purpose well. But perhaps Sir Ashutosh never meant it for dissection and analysis in a cold and calculating spirit. We also like to draw the attention of our readers to the very fine speeches of Messrs. C. R. Das and Bijoy Chandra Majumdar, published in the *Narayana* and the *Prabasi* respectively.

Calcutta University had not the good fortune of hearing much from her chancellors for a long time. Since the transfer of the capital to Delhi, she has been much like the forsaken Queen of Carthage so far as her chancellor's favour is concerned. But the long silence has been broken this time by Lord Chelmsford, who addressed the assembled graduates at the last convocation, "not as Viceroy, nor as Chancellor with a policy to propound, but rather as one university man to other university men." It is refreshing to be assured of this *entre nous* attitude in the midst of the constant jarrings of plans, policies and officialisms.

His Excellency's speech revealed his keen desire for the welfare of the students and he has reassured us by saying that "there shall be as many opportunities of a livelihood as possible open to the educated classes to divert the students into channels other than those of law and Government clerical employ." In order to turn out students with character well-formed, capable of bearing the burden of citizenship in a manly way, His Excellency has thought of taking two steps. To quote his words, "The profession of teaching is a great and honourable profession and it should engage the whole attention of those who follow it. But this is not likely to be the case as long as teachers are paid an inadequate wage. If we are to divert students on to this road we must increase the pay and opportunities of our teachers and magnify the status of the teaching profession." We hope that this long-needed reform will very soon occupy official attention. The second step would be to appoint a strong commission to enquire into the affairs of Calcutta University as a necessary

preliminary to a constructive policy of reform. We are rather diffident about the necessity and utility of this step. A commission always suggests that there is something enormously wrong and improper in the system. True it is that Calcutta University is not an ideal type of what a university should be, and that it has many defects and drawbacks. But the question remains: are they so enormous as to necessitate the calling of a commission so soon? The first Education Commission met in 1882, and the second in 1902, the recommendations of which came into operation in 1904 only. Would it be well to check the course of progress so early and forcibly divert it into other channels? If it is not urgently required, a commission means waste of time, energy and money.



The report of public education in Bengal for 1916 is on the whole very satisfactory and shows an increase in every respect. The number of educational institutions rose by a little over 2,000, while the numbers of female and male students were 1,559,728 and 284,813 respectively. Of these the college students numbered 17,226 against 15,921 of the previous year, while the total number of pupils in the secondary and primary schools amounted to 372,026 and 1,124,109. It is gratifying to note that Bengal contains as many secondary schools as Madras, Bombay, the Punjab, Bihar and Orissa and the United Provinces taken together. If we could also secure for these institutions efficient method of teaching—which is after all a matter of time and experience—Bengal could be really proud of her achievement. But the one dark spot in the report is the comparative paucity of technical students. One cannot also regard without satisfaction the further expansion of education among the Indian girls and ladies. The number of scholars rose from 17,252 to 37,953.

English Articles

BRAHMAGUPTA AND BHASKARA.

(Continued from page 70 and concluded)

By Haranchandra Banerji, M.A., B.L.,

Vice-Principal and Professor of Mathematics, Ripon College.

VII. Geometrical Progression.

The period being an uneven number, subtract one, and note *multiplicator* ; being an even one, halve it and note *square* ; until the period be exhausted. Then the result arising from multiplication and squaring of the common multiplier in the inverse order from the last, being lessened by one, the remainder divided by the common multiplier less one, and multiplied by the initial quantity, will be the sum of a progression increasing by a common multiplier. (*Lilavati* V, 127).

The above rule which is not clearly expressed by Bhaskara, is explained by the famous commentator Ganesa who says that the effect of squaring and multiplying, as directed, is the same as the continued multiplication of the common ratio for as many times as the number of terms. Thus the rule gives the well known expression for the sum of n terms of a G. P., namely $\frac{a(r^n - 1)}{r - 1}$.

VIII. Permutations and Combinations.

1. The series of the numbers decreasing by unity from the last to the number of places, being multiplied together, will be the variations of number, with dissimilar digits. (*Lilavati*, XIII, 272).

The above rule which is stated by Bhaskara in connection with the variations of numbers, agrees with the expression for the number of permutations of n different things taken r at a time, namely, $n(n-1)(n-2)...(n-r+1)$.

2. The product of multiplication of the arithmetical series beginning with and increasing by unity and continued to the number of places, will be the variations of number with specific figures : that

* स्थानान्तमेकापचितान्तिमाङ्कघातोऽ समाङ्कैश्च मितिप्रभेदाः

divided by the number of digits and multiplied by the sum of the figures, being repeated in the places of figures and added together, will be the sum of the permutations. * (*Lilavati* XIII, 267).

The first part of the rule gives the number of different numbers that can be formed with n different digits. The second part of the rule gives an expression for the sum of these numbers. It is easy to shew that the sum = $\frac{n-1}{n} \times \text{sum of digits} \times (10^{n-1} + 10^{n-2} + \dots + 10 + 1) = \frac{n}{n} \times \text{sum of digits} \times (10^{n-1} + 10^{n-2} + \dots + 10 + 1)$, which agrees with Bhaskara's rule. The meaning of the phrase 'being repeated in the places of figures' is obvious.

3. How many are the variations of form of Sambhu by the exchange of his ten attributes held reciprocally in his several hands.: namely, the rope, the elephant's hook, the serpent, the tabor, the skull, the trident, the club with a skull at the top, the dagger, the arrow and the bow ; as those of Hari by the exchange of the mace, the discus, the lotus and the conch ?† (*Lilavati*, XIII, 269.)

The variations of form of Sambhu are 10, and those of Hari 4.

4. Let the figures from one upwards, differing by one, put in the inverse order, be divided by the same figures in the direct order ; and let the subsequent be multiplied by the preceding, and the next following by the foregoing result. The several results are the changes, ones, twos, threes, &c. This is a general rule † (*Lilavati*, IV. 110).

Bhaskara here gives rules for obtaining successively the numbers of combinations of n things, taken 1,2,3, &c. at a time.

5. In a pleasant, spacious and elegant edifice, with eight windows, constructed by a skilful architect, as a palace for the lord of the

* स्थानान्तमेकादिचयाङ्कघाताः सङ्ख्याविभेदानियतैः स्युरङ्कैः॥

भक्तोऽङ्कमित्याङ्कसमासनिघ्नः स्थानेषु युक्तो मितिसंयुक्तिः स्यात् ।

† पाशाङ्कुशाहिडमरूककपालशूलैः खट्वाङ्कप्रज्ञाङ्कैः प्रयुतैर्भवन्ति ।

अन्योन्यहस्तकलितैः कतिमूर्त्तिभेदाः शम्भोर्हरेरिवगदारिसरोजशङ्खैः ॥

‡ एकाद्येकोत्तरा अङ्का व्यस्ताभाज्याः क्रमस्थितैः । परः पूर्वैण सङ्गुण्यस्तत्परस्तत्परेण च ॥ एकद्वित्र्यादिभेदाः स्युरिदं साधारणं स्मृतम् ॥

land, tell me the permutations of apertures taken one, two, three, &c. Say, mathematician, how many are the combinations in one composition with ingredients of six different tastes, sweet, pungent, astringent, sour, salt and bitter, taking them by ones, twos, threes, &c.* (*Lilavati*, IV, 114).

In the first example, the number of ways in which the doors may be opened by ones, twos, or threes &c. is 8, 28, 56, 70, 56, 28, 8, 1. The total number of changes on the apertures is 255 (that is $2^8 - 1$). In the second example, the number of different preparations with ingredients of divers tastes is 6, 15, 20, 15, 6, 1. The total number of possible combinations is 63 (that is $2^6 - 1$).

IX. Indeterminate equations of the first degree.

1. This subject is treated by Brahmagupta and Bhāskara under the peculiar name of *kuttaka* which literally means a grinder or pulverizer. The word is used to denote a multiplier such that a given number being multiplied by it, and the product added to another given number, the sum (or, if the additive be negative, the difference) may be divisible by a given divisor without remainder.

2. Say quickly, mathematician, what is that multiplier, by which two hundred and twenty-one being multiplied, and sixty-five added to the product, the sum divided by one hundred and ninety-five becomes cleared?† (*Vija-ganita*, II, 65; *Lilavati*, XII, 253).

Putting y for the required multiplier and x for the integral quotient, we get $\frac{221y+65}{195} = x$, or $15x - 17y = 5$. Converting $\frac{1}{195}$ into a continued fraction, we get $\frac{1}{3}$ as the convergent just preceding $\frac{1}{195}$. Hence it is easy to see that the general solution is given by $x = 17t + 40$, $y = 15t + 35$.

Putting $t = -2$, we get the least positive integral values of x and y , namely 6 and 5. The number of solutions is unlimited.

* एकद्विष्ट्यादिमूषावहनामितिमहोब्रूहि मे भूमिभर्तुर्हर्म्ये रम्येऽष्टमूषे
चतुरविरचिते श्लक्ष्णशालाविशाले । एकद्विष्ट्यादियुक्ता मधुरकटुकषायाम्लकट्वा
तिक्तैरेकस्मिन् षडंरसैः स्युर्गणक कति वद व्यञ्जने व्यक्तिभेदाः ॥

† एकविंशतियुतंशतद्वयं यद्गुणं गणकपञ्चषष्टियुक् । पञ्चवर्जितशत
द्वयोद्धतं शुद्धिमेति गुणकं वदाशु तम् ॥

3. Four jewellers, possessing respectively eight rubies, ten sapphires, a hundred pearls, and five diamonds, presented, each from his own stock, one apiece to the rest in token of regard and gratification at meeting; and they thus became owners of stock of precisely equal value. Tell me severally friend, the prices of their gems.* (*Vija-ganita*, IV, 111: *Lilavati*, IV, 100).

Denoting the prices of a ruby, sapphire, pearl and diamond by x, y, z, w respectively, we get the equations, $5x + y + z + w = 7y + x + z + w = 97z + x + y + w = 2w + x + y + z$. From these we have $4x = 6y = 96z = w = k$ suppose; then $x = \frac{k}{4}, y = \frac{k}{6}, z = \frac{k}{96}, w = k$. Putting $k = \text{L.C.M. of } 4, 6, 96 \text{ that is } 96$, we get the least integral values of x, y, z, w , namely, 24, 16, 1, 96. It is clear that any equimultiples of these numbers will also satisfy the conditions of the problem.

X. Indeterminate Equations of the second degree.

1. What number, being doubled and added to six times its square, becomes capable of yielding a square root? tell it quickly, algebraist † (*Vija-ganita*, VII, 177).

Denoting the required number by x , we have $6x^2 + 2x = y^2$, whence $x = \frac{-1 \pm \sqrt{1+6y^2}}{6}$. Thus $6y^2 + 1$ must be a perfect square.

Putting it $= z^2$, we get $z^2 - 6y^2 = 1$. By trial, the least positive integral values are $y = 2, z = 5$, whence $x = \frac{1}{3}$. "Again, $\because z^2 - 6y^2 = (5^2 - 6 \times 2^2)^n$, $\therefore (z + y\sqrt{6})(z - y\sqrt{6}) = (5 + 2\sqrt{6})^n (5 - 2\sqrt{6})^n$. Putting $z + y\sqrt{6} = (5 + 2\sqrt{6})^n$ and $z - y\sqrt{6} = (5 - 2\sqrt{6})^n$, we get $2z = (5 + 2\sqrt{6})^n + (5 - 2\sqrt{6})^n$, and $2y\sqrt{6} = (5 + 2\sqrt{6})^n - (5 - 2\sqrt{6})^n$. Giving to n the values 1, 2, 3... we can get as many solutions as we please. Thus putting $n = 2$, we get $z = 49$ and $x = 8$. Bhaskara does not give the general solution.

* माणिक्याष्टकमिन्द्रनीलदशकं मुक्ताफलानांशतं
सद्वज्राणि च पञ्च रत्नवाणिजां येषां चतुर्णां धनम् ।
सङ्गृह्येहवक्ष्येन ते निजधनादस्त्वैकोपकमिथो
जातास्तुल्यधनाः पृथग्वद सखे तद्रत्नमूल्यानि मे ॥

† को राशिर्द्विगुणो राशिर्वर्गैः षड्भिः समन्वितः ।
मूलदो जायते बीजगणितज्ञ वदाशु तम् ॥

2. The square of the sum of two numbers, added to the cube of their sum, is equal to twice the sum of their cubes. Tell the numbers, mathematician. (*Vija-ganita*, VII, 198).

Denoting the two numbers by x and y , we get $(x+y)^3 + (x+y)^2 - 2(x^3 + y^3)$, whence dividing by $x+y$ and reducing, $x^2 - x(4y+1) + y^2 - y = 0$. Solving this as a quadratic in x , we have $x = \frac{1}{2} [4y + 1 \pm \sqrt{(12y^2 + 12y + 1)}]$.

From inspection we find that $y=1$ and $x=5$ are the smallest solutions. Again, putting $12y^2 + 12y + 1 = z^2$, and solving for y we get $y = \frac{1}{6} (-3 \pm \sqrt{6 + 3z^2})$. Putting $6 + 3z^2 = v^2$, we get $v^2 - 3z^2 = 6$. Since $v=3$, $z=1$ is one solution of $v^2 - 3z^2 = 6$, and $v=2$, $z=1$, is a solution of $v^2 - 3z^2 = 1$, the general value of z is given by $z = \frac{1}{2} \left[\frac{3}{2} \left\{ (2 + \sqrt{3})^n - (2 - \sqrt{3})^n \right\} \pm \frac{1}{2} \right]$.

$\left[(2 + \sqrt{3})^n + (2 - \sqrt{3})^n \right]$, Todhunter's Algebra, Arts. 643 and 645.

Putting $n=2$, we get $z=5$ or 19 , and $\therefore y=1$ or 5 , and $x=5$ or 20 . Putting $n=3$, we get $z=19$ or 71 and $\therefore y=5$ or 20 and $x=20$ or 76 . The number of solutions is unlimited. The general solution is not given by Bhaskara.

XI. To find expressions denoting the sides of a right-angled triangle.

1. Let twice the product of two assumed numbers be the upright; and the difference of their squares, the side; the sum of their squares will be the hypotenuse, and a rational number. (*Lilavati*, V, 145).

Taking a and b as the assumed numbers, we get $2ab$ for the upright and $a^2 - b^2$ for the side. The hypotenuse is $\sqrt{(2ab)^2 + (a^2 - b^2)^2} = a^2 + b^2$.

2. A side is put. From that multiplied by twice some assumed number, and divided by one less than the square of the assumed number, an upright is obtained. This, being set apart, is multiplied by the assumed number, and the side is subtracted; the remainder

* राशि योगकृतिर्मिश्रा राशयोर्योगघनेन चेत् ।

द्विघ्नस्य घनयोगस्य सातुल्या गणकोच्यताम्

† इष्टयोराहतिर्द्विघ्नी काटिर्वर्गान्तरं भुजः ।

कृतियोगस्तयोरेवं कर्णश्चाकरणीगतः ॥

will be the hypotenuse. Such a triangle is called right-angled. * (*Lilavati*, VI, 139).

Denoting the side by a and the assumed number by n , we get $\frac{2an}{n^2-1}$ for the upright and $a \cdot \frac{n^2+1}{n^2-1}$ for hypotenuse. This is easily verified.

XII. Area of a triangle and of a cyclic quadrilateral.

1. Half the sum of all the sides is set down in four places ; and the sides are severally subtracted. The remainders being multiplied together, the square root of the product is the area, inexact in the quadrilateral, but pronounced exact in the triangle.¹ (*Lilavati*, VI, 167 ; Brahmagupta, XII, 21).

This rule gives the well known expressions for the areas of a triangle and of a quadrilateral inscribable in a circle, namely, $\sqrt{\{s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)\}}$ and $\sqrt{\{(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)(s-d)\}}$. Bhaskara does not mention the fact that the latter expression gives the exact area of a cyclic quadrilateral.

2. The sums of the products of the sides about both the diagonals being divided by each other, multiply the quotient by the sum of the products of opposite sides; the square roots of the results are the diagonals in a quadrilateral.² (Brahmagupta, XII, 28 ; *Lilavati*, VI, 190).

This rule is cited by Bhaskara from Brahmagupta. It applies only to a cyclic quadrilateral. If ABCD be such a quadrilateral, and AB = a, BC = b, CD = c, DA = d, then $AC^2 = \frac{(ac+bd)(ad+bc)}{ab+cd}$, and $BD^2 = \frac{(ac+bd)(ab+cd)}{ad+bc}$. See Todhunter's Trigonometry Art. 254.

* इष्टोभुजोऽस्माद् द्विगुणैष्टनिघ्नादिष्टस्य कृत्यैकवियुक्तयाप्तम् ।

कोटिः पृथक् सेष्टगुणा भुजोनाकर्णोभवेत्स्वस्वमिदन्तु ज्ञायम् ॥

† सर्वदोर्युतिदलं चतुःस्थितं बाहुभिर्विरहितं च तद्वधात् ।

मूलमस्फुटफलं चतुर्भुजेऽस्पष्टमेवमुदितं त्रिबाहुके ॥

‡ कर्णाश्रितभुजघतैक्यमुभयथान्यान्यभाजितं गुणयेत् ।

योगेन भुजप्रातभुजहत्योः कर्णौ पदे विषमे ॥

XIII. • Circle and Sphere.

1. When the diameter of a circle is multiplied by three thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, and divided by twelve hundred and fifty, the quotient is the near circumference ; or multiplied by twenty-two and divided by seven, it is the gross circumference adapted to practice.* (*Lilavati* VI, 201).

The commentator Ganesa shows that if the measure of the diameter of a circle be 1250, that of the perimeter of a regular polygon of 384 sides inscribed in the circle will be very nearly 3927. This shews the degree of approximation of the fraction $\frac{22}{7}$ to the value of π . Converting the fraction into a decimal we get 3.1416, the true value of π being 3.14159.....Brahmagupta puts the ratio of the circumference to the diameter as three for the gross value, and as the square root of ten for the neat value. See Brahmagupta, XII, 40. This is more rough even than $\frac{22}{7}$; for $\sqrt{10} = 3.1622...$, and $\frac{22}{7} = 3.142857$.

2. In a circle, a quarter of the diameter multiplied by the circumference is the area. That multiplied by four is the net all round the ball. This content of the surface of the sphere, multiplied by the diameter and divided by six, is the precise solid content of the sphere.† (*Lilavati*, VI, 203).

This rule gives the well known expressions for the area of a circle and the surface and volume of a sphere.

3. By 103923, 84853, 70534, 60000, 52055, 45922 and 41031, multiply the diameter of the circle, and divide the respective products by 120000; the quotients are severally, in their order, the sides of polygons from the triangle to the enneagon, inscribed within the circle.‡ (*Lilavati*, VI, 209, 211).

* व्यासे भनन्दाग्निहतेविभक्ते खबाणसूर्यैः परिधिः स सूक्ष्मः ।

द्वाविंशतिघ्ने विहतेऽथ शैलैः स्थूलोऽयवास्याद्व्यवहारयोग्यः ॥

† वृत्तक्षेत्रे परिधिगुणितव्यासपादः फलं यत्

क्षुण्णं वेदैर्परिपरितः कन्दुकस्यैव जालम् ।

‡ गोलस्यैवं तदपि च फलं पृष्ठजं व्यासानधिं

षड्भिर्भक्तं भवति नियतं गोलगर्भे घनाख्यम् ॥

‡ त्रिद्व्यङ्कानि न भश्चन्द्रौ त्रिवाणाष्टयुगाष्टभिः । वेदाग्निवाणखारैश्च स्वखा—

• भ्राभ्ररसैः क्रमात् ॥ बाणेषु न खबाणैश्च द्विद्विनन्देषु सागरैः । कुरामदशवेदैश्च

If a denotes the side of a regular polygon of n sides inscribed in a circle of radius r , then $a = 2r \sin \frac{\pi}{n}$. By giving to n successive integral values from 3 to 9, and using a table of natural sines, it may be readily shewn that Bhaskara's rule gives closely approximate values of the sides of the inscribed regular figures. In the appendix to the *Goladhyaya*, called '*Jyotipatti*' (construction of sines), Bhaskara has given an elaborate method of constructing the sines of various angles, adopting the old definition of the sine." (See Todhunter's Trigonometry, Art. 71). The values deduced by his method closely approximate the values given in our modern tables, there being slight discrepancies in some cases.

XIV. Pyramid and Cone.

The aggregate of the areas at the top and at the bottom, and of that resulting from the sum of the sides of the summit and base, being divided by six, the quotient is the mean area: that multiplied by the depth is the neat content. A third part of the content of the regular equal solid is the content of the acute one." (*Lilavati*, VII, 221).

This gives the exact volume of an ordinary tank with uniformly slanting sides. As such a tank may be regarded as an inverted frustum of a rectangular pyramid, the rule also gives the volume of such a frustum. If the length and breadth of the mouth of the tank be a and b , and those of the base c and d , and z be the vertical depth of the tank, it is easily seen that the tank may be divided into a rectangular paralleliped of volume cdz ; four triangular prisms whose united volume is $\frac{1}{2} z \{ (a-c)d + (b-d)c \}$; and four equal pyramids on square bases whose united volume is $\frac{1}{3} z (a-c)(b-d)$. Adding these we get for the volume of the tank, the expression $\frac{1}{6} z \{ ab + cd + (a+c)(b+d) \}$. The last part of the rule relating to volumes of pyramids and cones is well known.

वृत्तव्यासे समाहते ॥ खखखाभ्रार्क सम्भक्ते लभ्यन्ते क्रमशोभुजाः । वृत्तान्तस्थस्य
पूर्वाणां नवास्त्रान्तं पृथक् पृथक् ॥

* मुखजतलजतदूयुतिजक्षेत्रफलैश्च हतं षड्भिः । क्षेत्रफलं सममेतद्
वेधगुणघनफलं स्पष्टम् । समखातफलद्वयः सूचीखोतफलं भवति ।

PRESENT-DAY LITERARY TENDENCIES IN BENGAL. *

By **Batuknath Bhattacharyya**, M. A., B. L.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

* M. ARNOLD in one of his essays says: "To ascertain the master-current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents is one of the critic's highest functions: in discharging it he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office—justness of spirit." It is not given to all to acquire this justness of spirit which, according to the dictum quoted above, qualifies a critic for the discharge of the highest function of his calling. To lay claim to it or to pretend to lay claim to it—would be a piece of unpardonable egotism on the part of most like myself. In the first place the subtle "currents of spirit"—these hidden movements of the soul—are with difficulty discovered. They are like the slender rivulets that wriggle in and out of the desert soil, now appearing on the surface, then lost to the gaze—and continue a precarious existence in the face of the inclemencies of a parching climate. In the second place, the process of elimination by which the main current is distinguished from the minor ones requires a breadth of outlook and a fineness of perception that only the gifted few possess. The difficulties only thicken when we attempt any critical operation of this nature in relation to the age in which we live. For, the glamour of the living present robs us of the sense of perspective and proportion. Insignificant events assume an exaggerated importance and mirage-like lure our intellectual selves to confusion. For we who breathe at this moment are the bathers in the stream of life and to keep a sharp look-out at the same time that we dip our heads is a feat accounted physically impossible. The present is like the atmosphere which surrounds us on all sides: to rise above it, to transcend this element is almost unthinkable. Thus it is that people's estimates of their own times are so often wrong. To play the critic in relation to the age as from a pedestal of superiority is not, however, my cue. But though the judicial function is denied, that of the secretary is not forfeited. We may not distinguish or discriminate but to observe and report is certainly competent to us. "I find a provision in the constitution of the world," says Emerson, "for the writer or secretary who is to report the doings of the miraculous spirit of life that every-

* A paper read at the annual meeting of the Young Men's Union under the presidency of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice W. E. Greaves.

where throbs and works." And to give vent to what we see and feel, to describe the things that are taking place around us in the world of Bengali letters—that is the task we propose to ourselves.

The five or six years that lay between the close of the 13th century of the Bengali era and the end of the 19th century mark a turning point in the literary history of Bengal. It is difficult to transport ourselves back to those quiet times—so different from ours. The national life was not leavened with the strong ferment that the Partition of Bengal has instilled into all the activities of the country since then. Bankim Chandra Chatterji—that resplendent luminary of the intellectual sky—still shone above the western horizon—about to set. He might truly be called the Wizard of the East and to the last years of his brilliant career his magic rod conjured up wonders that held his admiring readers under a spell. Romesh Chunder Dutt with his versatile talent worked with vigour though he too was on the downward slope of life. The Bengali stage resounded with plaudits called forth by some of its best actors. While the soul of India thus kept an even tenour like one in deep sleep—there came into existence the Bengal Literary Academy with an unostentatious ceremony inversely proportioned to the career of usefulness that destiny had chalked out for it. The Bengal Literary Conference was as yet unheard-of. The future recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1914, lacking, perhaps, the seer's vision, and therefore unaware of the greatness that awaited him, worked away at the forge of his imagination with sincere and single-hearted devotion and produced works which perhaps more than anything he has written in very recent years have grappled him to the hearts of the great majority of his countrymen. Not even the farthest-sighted prophet or prophetic statesman could have predicted the upheaval which holds the whole world in its throes. The cloud which has burst in such extensive rain-storm was not even of the size of a man's hand. The great Keshub Chandra Sen had finished his eventful career on earth; such was also the case with Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar—the father of Bengali prose—the story of whose life will always be enshrined in the sanctuary of the nation's heart. And Swami Vivekananda after his extraordinary *debut* at the Chicago Conference was winning the hearts of thousands by his singular oratorical gifts and moving them to a forgotten love for the Sannyasins of ancient India.

It is a farcry indeed from those peaceful times to the age in which we live, move and have our being. And the change has been

due to all these men and events that have left their impress on the life and thoughts of the people and swayed the currents of the literary world. They have been landmarks in the nation's history and have been reflected in literature which holds the mirror up to life.

• The Bengal Literary Academy in particular has come to fulfil a great want in the intellectual life of this country. Its functions are numerous, its field of activity wide-spread. But there is one great drawback hampering everybody interested in the literary history of Bengal in the most recent times, which this institution though avowedly pledged to such a work, has not effectively and regularly grappled with, I mean the publication of an annual report on the literary products of the year. This work was originally taken in hand by the late lamented Byomkesh Mustafi and is now in charge of Pundit Amulya Charan Vidyabhusan. This *catalogue raisonné* must be an interesting as well as extremely useful compilation. But its publication has been not a little fitful of late and for the years 1317 to 1321 of the Bengali era one must in vain ransack the volumes of the institution's quarterly magazine to come at these annual reviews. The administration reports of the Provincial Government must needs be meagre and cannot reasonably be expected to take the place of this 'valued file.' Be that as it may, the statistics that can be gathered from the few reports published by the Academy that are within our reach as well as the Government publications are full of lessons and suggestive of the state of things.

• The number of books in the vernacular that the intellect of Bengal ushered into existence in 1901-2 was 559. The total figure for the year 1915-16, *i. e.*, last year, is 873 - an increase of output to the tune of nearly 60 per cent.—not by any means a phenomenal rise—nor in keeping with the enormous spread of literacy among the people in the course of this decade and a half. If we examine the figures with reference to particular departments of literature, very curious facts come to light. In some, it is to be noted, there has been a falling off rather than an increase in production. Miscellaneous literature comprising essays on subjects of general interest reached the high water-mark in the figure 143 in 1906-7—last year it ebbed down to 70. Religious literature, including devotional writings and reasoned discourses, fell off from 192 in 1907-8 to 73 last year. The official surveyors of the literary activities of this province with a complacency shared by the whole country were able in 1913-14 to report great activity in all the departments of

literature. That was a prosperity budget. Then ensued the great war with all the evils that it has spelt.

The comparative set-back in the last two years, let us hope, is an ephemeral phase, an incident of the war—a result of the paper scarcity and increased cost of printing; let us hope it will pass away with the disappearance of the horrible night-mare which is riding the whole of the civilized world and that we shall be left once again in the contemplation and enjoyment of vigorous and prolific literary works every year to come. But there is one species of literature and an important species it is—which has not been affected by these unfavourable conditions—I mean fiction. Fiction might be regarded as the staple of the literary dietary. That is why the demand and the supply of this eminently popular species have stood the strain so well. Fictions of all sorts—romances, novels, short tales—that saw the light by the grace of the vernacular press in 1915-16 numbered 145—a figure which maintains the rate of uniform progress that has marked its output throughout.

In view of the uncertainty and fitfulness of the reviews of the Bengal Literary Academy, the provincial administration reports remain for us the only unfailing though meagre source for the getting up of our survey. Half a dozen paragraphs headed the Bengal Library and the Press occupy with a most unassuming modesty barely a page towards the end of these official volumes and purport to register the readings of the literary barometer of this large country. I seem to espy in my imagination the official responsible, scribbling away at his dusty desk, and with a mind fairly exasperated by the insistent demands of brevity and the exigencies of space, penning a few short and cryptic sentences, and with a conscience ill at ease making short work of the events and tendencies of a world so full of living interest to him. But from time to time he lets fall remarks through which peeps the intense soul of a lover of literature that the red tape of office has not disfigured out of recognition. That is why sometimes oblivious of all utility from the standpoint of official administration he is betrayed into remarks, more befitting a critic of literature than an official statistician, under 1913-14; the official reviewer writes: "Many of the poems published during the year show that English poetry is exerting a great influence over the modern poetry of Bengal." Under 1911-12, the same anonymous registrar says, "Bengali fiction is growing less sentimental. Questions of real life are now being treated by some of the best writers. Their love-stories are often

merely the setting for pictures of social reform or the teaching of liberal views on the subjects of widow-remarriage, female emancipation and the improvement of village life."

All this is by the bye. With the help of statistics, they say, it is possible to prove almost anything. The danger of the statistical argument is specially to be borne in mind in the world of letters, for literature is the expression of the genius and the temperament, the record of the subtle movements of the collective mind of the nation, and the thought of man, as we are led to remark so often at the bar, is not triable. Therefore it is that very little importance attaches to the accidental rise in the output of one species of literature in a certain year or the unusual paucity of another species in the next,—although such facts loom very large in the ken of the official observer who is not to look before and after over long periods of literary activity. And yet it is impossible, on a review of the course of the literary activities of this country during the last fifteen years, not to be struck by certain unmistakable signs of the times, which seem almost to obtrude on our notice. These signs written in broad and bold lines on the brow of the age might be read even by those who run. We shall proceed to note some of these prominent tendencies of the present epoch in the vernacular literature—some of those interesting movements of the national soul—those "courses of spirit" as they have been aptly described by M. Arnold.

To begin with fiction, as the most popular and widely read type of literature, the novels of the present age are in many respects different from their parent and prototype of 15 years back. The fictional literature of 1900 disgusted the official reviewer by its "little conception and development of plot." That for 1902 was unceremoniously dismissed as being of "little merit." Translation and inartistic adaptation are the stilts on which lame talent has always walked. This explains the unblushing simplicity and frequency with which the Bengal romancers in the beginning of this century transmuted English novels of the type of Rider Haggard's "She" and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"—and passed them off as their original ware. The adaptation of English detective stories, again, continued in full swing down to 1910. And even now it would be absurd to pretend that the fashion in favour of these sensational stories has ebbed down to the low-water mark for lack of popular favour. These fashions die hard. To educate the vast majority of the reading-public into a love of higher and more refined types of novels—is a change not to be

effected in half a dozen years. The registers of the circulating libraries bear eloquent testimony to this. The present age however marks the setting-in of a craze of a different sort. The sensational is dis-couraged in favour of psychology and the objective interest of the plot is sought to be made up for by the acuteness displayed in subjective analysis. It is the drama of the inner soul of man which fascinates the story-tellers of the day. The trappings of rank and riches do not make any difference between man and man, but the intensity with which life is lived : this is the inarticulate lesson which the novelist seems to preach. And he has the age on his side : for individualism is the cardinal article of faith in this epoch. The fashion for these stories surcharged with psychology must be traced to Sir Rabindranath Tagore, at least in the present form. His "Eye-sore," "Boat-wreck" and "Gora" were works altogether novel of their kind when they first appeared in Bengal. Many have since followed suit—whose name is a legion. The psychological type of novels has won its way to acknowledgement as a legitimate variety of fiction. And the emphasis laid on the worth of the individual soul apart from the accidents of birth, position and wealth is a creed which in its harmless generality will be admitted by most. Both these phenomena of the literary world owe their introduction in this country to the dissemination of the dogmas and cults of the west. They are exotic growths at best. Their future depends on the degree of thoroughness with which they are assimilated by the genius of this country. Those who set at naught the deep-seated affinities of the nation's soul might deserve credit for their daring, but so far as the permanence of their creations is concerned, they cannot be commended either for sagacity or for powerful imagination. These reflections thrust themselves on our minds when we notice that the gifted novelists of the day are readily disposed to use their powers in advocating through the medium of fiction programmes of social reform dubiously suited to the traditions and convictions of the society upon which they are sought to be engrafted. Sir Rabindranath's "At Home and Outside," a recently published domestic novel, is a case in point. One critic in the height of his indignation characterized certain chapters of that novel as furnishing a "philosophic basis of adultery." The indictment seems to us to be a bit too severe, specially when we consider the *déroulement* of the novel and the delicate handling which marks the work throughout. Of Sir Rabindranath, as of the poet Shelley, it might in general be said that they can touch pitch and yet remain undefiled. But cleverness in resolving the highly

compromising situation in which the heroine is placed does not sufficiently explain or justify the choice of a subject which goes directly against the grain of the national character. 'The limits of the matrimonial obligation' is not a burning social problem of this country, as it is of Europe and America. The tendency of cultured writers to use fiction as a medium for advocating social reform caught the notice of our official reviewers in 1910, and it has since gathered both volume and strength. The novel with a purpose is a familiar experiment of the literary world, but the dangers of such experiment are intimately realized by us when the novelist lights upon a purpose which deliberately or unwittingly wounds the susceptibilities of the majority of readers. Only the other day, I was reading Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." I would not venture to give a tongue to all the sensations caused in me by its perusal. But with due deference to the great names in literature I will make bold to remark that the drama embodies a problem smacking too much of Jesuitical casuistry in a modern form. The academical discussion of the problem broached in the drama would be sufficiently trying; and when, in addition, it is invested with the life-like colours and forms and proportions borrowed from a dramatist's imagination, the whole presentation becomes only too much so for most readers—especially oriental. The ecstasies into which the oriental mind is thrown on reading works of this nature, are oftener painful than otherwise; and it is no wonder that he should cry mercy when they impinge upon him with the pitilessness of a zealous social reformer. But criticism of this particular movement apart, it is undeniable that so far as fiction is concerned, there is no indication either of lack of power or of want of variety in our literature. The gifted author of "Rural Society" wields his pen in furtherance of no didactic purpose and yet achieves very happy results. The short stories of Prabhat Kumar Mukherji pervaded by a breezy humour that is all his own make delightful reading. All these testify to the vigour and soundness of the old stock, upon which new-fangled ideas have not been engrafted. And what is most gratifying to note is that *pardanashin* ladies have commenced to grace the ranks of creative artists in this line. Their products have a peculiar intrinsic worth, due no doubt to a cast of thought different from the masculine, and to that extent fresh and novel. To the importers of the Continental novels, my humble appeal would be that they should give up the attempt at bolstering up problems which are non-existent in the condition of the society in which we live. For, the cry of realism, which they raise in their defence, would be more intelligible when

they become more alive to the reality which hedges them in and deal in problems that lie nearer home.

If there is any department of literature which languishes in the midst of this flourishing and vigorous condition of Bengali letters, it is *Drama*. The deaths of Girish Chandra Ghosh, Dwijendra Lal Roy and Amarendra Nath Dutt coming one after another in close succession have meant a serious loss to the stage. And this loss came when the dramatic art was well-nigh brought to perfection by the labours of these three powerful writers—the first and the third among whom were also skilful adepts in the histrionic art. The century opened with translations of classic dramas and adaptations from European dramatists—works hardly likely to succeed on the boards like original plays. It is interesting to note that Moliere's "Le Mariage," and Shakespeare's "King Lear" "Richard III" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and even Scott's "Lady of the Lake" were laid under contribution. Side by side with these, flourished the social farces, although the unhallowed tone, diction and taste of these sprightly creations were the despair of the rigid moralist. Then came the Partition *furor* and with it the vogue for historical dramas; and subjects were specially sought out that afforded the dramatist opportunities of harping on the chord of Swadeshism—a sentiment that obsessed the Bengali heart almost to the exclusion of every other. Greater moderation of sentimental outburst prevailed in the dramas that were produced in subsequent years, and subjects were chosen remarkable for their variety and novelty. History, both ancient Hindu and Muhammadan, mythology, social topics, as well as delightful phantasmagorias were exhibited with equal success on the stage. The sensational is re-asserting itself. And at the altar of sensation have been sacrificed those qualities which make for the permanence of a dramatic work. Literary excellence counts for nothing with the managers of the stage. Vulgar sensation with a dash of common-place sentiment has become the craze of the theatre-going public—till the theatres have become unworthy of visit. To this end, the popularity of the cinematograph has contributed not a little. The glory of the Bengali stage is eclipsed and its 'May of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf'—a state of affairs for which the taste of the public is no less to be thanked than the inconsiderateness of the managers who act with a sole eye to the possibilities of gain.

Not many weeks ago, *The Statesman* commented, with a touch of gentle irony, on the excessive poetic leanings of the Bengali race.

No social function, it remarked, can take place without the gathering being treated to poetic effusions in very large doses. If it be so, "it is a grievous fault" indeed, but in answering it we shall not lack the company of another nation, the glory of whose literature is in poetry. But even this poetic fecundity of the race has been in a sense on the decline of late. Bengali prose is a very recent growth and a hundred years ago the nation felt and thought and dreamt in poetry. From this proud hold on the nation's heart, it has been greatly displaced by the encroachment of prose. Not that the output of verses, good, bad and indifferent, taken in a lump, has appreciably fallen off; but the poets of the age seem to fight shy of any ambitious work. With the exception of Babu Jogindranath Bose's "Prithwiraj," it would be vain to look out for this species of poetry in recent years. Perhaps the poetic spirit like the *mimosa* plant shrinks from the excessive light of science and there is truth in the common-place of criticism which says that poetry declines as civilization advances. Odes and sonnets, songs and short lyric quartrains cannot wholly buttress up the poetic reputation of a people. At the same time, he it remembered, that the poetic inspiration is like "the wind of heaven which bloweth where it listeth," and will not be coerced. The dramatic lyric or lyrical phantasy—I fear to call it by any other name—that Sir Rabindranath composed a year or so ago—aimed at a bald simplicity of expression from which all poetic rhapsody was scrupulously excluded. His "Falguni" has been a distant echo of the symbolistic movement of which Maeterlinck is the great exemplar in the West. Its poetry is overshadowed by the purpose which it veils under the thin disguise of allegory. We have had another drama in prose of the same type from the pen of a less known writer with the suggestive name of "The Call of the Ocean," but the correspondence between the two works seems to end there. The martial note is so rare in the poetry of Bengal that when the war broke out it was expected that it would result in the accession of poems breathing the spirit of heroism and war-like ardour. That hope has not been fully realized. I remember one poem the refrain of which runs thus :

• "In the face of cannon the black sepoy doth fight."

But that is a stray composition. Perhaps the Bengali Regiment Movement should have been started earlier to keep up at the original pitch the enthusiasm which was evoked at the outset. Perhaps again, it might be said that the nation with bated breath awaits the issue of this Titanic war. For it must be admitted that our interest in this

war is very far from being speculative, as is evidenced by the ample contributions in men and money that the princes and people of India are making for the triumph of the Imperial cause. In the ages gone by Indian poets had warbled and broke forth on the field of battle in songs that the world would not willingly let die. But that was perhaps more under the stress of the religious feeling than any other.

The religious and philosophical literature in the vernacular has been equally touched by the quickening of intellectual life which has benefited the other departments. The religiosity of outlook on life with which the Hindu is proverbially credited is an indisputable fact. And in fact science and the spirit of the modern age have not succeeded in overturning this angle of vision. The Hindu seems to be growing more and more self-engrossed and confirmed in the beliefs of his ancestors. The Hindu Revival Movement, which began 40 years ago, was merely a re-action from the stunning blow that the Shastras received at the first spread of Western learning in this country. Although during these four decades the movement has lost none of its force, it has entered on a new phase of development. During the first two decades of this period of reaction, cultured people racked their brains to find out scientific explanations of the rites, customs, institutions and beliefs advocated by the Shastras. This process of pouring the new wine of the present age into the old bottle of Hindu social and religious organisation stood self-condemned by the pitiable shifts to which those who attempted it were sometimes put. The absurdities were held up to sharp ridicule—some of the keenest shafts having been lodged by Sir Rabindranath and Babus Probhat Kumar Mukherji and Charu Banerjee. The attempted compromise, however, failed, but the zeal of the people found out another means of satisfaction. The Shastras have since come to be more intimately studied for their own sake, and detailed expositions and translations of the ancient texts have taken the field in larger numbers. There is not a sect nor a creed that has not utilized this opportunity of pushing itself to the lime-light. Reports of the Revival of the Tantras, of Vedantism, of Vaishnavism, strike our ears from every quarter; and the spectacle of bigotry existing side by side with a wholly unorthodox style of living is very common. Some say this bodes good for the nation. A friend of mine compared this mushroom growth to the weedy luxuriance of fallow land. It is difficult to see eye to eye with him on this point. For these phenomena have at least one cheering significance. They testify to the fact that the curtained slumber of ages has been disturbed, and the

mammoth is astir again and trying to vindicate itself at the bar of the nations of the world.

Under the year 1910-1911 our official reviewers were led to remark that biographical and historical literature and books on travel seemed to be ousting drama and fiction from popular favour. To say *that* is perhaps to take an extreme position. But though not justifiable *en toto* on reference to statistics, and perhaps requiring revision on a closer reading of the psychical barometer, such a remark certainly indicates which way the wind blows. One standing reproach of this country—*viz.*, the lack of the historical spirit—is fast being falsified. Autobiographies and biographies though not numerous make a goodly collection and have succeeded in creating a worthy tradition in a short time. The establishment of the North Bengal Antiquarian Society, the foundation stone of which was laid by His Excellency the Governor only the other day, is an eloquent sign of the times. Of late there *have* come to light a number of historical works which do not yield to any in other countries in either accuracy or solidity of research. The names of Mm. Haraprosad Shastri, Mm. Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan, Akhaya Kumar Maitreya, Jadunath Sarkar, Jogindranath Samaddar and Rakhal Das Banerjee are names that any country might be proud of.

This review of the literary tendencies of the day in our country, performed by an abler hand than mine, would have both adorned a tale and pointed a valuable moral. To quote once again from the writings of the eminent English critic already referred to: "An epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In the first place all danger of a hostile forcible pressure of foreign ideas upon our practice has long disappeared; like the traveller, in the fable, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely. Then, with a long peace, the ideas of Europe steal gradually and amicably in and mingle, though in infinitesimally small quantities at a time, with our own notions." Amidst this welter of contrary currents, the figure of Sir Rabindranath poses as the "Paladin of the modern spirit,"—the spirit that has acted as a powerful solvent on the usages, institutions and ways of thinking of the East. His versatility and his vigour are the wonder of all. But the genius of Bengal puts on critical spectacles, and looks upon his performances with an admiration not uncrossed by doubts. She feels that the creative artist who would turn the soul inside out, and will hold the mirror up to our inmost life, is not yet born. Till that takes place we have to abide by the dictum of M. Arnold which says, "Criticism first, a time of true creative activity hereafter, when criti-

cism has done its work." For, "criticism," we are further to bear in mind, "is the disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

ENGLISH ELEGIAC SONGS

By **Raj Kumar Bhar**, M. A.,

Ex-Student, Ripon College.

The greatest elegiac poems in English literature are *Lycidas*, *Adonais*, *In Memoriam* and *Thyrsis*. In them the poets mourn for their departed friends, all of hopeful parts, ruthlessly cut short in the very prime of their life. Edward King was a very intimate fellow-collegian of Milton, so was Hallam of Tennyson and Clough* of Matthew Arnold. Of Keats's intimate acquaintance with Shelley we do not know much; but the 'fragment of Hyperion', which Shelley judged to be "second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years" interested him deeply in Keats. The poets have thus each 'a cause to mourn.'

In each case the mourning begins with a sense of loss though the intensity of this consciousness varies. It gradually rises into deeper notes of melancholy and ultimately subsides into a music of peace attended with a living faith in the world to come.

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead :
O weep for Adonais!"

These are the opening lines of *Adonais*; and in the first few lines of *Lycidas* are the kindred words:—

"Lycidas is dead.
Who would not sing for Lycidas?"

And even in Matthew Arnold's mourning which begins with the recollection of past sights and sounds we listen to the deep note of bereavement :—

"Here came I often in old days,
Thyrsis and I, we still had Thyrsis then."
"But Thyrsis of his own will went away."
"He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

Similar is the case with Tennyson :—

“Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thy early years,
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief hath shaken into frost.”

But the melancholy note of the mourner is changed at last. The poets ultimately awaken to the truth that their friends who are mourned as dead are not really so. There has been only a phenomenal change: the departed has undergone a transition from mortal life to a life of eternity. So Shelley is heard to sing :—

“He lives, he wakes—’tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.”

Milton with an equally firm conviction sings :—

“Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead.”

Matthew Arnold in his characteristic spirit of resignation seeks consolation in the faith :—

“Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.”

And not less enthusiastic in this belief is Tennyson, who after shedding many a tear for his departed mate, utters at last :—

“Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.”
“Far off thou art, but ever nigh:
I have thee still and I rejoice;
I prosper circled with thy voice:
I shall not lose thee tho’ I die.”

All the four elegies are thus informed with an intense and lofty spiritual insight—an insight which has a chastening and purifying influence on the bereaved heart. It never rests with philosophising on the transitoriness of human life and the vanity of human pursuits.

The Muse here does not ‘strew holy texts around’ to ‘teach the rustic moralist to die.’ She has a far higher illuminating power—she ennobles our soul by opening before it a clear view of the shining abode of eternal peace and happiness. She lifts

"from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears."

Tennyson's *In Memoriam* deserves a special treatment in this connection: for, apart from these general points of similarity, the poem has certain broad features of its own which mark it off from the rest.

The poem is quite free from the affectation of 'classical' tone and air. Here there is no mourning for an Adonais, nor a Lycidas, nor a Thyrsis; no inspiration from Moschus is perceptible; nor is there any shepherd heard to bewail the lot of a fellow-shepherd. The poet laments the death of Hallam without the convention of any classical pastoral setting. The atmosphere of the poem is purely indigenous.

Again, it is the lengthiest of all English elegies consisting, as it does, of 131 separate poems each varying in length from a dozen to several dozens of lines. Yet the whole is never encumbered by its parts. In each poem we have some gem of thought set in a framework of beautiful verses. But under the apparent diversity of thoughts embodied in the separate poems there is a unity—one continued and uninterrupted link of thought running throughout the elegy. The music is never monotonous. It swells into various notes, sometimes deep and melancholy and sometimes rapturous and passionate. It will be best to describe the poem in the poet's own words:—

"Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

Then again the elegy is imbued with passionate lyric sentiments. The consciousness of bereavement is keener in it than perhaps in any other poem of the same class. Shelley undoubtedly has adequate passion, but while singing he often soars too high—to 'that bright station' which is peculiarly his own and to which few dare climb;—not that he lacks the warmth of personal concern, but he often transcends its sphere. The same statement partly holds good in the case of *Lycidas*. But *Thyrsis* is apparently wanting in the intense consciousness of a personal loss—a feature which is quite consistent with the poet's mood of resignation. In fact Arnold was never a poet of passion. Wedded to solitude, he scarcely 'haunts the place where passion reigns', and while mourning for Thyrsis he digresses to the Scholar Gipsy whose isolation fits in well with the poet's own retiring disposition.

Lastly, the lesson of *In Memoriam* is dialectical, synthetic and perhaps more acceptable to the head than to the heart. Though the extending and various spiritual needs of the nineteenth century have

found the fullest expression in the poem and the material changes science has brought about in modern life have been recognised, yet the poet never loses sight of the truth

"That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

As a matter of fact, Tennyson is not altogether free from the touch of modern scepticism ; but he rises superior to it by virtue of his strong faith which rescues him from being carried away.

Sorrow made Tennyson a genuine teacher. He has learnt in suffering what he teaches in song. We learn how the poet gradually turned the discipline of sorrow to the best and fullest account :

" 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise." •

From the narrow sphere of personal grief he passes on to sing 'redress to all mankind'. The poet has pointed out to us how sorrow widens our sympathy and enlarges our range of vision. Surely it is not a little gain that we, all would-be mourners, should be taught how to grieve and that a great man should have laid bare to us his spiritual struggles through the course of about seventeen years, and that he should have allowed us to watch the conflict waged within his soul between the powers of doubt, darkness and weakness on one hand and faith, light and strength on the other. He has at last gained the victory and "our victory is no less than his : for who can read *In Memoriam* without being wiser, and happier and better ?"

THE SPACE OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE—A REVIEW (VII)

By Pramathanath Mukherjee, M.A.,

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

In the last instalment of our review of Principal Trivedi's essays we ventured to introduce our own philosophical standpoint into the discussion, and also to remark incidentally that our essayist's own standpoint, as lucidly and courageously set forth in his articles on *Mukti* and *Yajñ* especially, does not lie much wide of our own standpoint, though this fact is likely to be overlooked in his preliminary constructions with regard to Matter, Space and Life where he allows himself, perhaps for one moment and certainly to gather momentum for a

holder ascent, to descend into what I may call the metaphysical atomism of his fellow-phycisists such as Mach, Poincare and others, where all real continuity, infinity, unity and certainty must be viewed with suspicion as being only secondary and "conceptual," and in fact the only solid and indisputable basis for his *Āmi* or Vedic *Brahman* must be discredited. Yet it must be plainly observed that such scientific nominalism can hardly be consistent with, and logically lead to, a philosophical standpoint—by which I mean an outlook on the world as a *whole* and not simply a treatment of the *Given* piecemeal—other than Humian empiricism or Buddhistic nihilism: *that* is the only logical conclusion to be drawn from the premises of Mach, Poincare and Karl Pearson. If you give up unity, continuity and infinity—or in one word, immensity—as the primary and inalienable birth-right of your sentient existence; if you hold that in *actual* experience, in the *prātibhāsika* state, you simply know yourself as discrete, bound, opposed and challenged, so that unity, infinity and all the rest of it constitute only your *secondary* possessions representable by airy conceptions and unsubstantial names; then you reduce your *Ātman* or *Brahman* to be a "conceptual model" also, an *ideal* framework only, an *idea* of Pure Reason if we look up for one moment to the high authority of Kant, for *subsuming* all the varied phenomena of your world of experience, but not answering to any real experience itself: thus reduced it becomes not the *Bhāva* or *prātibhāsika* world itself—the absolutely self-evident and self-sufficient fact of existence—but simply the loftiest "symbol" for "the shorthand rendering" of experience. The position of *Ātman* becomes perilously insecure: it becomes the crown of a dream-edifice built with conceptual and nominal bricks and mortar by a scientific Demon who revels in the play of infinitesimal billiard-balls and whose uncanny fingers may be busy already to avert the catastrophic end of "the mobile equilibrium of temperature." Reading his essays alluded to above, and even reading between the lines of his present instalments, one can hardly have any misgivings left in one's mind about the wholesale creed of Principal Trivedi as regards the nature and dimensions of conscious existence, or as he prefers to call it, *Āmi*, though as we have remarked in these preliminary constructions, the fact is likely to remain obscure.

It was in the apprehension of this likelihood and out of repugnance to the sort of empiricism or nihilism to which an unwary "scientific" interpretation of Matter, Space and Life might lead that, I thought it best to intrude at once my own philosophical standpoint, possibly somewhat to the mystifying of the issues, and to warn the

Reader, by referring to *Mukti* and *Jajna* and to the subtle undercurrent of deeper philosophy in the present essays also, against accepting our essayist's "science" as his ultimatum in life and thought. The scientific account of Space, for instance, is good and even indispensably good so far as it goes ; the 'parrying of the blows' and the 'kinæsthetic sensations' *must* be an integral part of the explanation of Space in any case, no matter whether one believes in idealism or realism, in *a priori*ism or empiricism. Nevertheless there is just the possibility of beginning at the wrong end, and thus confounding the *history* of Space with the *fact* of Space, the thing with the *modus operandi*, though of course there is also the converse possibility of cutting into halves an organic whole and packing them wide apart—of isolating the history from the fact, the thing from the *modus operandi*. The two possibilities are the two dismal extremes of which not only our philosophy but our science should steer clear. Science and philosophy cannot be run independently of each other : the narrower outlook cannot afford to be diametrically opposed to the wider. If you close your front doors upon unity, infinity and continuity in your physics, you can hardly admit them again by the back-door of metaphysics "Our perceptual space is never one, never continuous and never infinite ; such a space is a conceptual and nominal framework only :"—if you begin to talk like this in your physics, you place an absolute bar to having any *real* unity and continuity in your metaphysics. You cannot seriously stick to empiricism and pluralism in your account of Space and Time and Life and at the same time throw them up in your account of experience in all its concrete wholeness—of *Ātman* or *Brahman*. One account has to be brought into line with the other ; you should be able to find a space for the smaller account—that of the 'fact-section'—in the body of the wider account—that of the fact itself. If in the wider account you feel that you cannot do without *real* immensity, you can hardly treat this immensity as unreal—that is to say, conceptual and nominal—in the smaller account : the fact-section must at any rate be made in the image and likeness of the fact. Do you feel yourself discrete, bound and assailed in your living experience? Perhaps you do. Do you feel yourself—the whole *Āmi* or conscious existence—as one, unbounded and all-absorbing, such as the *Up-nisads* tell of the *Ātman* or *Brahman*? Undoubtedly you do. Now, both these are actual feelings or experiences, and the latter is more indubitably real than the former. Can you be justified in stifling or throwing up this latter experience in giving an account of any portion of the aspect of the your experience, say Space or Time? Of course we are

not going to stifle the former feeling either: we do feel ourselves as bound and discrete and so forth. But the point is that the two feelings—that of the Fact and that of the Fact-section, that of the *Ātman* and that of Space or Time—must be accommodated with each other without the least prejudice to either: and such accommodation is possible not by *arbitrary* ignorance of the one in the account of the other, but by a frank admission of the *law* of ignorance or veiling which renders us, without our ordinarily knowing it, prone to take our life (and space, for the matter of that) *as though it were discrete and bound and so forth in spite of the unflinching intuition of unity and immensity of self-existence*. The finiteness and discontinuity of perceptual space are thus not due to the absence or defect of infinitude and continuity to be supplied later on in *conception* as suggested by the physical thinkers, but is due to the ignorance or veiling of an infinitude and continuity *already given and inalienably given* in experience and the process of conception is therefore the gradual uplifting of the veil, making for greater and fuller recognition of those features which have been given and ignored. This is the proper end for both physics and metaphysics to begin at: for it is only thus that both can be redeemed and saved. Science sets up conceptual models, but in so doing she may be moving to and not away from the Fact: Metaphysics is loth to give up immensity, and in sticking to it she has not cut away from the *Given* or *Prātibhāsika* and is also setting up the goal to which science is veering round through her multitudes of symbols, formulæ and equations. Thus the move of Physics is essentially a move in the right direction: this surely is reasonable and reassuring optimism. Principal Trivedi is also perhaps driving at such 'consummation devoutly to be wished for.' At any rate we regard his preliminary sketches in that light. But we propose to study this aspect of the question more closely in our next issue, and then we shall pass on to his treatment of Life.

LEAVES FROM A TEACHER'S NOTE-BOOK

By **Sukumar Dutt**, M. A., B. L.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

Last year I made some very interesting cuttings from the answer-books of our Fourth Year students at the annual examination. One of the subjects for essay-writing was: 'The Relation

between the Teacher and the Student—what it was and what it should be.' Apart from its general interest, the subject had then a good deal of topical interest too. Some time ago there had been an almost epidemic outbreak of indiscipline among Calcutta students coming to a climax in the now famous assault on Prof. Oaten of Presidency College. From Sir Rabindranath Tagore to the 'humblest scribbler in the dailies, every one seemed to evince a mushroom growth of interest in students' affairs and educational problems generally. As might be naturally expected, the subject was taken up by many of our students, and their essays, good, bad and indifferent, gave me a good glimpse into the workings of their mind. I made an abstract of their views which I wish to present to my readers.

Most students grew rapturous over the ancient system of education in our country and gave fancy pictures with glowing and suggestive details of the life of students in ancient times. Their daily routine from 'getting up at five o'clock' to going to bed at what o'clock I just forget was sketched by many students with true constructive imagination which would have made old Manu stare and gasp. Obedience to the teacher was the virtue specially dilated on and in this connection the legends of Ekalabya and Aruni came very handy to point a moral to the irreverent student of our day. The teacher should be respected, our essayists unanimously held, like the father or the 'elder brother'—the last probably had reference to 'the very young professors' on our staff as Dr. P. K. Roy in his capacity as Inspector of Colleges was once pleased to call the present writer and his like. One student in his seething zeal to emphasise the point unfortunately grew ungrammatical and lost marks. "As the teachers do us good in every respect," said he, "they should be looked by us as if *father personified*." Evidently the spirit was willing, though the English was weak!

The present system of Collegiate education came in almost universally for whole hearted condemnation and specially on the following four grounds—(i) lack of association between the teacher and the taught, (ii) the mere literary and non-moral character of the education, (iii) lack of earnestness on the part of both the teachers and the students, and lastly (iv) pecuniary consideration in education. This last gave rise to an extremely entertaining variety of views and opinions.

As regards the first ground. One essayist, after sketching admirably the history of education in India, went on to say, alluding to the missionary educationists of old days: "The missionaries loved the students heartily and always looked to their good and prosperity. In

this connection the names of David Hare, Richardson, Sutcliffe and others may be mentioned. They spared no pains to seek the welfare of the students. Their revered memory will ever be cherished in our mind. . . . (Here followed a short outburst of eloquence.) This age gave place to the age of schools and colleges of modern times. Now the lovely affectionate relation between the pupils and their preceptors which existed before is not to be found. Now the professors and teachers are hardly to be approached. They keep themselves aloof from the pupils. Besides these difficulties, the European Professors look upon their Indian pupils as 'barbarians.' " For the allusion in the last sentence the interested reader is referred to the Report of the Presidency College Enquiry Committee. We disagree with the student however and hold fast to the 'Greek sense.' Another essayist after putting in a strong plea for greater association between the teachers and the students, says: "Otherwise the disdainful collisions that now frequently occur between students and teachers as a result of the corrupted relation between them can never be checked." Unluckily the emphasis somewhat ruined orthography and 'checked' was spelt as 'chequed.' I made allowance however for this wholly venial slip of the pen. Another essayist summed up the whole situation in telling words: "The result is awfully bad. The student does all he can to fly in the face of the teacher and the teacher also does not shrink from taking unjust steps in punishing the student. If such a relation continue any longer, our condition will certainly very pitiable." The root-cause of the evil is suggested by many students to be the non-moral character of the education imparted at our college and schools.

Lack of earnestness is another point dwelt on with reiterated emphasis. "In colleges," said one student, "the teachers simply deliver lectures and the students hear them and that is all. In some colleges the teachers do not care even whether the students hear them or not." He concluded by saying emphatically that such things should not happen. Might I suggest to him that the blame is not so much on the teachers' side and that his essay would have been embellished with a quotation from Tennyson which might be adapted to describe the student's attitude—"hears and not hears and lets it overflow" ?

It is the last point however, *viz*, money consideration in education, that gave rise to the liveliest discussion. Well, the subject has been discussed from the good old days of Socrates (who called a paid teacher *demi mondi*) down to date, and we are as far off from any conclusion as ever. But conclusion or no conclusion, there is virtue in discussion—and 'marks' too! One set of students waxed eloquent over

the iniquity of teachers' taking fees. After sketching in bright colours the days of unpaid and paying *gurus* in our country, one essayist went on to say : "The relation degenerated further and further. The question of duty began to diminish and the question of money and the interest of each came into prominence. Now a teacher presides over a wide circle of students because he gets a lump sum and the students come to be coached by him because he has further function at home." Though the meaning of the last sentence here is far from clear, the general sense is no doubt all right. Again, "Now-a-days the relation between a teacher and his pupils has been the very same as that between a customer and purchaser." *Customer* was evidently a slip of the pen for *seller*. Another essayist, who seemed to take a treasonable delight in murdering King's English, said, "But now with time the system has changed, the teachers think that they get money and for it they are to lecture, while the students think that they pay a sum, therefore the teachers are bound to teach them. Students look on their teachers as servants (!!!—should we not resign after this? Eds.), but honoured servants, while the teachers think them like cattle." But our essayist was perfectly right-minded and acted benignly, "The student should not think that the teacher gets from him money; therefore he is to teach him; he should remember that the teacher is the helper well-wisher, and friend to improve himself." An extremist of this view, speaking of the instruction imparted by our old *gurus*, exclaimed in righteous indignation : "They did not do that for pice !" And went on, "They taught them *gratis* and over and above that entertained them, supported their livelihood." Some village school-masters he added, "take little care about the students, but only cane and whip them, if they can not quote a long passage, if they can not recite their lessons. But what more do they do?" Speaking of professors he said, "Many students may cheat them by sending proxies, many may play truant. But teachers do not or rather can not look to all these." He wound up by throwing out a warning to Professors—'As we sow, so we reap.' After reading this, I sadly bethought myself of Peisthetairus's projected Cloud-Cuckoo Land where no money was to exist, as Aristophanes tells us, and longed whole-heartedly to be there ! But one student consoled me by taking a perfectly right-minded view of the matter and saying : "We give very little in comparison with what we get."

Modern students as a class were represented by the essayists as disrespectful, flippant, perverse, antagonistic to their teachers and generally good-for-nothing. In this connection the Presidency College incident was frequently alluded to and denounced. "In

modern times," said one, "we find numbers of shocking assaults and outrages upon teachers, perpetrated by students." He went on to say, "If the teacher always finds fault with the student and chastises him for the most 'venial of peccadilloes,' the latter will naturally have a Satan-like revolting spirit. If he 'can once catch him upon the hip,' he will 'feed fat his ancient grudge.'" "Pupils are haughty," said another, "and always have recourse to strikes, assaults on Professors, etc. The regrettable incident that occurred at the Presidency College is quite unfit for any civilized society. Prof. Oaten ill-treated his pupils in some respect, but the students retaliated in the same way as Shylock wanted to be avenged on Antonio." The following is an eloquent (though somewhat ungrammatical) diatribe against modern students as compared with the ancient: "Formerly teachers did not even imagine that a student's blows would cause confinement to the bed of a hospital. The teachers are held in slight esteem now. O for the golden days! Will not that age again come with the golden connecting link which will fast them for ever? Will not the advice of a teacher be regarded as a favour any more? The relation is going more and more. It will go hopelessly away if the golden age does not come with its full charm making students obedient and dutiful and thus deserving the favour of the Supreme Being."

For the defects of the present system, blame was apportioned between the teachers and the students. But there was a great difference of opinion as to the share of blame falling on each side. One student however exonerated the teachers, saying, "The students often become turbulent and act foolishly. The teachers are not to blame much in this respect." But opinion was divided on this point. Remedies were suggested for the existing state of things. Some advocated a return to the old system of education or at any rate a residential system. But others considered this to be an impossibility. "It is not possible that same things should happen, circumstances having changed." One student took a wholly sensible view of the situation: "But the golden age is for ever past; times and manners are changed and the ideals that our fathers cherished cannot be the same in the present age. But there can be no question as to the fact that the the same old submissiveness and grateful spirit should be retained in our age. Absolute submission may be a dream in the present age, but absolute freedom should not be the motto of the day. We should lay ourselves open to receive from the teacher what is holy and must reject what is trash."

Lastly, the teacher's duties were sometimes pointedly stated.

"The teacher," said one, "in his dealings with the students must look upon them as his own children and should not try to subdue them by means of power." Then the student misquoted Milton to warn the teacher : "who conquers by power, conquers but half his foe." The following suggestions were thrown out by another for the edification of teachers : "But Professors and teachers should be ideal in character, in moral and intellectual equipments. Ideal—in order that students may follow and imitate them without being in danger of degenerating and debasing themselves. Such is naturally the case with the students of an immoral teacher. Teachers should not only be teachers, they should act according to their teaching. Over and above this, a high sense of duty should exist in the teachers as well as in the students." I shall conclude with quoting this counsel of perfection, hoping that the last impression might be the strongest. •

বাস্তব-রচনা

গণিতের ভিত্তি

অধ্যাপক দেবপ্রসাদ গোস্বামী, এম. এ।

মনে পড়ে স্বর্গীয় অক্ষয় কুমার দত্ত মহাশয়ের চারুপাঠ তৃতীয়ভাগে বিদ্যাবিসময়ক স্বপ্নদর্শনে পড়িয়াছিলাম যে স্বপ্নদৃষ্টে বিদ্যারূপে ভ্রমণ করিতে করিতে যে রক্ষটি দেখিয়া নিরতিশয় বিস্মিত ও চমৎকৃত হইয়াছিলেন সে রক্ষটি অক্ষয় গণিত-রক্ষ। তাহার মূল মাটি ভেদ করিয়া বহুদূর পর্য্যন্ত চলিয়া গিয়াছে ; আবার তাহার শাখা প্রশাখা চতুর্দিকে বিস্তৃত হইয়া প্রায় সমুদায় আকাশ আচ্ছন্ন করিয়া ফেলিয়াছে ; আর সেই রক্ষের সুদূর কাণ্ডের আশ্রয়ে নানাবিধ লতাগুল্মবল্লরী বর্দ্ধিত হইতেছে। আমরা যখন উহা পড়িয়াছিলাম তখন গণিতের এই বিবরণ খুব সুন্দর ও যথার্থ বলিয়াই মনে হইয়াছিল। আমরা সাধারণতঃ সকলেই বিশ্বাস করি যে গণিত যে সমস্ত সত্যের উপর প্রতিষ্ঠিত সে সত্য অবিসংবাদিত সত্য, চিরন্তন সত্য, যে সত্যের অপলাপ করা অসম্ভব, কারণ মানব মনই এইরূপে গঠিত যে সে সত্য গুলিকে বিশ্বাস না করিয়া থাকিতে পারে না। এই সত্য গুলিকে আমরা বলিয়া থাকি স্বতঃসিদ্ধ কারণ উহা হৃদয়ঙ্গম করিতে কোনও প্রমাণ প্রয়োগের প্রয়োজন হয় না। গণিতের কাজ এই সমস্ত স্বতঃসিদ্ধ হইতে যুক্তিযুক্ত অজ্ঞাত সিদ্ধান্ত সমূহে উপনীত হওয়া ; এই যুক্তির কোথাও ফাঁক থাকিলে না ; ইহার কোনও একটা অংশ করেকটা সিদ্ধান্ত মানিয়া লইলে পরবর্তী সমস্ত সিদ্ধান্ত তাহা হইতে অনুমান করা যাইবে। এই যুক্তিবদ্ধ প্রণালী অবলম্বন করিয়া গণিত প্রকৃতির নানারূপ উদ্ঘাটন করিতে প্রয়াসী। এই গণিতের সাহায্যে বৈজ্ঞানিক জগতের সূক্ষ্মতম কার্যকলাপ ও গতিবিধি নিরূপণ করিয়া থাকেন, আবার অপরদিকে বিশাল সৌর ও নক্ষত্র জগতের বিপুল ব্যাপার সমূহেরও সমাধান করিয়া থাকেন। গণিতই বৈজ্ঞানিকদিগের মহাস্তম ; যে কোন বিজ্ঞান প্রকৃতির ঘটনাপুঞ্জের কোনরূপ ব্যাখ্যা দিতে চায় গণিত ছাড়া তাহার চলেই না।

গণিতের যে এই সমস্ত উপকারিতা আছে তাহা সকলেই স্বীকার করেন, সে স্বপক্ষে আজকালও কাহারও মতভেদ দৃষ্ট হয় না ; কিন্তু আজকাল এই অক্ষয় গণিত রক্ষের মূলটা নিয়া একটু বেশ বিধিষত নাড়াচাড়া চলিতেছে ; অনেকে আজকাল যেক্রম মত পোষণ করিতেছেন তাহাতে মনে পড়ে যে রক্ষটির আদৌ মূল কিছুই নাই,

অন্ততঃ সে মূলের সঙ্গে আমাদের এই বাস্তব মাটির কোন সম্পর্কই নাই। গণিত ইহা একটি বাস্তব নিরাশ্রয় ভাবেই কুলিতেছে, পৃথিবীর সপ্ত আশ্চর্যের অজ্ঞতম আশ্চর্য্য ব্যাবিলনের শূন্যগানের ন্যায় শূন্যেই দোহলামান। হেঁয়ালীর বা রূপকের ভাষা ছাড়িয়া বলিতে গেলে বলিতে হয়, যে যে তথ্যগুলির উপরে সমস্ত গণিতশাস্ত্র প্রতিষ্ঠিত সে তথ্যগুলির কোনরূপ বাস্তবতা নাই, বাস্তব জগৎ যে এই তথ্যগুলির সাহায্যেই ব্যাখ্যাত হইতে পারে, অন্য কোন তথ্য অবলম্বনে পারি না তাহা নয়; বস্তুতঃ কোন তথ্যগুলিকে আমরা মূল তথ্য বলিয়া ধরিব সেটা সম্পূর্ণ আমাদের ইচ্ছার উপরই নির্ভর করে। একবার কতগুলি তথ্যকে মূল বলিয়া ধরিয়া লইলে অবশ্য গণিতের সমস্ত সিদ্ধান্ত তাহারই উপর দাঁড় করাইতে হইবে; কিন্তু ভিত্তিটি সম্পূর্ণরূপে স্বৈচ্ছাশীল বা arbitrary.

এই মতটী গণিত রস্কের গোড়া ধরিয়া এমন একটা কাঁকানি দিয়াছে যে গণিতের ভিত্তি সম্বন্ধে কোনও পাকাপাকি রকম বন্দোবস্ত করিবর পূর্বে এই কাঁকানিকে কতকটা পরিমাণে শাস্ত করা আবশ্যিক। এই নূতন Nominalist দিগের মতবাদ যে বহুল পরিমাণে সত্য তাহা আমাদের স্বীকার করিতেই হইবে; এবং অন্ততঃ সেই পরিমাণে এই কাঁকানিতে যে গোড়ার গলদ কতকটা কাটিয়া যাইবে তাহাও স্থিরনিশ্চিত। আমরা সকলকেই সহজেই বুঝিতে পারি যে যদি কতিপয় তথ্য হইতে অন্যান্য তথ্যপরিম্পরা বেশ যুক্তিবদ্ধ ভাবে অনুমিত হয় তবে সেই কতিপয় তথ্যের সত্যতাকে হ' আমাদের ধরিয়া লইতেই হইবে। যদি আমরা সেই তথ্যগুলিকে প্রমাণ কারিতে যাই তবে আমাদেরকে তদপেক্ষা গভীরতর ও সরলতর তথ্যের আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করিতে হইবে; এক্ষেপে আমরা বুদ্ধির অগ্রসর হইতে পারি, কিন্তু যতদূরই আমরা যাই না কেন কতগুলি তথ্য এমত থাকিবেই যাহা আমাদের মানিয়া লইতে হইবে। সেগুলির সত্যতা প্রমাণ করিবার কোনও উপায় নাই। সুতরাং আমাদের সকল প্রমাণপ্রয়োগের গোড়ায় আমাদের সকল যুক্তিপরিম্পরার তলদেশে কতগুলি অপ্রমাণিত তথ্য থাকিয়া যাইবে। আর একদিক হইতে ব্যাপারটিকে দেখা যাক।* আমরা যে সকল বাক্য ব্যবহার করি, যে সকল ধারণা মনে পোষণ করি সবই কতগুলি শব্দের সমষ্টি। এই সমস্ত শব্দের মোটামুটি একটা অর্থ আমাদের মনে সদাসর্বদাই থাকে। কিন্তু এই ব্যাপারটা আমরা যদি একটু তলাইয়া দেখি তাহা হইলেই আমরা বুঝিতে পারি যে যখনই কোন শব্দের অর্থ বিশ্লেষণ করিতে চেষ্টা করি তখনই আমরা ইহা অপেক্ষা সহজ আর কতগুলি শব্দ বা ভাবের সাহায্য গ্রহণ করি। বস্তুতঃ সংজ্ঞার অর্থই এই, কোন অপেক্ষাকৃত জটিল ভাবকে অপেক্ষাকৃত সরল ভাবের সমবায়ে পরিণত করা; এইরূপে যদি আমরা করিতেই থাকি তাহা হইলে আমরা অবশেষে এমন অবস্থায় উপনীত হইব যেখানে আর সরলতর ভাব

পাওয়া অসম্ভব ; সুতরাং সেখানে আমাদের খামিতে হইবে। তাহা হইলে সেই যে শেষ শব্দ বা ভদন্তর্নিহিত ভাবগুলি আমরা বুঝিতে কি করিয়া ? বুঝাইতে হইলেই ত সরলতর ভাবের আশ্রয় নিতে হইবে কিন্তু সরলতর তাহা পাওয়া যায় না ; সুতরাং এই আদিম বা অন্তিম ভাবগুলির বা শব্দগুলির সংজ্ঞা দেওয়া অসম্ভব ; এগুলিকে অসংজ্ঞিত রাখিতেই হইবে। অন্যায় যে সমস্ত ভাব বা concept এর ব্যবহার করিব সেগুলি এই আদিম ভাবগুলির সাহায্যে সংজ্ঞিত করিব। তাহা হইলেই মোটের উপরে দাঁড়াইল এই যে সমস্ত গণিতশাস্ত্র (তথা সমস্ত বুদ্ধিশাস্ত্র) কতগুলি অপ্রমাণিত তত্ত্বের উপরে ও কতগুলি অসংজ্ঞিত ভাবের উপরে প্রতিষ্ঠিত।

এপর্যন্ত কাহারও মতভেদ হওয়ার সম্ভাবনা দেখা যায় না। আসল মতভেদ ও মারামারি হইল এই আদিম তত্ত্ব ও ভাবগুলি গইয়া। কোন্ তত্ত্বগুলিকে আমরা আদিম ও অপ্রমাণীয় বলিয়া ধরিব ? প্রশ্নটি অবশ্য আধুনিক যুগেই ঘটিয়াছে কিন্তু এ প্রশ্নের মোটামুটি রকম সমাধান না করিলেও কোন বুদ্ধি অগ্রসরই হইতে পারে না, সুতরাং প্রশ্নটির এক প্রকার উত্তর বহুকাল হইতেই চলিয়া আসিতেছে এবং সেই অনুসারে তাহার উপরে গণিতশাস্ত্রও দাঁড় করান হইয়াছে। স্বতঃই আমাদের মনে হয় যে সেই তথ্যগুলিকেই আদিম বলিয়া দাঁড় করান উচিত যাহার সত্যতা সম্বন্ধে আমরা কখনও সন্দেহ করি না এবং যাহা প্রমাণ করা আমরা কখনও আবশ্যক বলিয়া মনে করি না। দৃষ্টান্ত স্বরূপ ধরা যাক্ ইউক্লিডের জ্যামিতির স্বতঃসিদ্ধ ও স্বীকার্য-গুলি। সেই তথ্যগুলি এই রকম যে দেখিয়াই মনে হয় যে ইহারা ত সত্য হইবেই। এমন কি এই স্বতঃপ্রতীতির ভাবটী এমনই প্রবল যে আমরা ভাবিতেই পারি না যে ইহার অন্যথা কিরূপে সম্ভব। আমাদের মনে হয় যে মানব মনই এমনভাবে গঠিত যে তাহা ইহার ব্যত্যয় কল্পনা করিতে পারে না। এই জন্য দার্শনিক কান্ট ইহাদের নাম দিয়াছেন *a priori categories of the human mind*। এইগুলি যে দেশ কাল নিরপেক্ষ, সর্বদেশে সর্বকালে যে এইরূপই হইতে বাধ্য ইহা আমাদের মনে খুব দৃঢ়রূপেই নিবদ্ধ আছে ; ইহার দৃঢ়তা কিরূপ তাহা এই দৃষ্টেই বুঝা যাইবে যে ইউক্লিডের জন্মের পর দুই সহস্র বৎসরের মধ্যে ইহার সম্বন্ধে কোনও প্রশ্নই উঠে নাই। স্বতঃসিদ্ধগুলির এই যে *a priori* বা নিরপেক্ষ স্বৰ্ণ, এই যে *inconceivability of the opposite*—ইহা লইয়া আজকাল তুমুল আন্দোলন উঠিয়াছে। এই আন্দোলনটির সূত্রপাত অতি নিরীহ ভাবেই হইয়াছিল। ইউক্লিডের বিখ্যাত 'পঞ্চম স্বীকার্য' লইয়া কথাটা উঠে। ইহা আমাদের সকলেরই মানিতে হইবে যে ইউক্লিডের অন্যান্য স্বীকার্য বা স্বতঃসিদ্ধের স্তায় এটি তত স্বতঃ প্রতীত বলিয়া মনে হয় না। সুতরাং অনেকেই মনে এই স্বতঃসিদ্ধটিকে প্রমাণ করিবার ইচ্ছা জাগিয়া উঠিল। অনেকেই এই চেষ্টায় লাগিলেন, কেহ কেহ মনেও করিলেন যে তিনি ইহা প্রমাণে কৃতকার্য হই-

হাচ্ছেন ; কিন্তু বস্তুতঃ ইহা কোন প্রকৃষ্ট প্রমাণ হয় নাই ; পরন্তু ভ্রমপেক্ষাও স্বীকৃতির বিশেষ এই যে ইহা যে প্রমাণ হইতে পারে না তাহাও প্রমাণ হইয়া গিয়াছে । এখন পঞ্চম স্বীকার্য সন্ধানে এই দাঁড়াইতেছে যে উহা অস্বাভাবিক স্বতঃ-সিদ্ধ বা স্বীকার্য হইতে স্বতন্ত্র বা independent ; সুতরাং তাহাদিগের সাহায্যে উহার প্রমাণ হইতেই পারে না । ইহা হইতে আরও একটা সিদ্ধান্ত এই হইতে পারে যে আমরা যদি পঞ্চম স্বীকার্য ছাড়িয়াও দিই অথবা না মানি, তাহা হইলে অস্বাভাবিক স্বতঃসিদ্ধগুলির সঙ্গে কোনও বিরোধ বা contradiction হইতে পারে না । ওটা না হয় তাহা হইলে ছাড়িয়াই দিলাম, দেখা যাক তাহাতে কতদূর দাঁড়ায় । এই ভাবে লোবাচেভস্কি (Lohaczewsky), বলিয়াই (Bolyai), রীমান (Riemann), গাউস (Gauss) প্রভৃতি গণনাবিগণ Non-Euclidean জ্যামিতি খাড়া করিলেন । সে জ্যামিতির যে দেশ শ Space তাহা ইউক্লিডের আর সব নিয়মই মানে খালি তাহার ঐ সমান্তরাল রেখার স্বীকার্য মানিতে চায় না । পঞ্চম স্বীকার্য না মানিয়া চলিলে ইউক্লিডের বিরোধী অনেক প্রতিজ্ঞা পাওয়া যায়, তবে সেই সব প্রতিজ্ঞা পরস্পরায় নিজেদের মধ্যে যুক্তির কোন অভাব বা ফাঁক বা বিরোধ কোথাও পাওয়া যায় না । দুই একটি দৃষ্টান্ত দিতেছি ; লোবাচেভস্কি-বলিয়াইর অনিউক্লিডীয় জ্যামিতি অনুসারে কোন ত্রিভুজের তিনটি কোণের সমবায় দুই সমকোণের কম হইবে ; রীমানের জ্যামিতিতে সমবায় দুই সমকোণ অপেক্ষা বেশী হইবে । কোন বিন্দুর ভিতর দিয়া ইউক্লিডের মতে অস্বাভাবিক সমান্তরাল একটা মাত্র রেখা টানা যাইতে পারে ; লোবাচেভস্কি-বলিয়াইর মতে অনেক রেখা টানা যাইতে পারে । রীমানের মতে রেখা কখনও অনন্ত হইতে পারে না ।

• এই সমস্ত সিদ্ধান্ত অত্যন্ত আকর্ষণীয় বলিয়া আমাদের মনে হইতে পারে ; আমাদের মনে হয় যে আমরা দেখি যে একটা মাত্র সমান্তরাল টানা যাইতে পারে, অনেক টানা যায় কেমন করিয়া ; আমাদের geometric intuitionই আমাদের বলে যে ইহার অস্বাভাবিক হইতে পারে না । এই intuition বাদ আজকালকার দার্শনিক বৈজ্ঞানিকেরা* উড়াইয়া দিতে চান । বিখ্যাত ফরাসী বৈজ্ঞানিক পোয়াঁঁঁকারে (Poincaré) এই intuitionটা যে কিছুই নয় তাহা প্রতিপন্ন করিবার জন্য একটা সুন্দর দৃষ্টান্ত দিয়াছেন । দৃষ্টান্ত কার্নার্নিক হইলেও অতিশয় মনোরম ও শিক্ষাপ্রদ ।

মনে করা যাক যে আমরা এমন একটি জগতে গিয়া উপস্থিত হইয়াছি যে জগৎটি গোলাকার । সেই গোলাকার জগতের গোলাকার স্তরগুলি সব ভিন্ন ভিন্ন temperatureএ অবস্থিত । এক স্তর কেন্দ্র হইতে যত দূরে অবস্থিত তাহার temperature তত কম, এবং কোনও জড়বস্তুর কেন্দ্র হইতে কোনও সরল রেখা

ধরিয়া যাইতে থাকিলে যত temperature কম হইতে থাকিবে তাহার আয়তনও সেই সঙ্গে সঙ্গে কমিতে থাকিবে। সেই গোলাকার জগৎটি বাহির হইতে সীমা-বদ্ধ মনে হইলেও সেই জগতের অধিবাসিগণের নিকট তাহা অসীম বলিয়া মনে হইবে। কারণ কোন ব্যক্তি যদি কেন্দ্র হইতে সীমায় পৌঁছিতে বলিয়া যাত্রা করে সে যতই কেন্দ্র হইতে দূরে যাইবে ততই তাহার শরীরের আয়তন ক্ষুদ্র হইতে থাকিবে, হাত পা গুলি ছোট হইয়া আসিবে, স্মৃতরাং অগ্রগতি ক্রমেই কমিয়া আসিবে; সীমার কাছাকাছি পৌঁছিলে তাহার অঙ্গ প্রত্যঙ্গ অত্যন্ত ক্ষুদ্র হইয়া দাঁড়াইবে, একেবারে সীমায় গিয়া পৌঁছিতে সে কখনও পারিবে না। এখন কথা এই যে লোকটা যে ক্রমেই ছোট হইয়া গাইতেছে তাহা সে বুঝিতে পারিবে কি না; মজা এই যে সে পারিবে না। সে যদি সঙ্গে মাপকাঠি লইয়া রওয়ানা হয় মাপকাঠিও ত সেই অনুপাতে ছোট হইতেছে স্মৃতরাং আমরা যাহাকে measure বা পরিমাণ বলি তাহাত একই থাকিবা গাইবে; অতএব ভদ্রলোকটা নিজের দুর্দশার কথা নিজে কিছুই অগত হইতে পারিবেন না। আরও এক কথা তিনি যদি নিজের বাড়ী হইতে প্রতিনিবীৰ বাড়ী-তে পৌঁছিতে যান তাহা হইলে আমরা যাকে সোজা রাস্তা বলিয়া থাকি তাহা পরিয়া গেলে তাহার বেশী ঘুরিতে হইবে; তিনি যদি বিশেষ একটা রাস্তার উপর অবলম্বন করিয়া চলেন তবেই তাড়াতাড়ি পৌঁছিতে পারিবেন। সেই রাস্তাকার পথটি গোল বিশ্বের পরিধিকে সমকোণে (orthogonally) কাটে। আরও এই কল্পিত জগতে ধরিয়া লওয়া যাক যে আলোর রশ্মি উক্তরূপ রাস্তাকার পথেই ভ্রমণ করে; তাহা যদি হয় তাহা হইলে ঐ বুস্তই সেই জগতের অধিবাসিগণের নিকট সরলরূপে প্রতীয়মান হইবে। এবং ইহাও খুব সহজে প্রতিপন্ন করা যায় যে কোন বিন্দু দিয়া এমন দুইটা বৃত্তাকার রেখা টানা যায় যাহা অপর কোন একটা বৃত্তাকার রেখাকে অসীম দূরে (অর্থাৎ সেই বৃত্তের পরিধিতে) গিয়া কাটে; এবং সেই দুইটা রেখার অভ্যন্তরে অবস্থিত যে কোন বৃত্তাকার রেখা উক্ত অপর রেখাকে অসীম দূরে গিয়া কাটে। স্মৃতরাং আমরা এই সব রেখাকেই উক্ত রেখার সমান্তরাল বলিতে পারি এবং আমাদের কল্পিত জগতে এই সমস্ত বৃত্তাকার রেখাই সরল। ব্যাপার তাহা হইলে এই দাঁড়াইল যে কোন এক বিন্দুর মধ্য দিয়া অত্র একটা “সরল” রেখা বা সমান্তরাল “সরল” রেখা অসংখ্য টানা গাইতে পারে। অনিউক্লিডীয় জগতের ইহাই বিশেষত্ব।

তবে এখন কথা উঠিবে যে এই আঙ্গুণি জগতের আঙ্গুণি বৃত্তান্ত দিয়া আমাদের লাভ কি; আমাদের জগৎ ত ও প্রকার নয়, ও সব বাজে কথায় কি হইবে? কিন্তু আসল কথা এই যে ঐ সব আঙ্গুণি ব্যাপার আমাদের জগতে খাটেই না তাহা;

বলা যায় না, এমন কি আমাদের জগৎ ঐ আজগুবি জগতের অংশবিশেষ হইতেও পাবে। ঐ কল্পিত জগতের কেন্দ্রদেশের অবস্থা আলোচনা করা যাউক। কেন্দ্রদেশে উপযুক্ত সমস্ত বৃত্তরেখা সরল হয়; এবং কেন্দ্রের অনতিদূরেও বৃত্তরেখা প্রায় সরল থাকে; বক্রতা এত কম যে ধরা শক্ত। ইহা কি হইতে পারে না আমাদের পৃথিবী (অথবা এই সৌরজগৎ) সেই কল্পিত জগতের কেন্দ্রদেশে অবস্থিত; তাহা হইলে ত ঐ যে অসংখ্য সমান্তরাল রেখা টানা গিয়াছে তাহাত প্রায় একই হইয়া যায়। আমাদের যন্ত্রপাতি এত সূক্ষ্ম হয় নাই যাহাতে তাহাদের ভিতরের সেই অতি ক্ষুদ্র কোণ মাপা কিংবা তাহার অস্তিত্ব আবিষ্কার করা যাইতে পারে। ইহা যদি হয় তবে আমাদের এই যে বাস্তব জগৎ ইহা ত অনিউক্লিডীয় জগৎ হইতে পারে।

পোয়াকারে যখন এই দৃষ্টান্ত দিয়াছিলেন তাহার উদ্দেশ্য এই ছিল যে আমরা যেন কেবল space intuition অবলম্বন করিয়াই কোন মতবাদকে তাড়াইয়া না দিই। আমরা যাহাকে স্বতঃসিদ্ধ বা intuition বদি তাহার অন্যথা যে অকল্পনীয় এমন নয়; তাহা কল্পনা করিতে আমাদের মনে বা যুক্তিতে কোনও বিরোধ উপস্থিত হয় না। অবশ্য বাস্তব জগৎ ইউক্লিডীয় কি অনিউক্লিডীয় তাহার বিচার চলিতে পারে, কিন্তু সে বিষয় পর্যবেক্ষণসাপেক্ষ। আমরা যদি পর্যবেক্ষণ করিয়া দেখি যে ত্রিভুজের তিনটি কোণের সমষ্টি দুই সমকোণের প্রায় তুল্য ('প্রায়' বলিলাম এই জ্ঞাত কাবণ সমস্ত মাপ-জোপ করার মধ্যেই কতকটা অনির্দিষ্টতা থাকিবেই) তবে দুই মতই চলিতে পারে; এবং যদি বহুসংখ্যক বাস্তব ত্রিভুজ মাপিয়া তাহার একটা mean নিয়া দেখি দুই সমকোণের সমানই হইয়া পড়ায় তবে হয় ত সম্ভাব্যতা বা probability ইউক্লিডের দিকেই বুঁকিয়া পড়িবে। এই দুই প্রতিদ্বন্দী মতের মধ্যে কোনটুকু সত্য তাহা নিরূপণ করিবার চেষ্টা নক্ষত্রের parallax সাহায্যে করা হইয়াছে। লোবাক্তত্ব-বলিয়াইর মতে parallax কোন নির্দিষ্ট রাশির অপেক্ষা ক্ষুদ্র হইতে পারে না; ইউক্লিডীয় জ্যামিতির মতে ক্ষুদ্রতার কোন সীমা নাই; রীমানের মতে parallax negativeও হইতে পারে। হয়ত খুব সূক্ষ্ম যন্ত্রপাতির আবিষ্কারের সঙ্গে সঙ্গে ইহার একটা মীমাংসা হইতেও পারে। মোটের উপর এবিষয়ে মতামত খুব উদার ও খোলা রাখা দরকার; কোন চির-পোষিত সংস্কারের খাতিরে অল্প মতকে উড়াইয়া দিলে চলিবে না।

ইহাতে উক্ত শ্রেণীর বৈজ্ঞানিকগণ নিরস্ত হন নাই। তাঁহারা বলেন যে ধারণা নূতন হইলেই তাহা যেমন অসম্ভব বা অলৌকিক বলিয়া মনে করা ভুল সেইরূপ ধারণা আমরা পোষণ করিয়া আসিয়াছি বলিয়াই তাহার একটা বিশেষ মাহাত্ম্য আছে তাহাও মনে করা একরকম ভুল। মোটের উপর সব ধারণাই সমান সত্য বা সমান অলৌকিক, কারণ সত্যতা বা অসত্যতা উহাতে আরোপ করাই যায় না। গজের মাপ সত্য এবং ইঞ্জির মাপ অলৌকিক ইহা বলিলে যেমন কোনও অর্থ হয় না সেইরূপ এই তথ্যগুলি

সত্য বা মিথ্যা তাহা বলিলেও কোন অর্থ হয় না। আমরা খেচ্ছায় কতকগুলি তথ্যকে মৌলিক বলিয়া মনে করি, কতকগুলিকে তাহা হইতে অনুমের বলিয়া মনে করি। আমরা ইচ্ছা করিলে অপরগুলিকে মৌলিক এবং তন্নিহ্ন অপরগুলিকে অনুমিত বলিয়া মনে করিতে পারিতাম। ব্যাপারটা এমন নয় যে প্রথমোক্তগুলির বিশেষ একটা মাহাত্ম্য আছে যাহার দরুণ তাহাদের না হইলে আমাদের চলে না ; বা তাহাদের অন্তর্থা আমরা কল্পনাই করিতে পারি না। একজন ইটালীয় বৈজ্ঞানিক Vailati রঙ্গ করিয়া বলিয়াছেন যে আগে যেমন রাজ্যাদিগকে লোকে দেবংশসম্প্রদায় বলিয়া মনে করিত কিন্তু এখন কালক্রমে সাম্যবাদ ও গণতন্ত্রতার দিন আসিয়াছে, রাজ্যের মাহাত্ম্য এখন আর সকলে স্বীকার করিতে চায় না ; বিজ্ঞানেও সেইরূপ এককালে স্বতঃসিদ্ধগণ inconceivability of the opposite মস্তের প্রভাবে অপ্রতিহতভাবে রাজ্য করিয়া আসিতেছিলেন, এখন তাহাদের সে মস্তের নেশা ছুটিয়া গিয়াছে ; তাহাদিগকে উচ্চবেদী হইতে নামিয়া ভিড়ের মধ্যে মিশিতে হইতেছে।

আমরা এতক্ষণ গণিতের মূলতথ্য এবং মূলভাব বা concept সম্বন্ধে আলোচনা করিলাম, এবং এতদুপায় আমরা স্বীকার করিতে বাধ্য হইলাম যে স্বতঃসিদ্ধ সম্বন্ধে আমাদের মনে যে ধারণা আছে তাহা অত্যন্ত সর্দী ও অনুদার ; এবং আমরা সচরাচর যে সকল তথ্যকে ও ভাবকে মৌলিক বলিয়া মনে করি তাহা ভিন্ন অল্প তথ্য ও ভাবকে মৌলিক বলিয়া গ্রহণ করিয়াও গণিতশাস্ত্র চলিতে পারে। এখন আমরা এই বিষয়টাকেই একটু আর একদিক হইতে দেখিতে চেষ্টা করিব। পাটীগণিতে ও বীজগণিতে গোড়ায়ই আমরা একটা শব্দ বা concept এর সাক্ষাৎ পাই, সে concept টি হইল—সংখ্যা। পাটীগণিত ও বীজগণিত এই সংখ্যারই নানারকম সম্পর্ক নির্ণয়ে ব্যস্ত ; নানারকম প্রক্রিয়া বা operation দ্বারা এক সংখ্যাকে অন্য সংখ্যাতে পরিণত করা যাইতে পারে ; এবং সংখ্যাগুলির মধ্যে নানাবিধ সম্বন্ধ থাকিতে পারে। যেমন আমরা পূর্বে স্বতঃসিদ্ধ সম্বন্ধে দেখিয়াছি যে আমাদের ও বিষয় সম্বন্ধে গোড়া হইতেই মোটামুটি একটা ধারণা আছে এবং আমরা অন্য ধারণা সহজে পোষণ করিতে রাজী হই না ; সেইরূপ এই ক্ষেত্রেও সংখ্যা সম্বন্ধে আমাদের সবারই মোটামুটি একটা ধারণা আছে এবং তাহা আমরা সহজে পরিবর্তন করিতে প্রস্তুত নই। বোধ হয় ইতিহাস ও মনোবিজ্ঞানের দিক দিয়া দেখিতে গেলে যাহাকে আমরা integer বা সমস্ত রাশি বলি তাহাকেই প্রথমে সংখ্যা বলিয়া ধরা হইয়াছে। কিন্তু সেই সকল সমস্ত রাশির উপর যোগ, বিয়োগ, গুণ, ভাগ প্রভৃতি প্রক্রিয়া করিয়া যে সকল রাশির উদ্ভব হইয়াছে তাহাকে সমস্ত রাশির কোটায় কেলিতে পারা যায় নাই। সুতরাং তাহাদের অর্থ কি এই নিম্ন প্রস্তর উঠা খুবই স্বাভাবিক। সংখ্যার সংজ্ঞাকে একটু বড় ও বিস্তৃত না করিলে ঐ নূতন রাশিগুলিকে সংখ্যা নামে অভিহিত করা যায় না। বাধ্য হইয়া

সংখ্যার সংজ্ঞাকে বাড়াইতে হইল ; কিন্তু এই বাড়ানর সঙ্গে সঙ্গে একটা কাজ যে হইল সেটির দিকে আমাদের দৃষ্টি দেওয়া উচিত। সমস্ত রাশির বেলায় গুণ যে অর্থে ব্যবহৃত হইত অসমস্ত রাশির কোথাও গুণের সে অর্থ রহিল না। গুণ প্রক্রিয়াটিরই অর্থ অন্তরকম হইয়া দাঁড়াইল। “Increase and multiply”—এই যে দুইটা কথা সমস্ত রাশির বেলায় প্রায় একার্থকই হইয়া দাঁড়াইয়াছিল, সে দুইটা কথার ছাড়াছাড়ি হইয়া গেল। যাহা হউক, কিয়দ্দিন ত এরূপ অর্থ প্রসারণেই কায চলিতে লাগিল ; কিন্তু ইতিমধ্যে আর এক বিপদ উপস্থিত। সমস্ত ও অসমস্ত উভয় রাশির উপরেই গুণভাগ ইত্যাদি প্রক্রিয়া করিতে করিতে এমত একটা রাশির উদয় হইল যাহা অত্যন্ত অদ্ভুত, প্রচলিত মতে যাহার কোন অর্থই হয় না, সেটা চিরকৌতূহলপ্রদ $\sqrt{-1}$ (বিশুদ্ধ একের বর্গফল)। এটাকে সংখ্যাফলভুক্ত করিতে লোকে এতই নারাজ ছিল যে তাহারাইহাকে প্রকৃত সংখ্যা বলিতে সাহস করিল না, ইহাকে কাল্পনিক সংখ্যা নাম দিয়া নিস্তার পাইল। আধুনিক গণিতজ্ঞগণ ইহাকে “কাল্পনিক” বলিয়া মনে না করিয়া ইহার একটা বেশ যুক্তিসঙ্গত ব্যাখ্যা দিয়াছেন। এক একটি কাল্পনিক সংখ্যা দ্বারা সমতলের উপর এক একটি বিন্দুকে নির্দেশ করিতে পারা যায়। এই কাল্পনিক সংখ্যার প্রকৃত অংশ ও কাল্পনিক অংশ বিন্দুটির দুইটা co-ordinates নির্দেশ করে। ইহাই বিখ্যাত Argand representation of complex quantities. আমরা প্রকৃত সংখ্যা বা real number কে একটা সরল রেখার উপরে অবস্থিত বিন্দুর স্থান নির্দেশক বলিয়া মনে করিতে পারি এবং কাল্পনিক সংখ্যা বা complex numberকে সমতলে অবস্থিত বিন্দুর স্থাননির্দেশক বলিয়া মনে করিতে পারি। এই ভাবে দেখিলে বীজগণিতকে one-dimensional জ্যামিতি বলিয়া মনে করিতে পারি। হ্যামিলটন (Hamilton) এই অর্থেই বীজগণিতকে science of pure time বলিয়াছিলেন। তারপর এই কাল্পনিক সংখ্যার উৎপত্তির দরুণ আমাদের যে সনাতন প্রক্রিয়া বা operation গুলি চলিয়া আসিতেছে তাহারও অর্থের কিঞ্চিৎ পরিবর্তন করিতে হয়। ভাগ ও বর্গফল নেওয়া প্রভৃতি পদ্ধতির অর্থের প্রসার আবশ্যক। এই কাল্পনিক সংখ্যার দ্বারা যেমন সমতলস্থ বিন্দুর স্থাননির্দেশ করিতে পারা যায় তেমন যে কোন বিন্দুর স্থান three dimensional space এ নির্দেশ করা সম্ভব কিনা স্বতঃই এই কৌতূহল হয়। এই কৌতূহল নিবৃত্তির প্রয়াস ইহাতেই Hamilton এর Quaternions, গ্রাসমান (Grassmann) এর Ausdehnungslehre, মেবিয়ুস (Moebius) এর Barycentric Calcul প্রভৃতির উৎপত্তি। একটা বস্তুর স্থান নির্দেশ যেমন তিনটা সংখ্যার দ্বারা করিতে হয় তেমনি প্রত্যেক সংখ্যাকে তিনটা ভাগে ভাগ করা হইতে পারে, সেই তিনটির মধ্যে একটার সঙ্গে অন্যটির কোন সম্পর্ক নাই অর্থাৎ তাহার একটিকে অন্ত কোনটিতে

পরিণত করিতে পারা যায় না। এই তিনটি দিকনির্দেশক রাশির বা vector quantity র সাহায্যে যে কোন রাশিকে প্রকাশ করা যাইতে পারে। এই সমস্ত স্বতন্ত্র বা independent রাশির সংখ্যা তিন না হইয়া যদি আরও বেশী হয়, তাহা হইলেও তাহাদের একটা বীজগণিত খাড়া করা যাইতে পারে। কিন্তু এই সময়ে একটা বিষয়ে আমাদের মনোযোগ দেওয়া আবশ্যিক। এই সমস্ত রাশির উপর প্রচলিত "মতে গুণ ভাগ প্রভৃতি প্রক্রিয়া ঘটাইলে যে সকল রাশির উদ্ভব হয় সেগুলি এই সকল রাশির গায় নহে অর্থাৎ তাহারা আমাদের সেই স্বতন্ত্র রাশি কয়টির সাহায্যে ব্যক্ত হইতে পারে না ; সুতরাং গুণ ভাগ প্রভৃতির অর্থ বদলাইতে হয়। এই হিড়িকে পড়িয়া গুণ প্রক্রিয়ার যে সব ধর্ম স্বভাবসিদ্ধ বলিয়া মনে করি, যথা associative law ও commutative law, ইহাদের কোন কোনটিকে সে পরি-
ত্যাগ করিতে বাধ্য হয়। গুণের অর্থের প্রসার ও গুণের প্রক্রিয়াটির সঙ্কোচ করিয়া আজকালকার linear associative algebra গুলি খাড়া হইয়াছে। জ্যাগিতির analogyতে পড়িয়া সংখ্যা ও তাহাদের প্রক্রিয়ার ত এইরূপ বিচিত্র মূর্তি হইয়াছে। অপরদিকে সরল রেখার উপরিস্থিত বিন্দু ও প্রকৃত সংখ্যা—এই দুইটার তুলনা হইতে সংখ্যার সংজ্ঞাটি ক্রমেই প্রসারিত হইতেছে। বিখ্যাত জার্মান গণিতজ্ঞ ডেডেকিন্ড (Dedekind) ও কান্টর (Cantor) এর হাতে পড়িয়া সংখ্যার ধারণাটি যে কি রকম স্বস্থ হইয়া পড়িয়াছে ; class concept এর ধাক্কায় পড়িয়া cardinal, ordinal ভেদে, finite, transfinite ভেদে সংখ্যা যে কত বিচিত্ররূপ ধারণ করিয়াছে তাহা সকলেই অবগত আছেন। সংখ্যা জিনিষটা যে কি তাহার ধারণা ক্রমেই ধোঁয়াটে হইয়া পড়িয়াছে। বর্তমান যুগে সংখ্যা এবং তৎসংক্রান্ত প্রক্রিয়া সবন্ধে যে সিদ্ধান্ত মোটামুটি হইয়াছে তাহা এই যে সংখ্যা কতগুলো symbol বা চিহ্নমাত্র যাহার কতগুলো বিশিষ্ট লক্ষণ আছে এবং সংখ্যা সংক্রান্ত প্রক্রিয়াগুলি এমন হইবে যে সে প্রক্রিয়ার ফলে যে সব সংখ্যার উৎপত্তি হইবে তাহাও যেন সেই লক্ষণাক্রান্ত হয় ; ইংরাজীতে ভাবটা এইভাবে প্রকাশিত হয় : "Any system of symbols which forms a group with reference to a certain system of operations may be regarded as a number system."

আমরা গণিতের নানাবিভাগের আলোচনা করিয়া দেখিতে পাইলাম যে কি axiom, কি concept, কি operations সব বিষয়েতেই অধুনিক যুগে একটা generalisation এর দিকে গতি পরিস্ফুট। কিন্তু এই সমস্ত বিষয়ে সর্বোপরি consistency জিনিষটা দরকার। কোনও তথ্যকে মৌলিক বা কোন ধারণাকে আদিম বলিয়া ধরিয়া নেওয়া আমাদের ইচ্ছা, কিন্তু কিছুতেই উহাকে a priori, absolute বা নিরপেক্ষ বলিয়া ধরিতে পারি না। যে পর্যন্ত আমাদের নির্বাচিত ধারণাগুলি

হইতে যুক্তিবদ্ধভাবে সিদ্ধান্ত পরম্পরা আমরা পরিতে পারিতেছি ততক্ষণ আমরা গণিতের চর্চাই করিতেছি। বস্তুতঃ সেই সিদ্ধান্তগুলি এবং সেই মৌলিক তত্ত্বগুলি বাস্তবিক কি না তাহা বিচার করিবার ভার বিশুদ্ধ গণিতের নহে; যদি তাহা একান্ত গুণিতের মধ্যে আনিতেই হয় তবে তাহাকে আমরা ফলিত গণিত বা applied mathematics বলিব। আরও মজা এই যেমন পূর্বেই বলিয়াছি যে আমাদের চিন্তা পরম্পরা কতকগুলি অপ্রমাণীয় তথ্য ও অসংজ্ঞিত ভাবের উপরে প্রতিষ্ঠিত, স্তরায় আমরা যাহা সিদ্ধান্ত করিতেছি তাহা সত্য বা বাস্তব কি না জানিবার উপায় নাই, এমত আমরা কিশোর বিষয়ে চিন্তা করিতেছি তাহাও নিরূপণ করিবার উপায় নাই। কারণ গোড়ার তথ্যগুলি আমাদের মনগড়া বা arbitrary এবং গোড়ার ভাবগুলি অসংজ্ঞিত বা undefined। ইহা লক্ষ্য করিয়াই প্রসিদ্ধ মনোবিদ

Bertrand Russell বলিয়াছেন “Mathematics is the science in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we say is true.” কথাটা অবশ্য একটু কৌতুক করিয়াই বলিয়াছেন কিন্তু কথাটা একেবারে অসমর্থ্য নহে। বাস্তব সত্য গণিতশাস্ত্রের পক্ষে ততটা আবশ্যক নহে যতটা আবশ্যক আভ্যন্তরীণ যুক্তিসিদ্ধতা। সমস্ত গণিত জিনিষটাই Russellএর মতে বলিতেছে “যদি ক সত্য হয়, তবে খ সত্য হইবে”; কিন্তু বাস্তবিক ক সত্য কি না এবং তৎসঙ্গে খও সত্য কি না তাহা জানিবার জগৎ গণিতের কিছুমাত্র সাধাবস্থা নাই।

গণিতের সম্বন্ধে এই যে মতবাদ দাঁড়াইয়াছে, স্পষ্টই দেখা যাইতেছে যে ইহা নিরন্তর abstract। গণিত কতগুলি সিদ্ধান্ত খাড়া করিতেছে তাহা পরম্পরের মধ্যে অথবা যুক্তিসম্মত আবদ্ধ কিন্তু তাহা বাস্তব জগতের কোন ভৌতবস্তু রূপে না এবং রূপে আবশ্যকও মনে করে না; গণিতজ্ঞ আত্মতৃপ্ত হইয়া নিজের উচ্চতর মস্তিষ্ক হইতে লক্ষ লক্ষ উর্বনাতপ্রাচীন সূক্ষ্ম তত্ত্বজাল সৃষ্টি করিতেছেন; ইহাই গণিতের চরম পরিণতি। এই উৎকট abstract বাদ আমাদের মনকে কিছুতেই শান্তি দিতে পারে না। এই abstract বাদীদিগকেই অধ্যাপক টোমাস (Thomae) বলিয়াছেন “thoughtless thinkers”। তাহাদের চিন্তার কোনও উপাদান নাই অথচ তাহারা যুক্তিবদ্ধভাবে, formal ভাবে চিন্তাসূত্র প্রণীত করিয়া যাইতেছেন। বিখ্যাত জার্মান অধ্যাপক ক্লাইন (Klein) এই উৎকটতার বিরুদ্ধে তীব্র প্রতিবাদ করিয়াছেন। তিনি বলেন যে যদি গণিতশাস্ত্র শুধু স্বেচ্ছাধৃত arbitrary কতগুলি সূত্রের উপরে প্রতিষ্ঠিত চিন্তা পরম্পরাই হয় তাহা হইলে ত গণিত কার্যতঃ নিরর্থক; বাস্তবিক ত উদ্ভট কল্পনার আশ্রয় গ্রহণ করিয়া সময় কাটানর জন্য গণিত সৃষ্ট হয় নাই; ইহার একটী ব্যাবহারিক মূল্য, একটা pragmatic worth থাকা দরকার; এবং ইতিহাস পর্যালোচনা করিয়া দেখিলে, মানুষের একটা অতি প্রকৃত অভাব রূপ

করিবার জন্যই যে গণিতের উদ্ভব তাত্বে দেখিতে পাওয়া যায়। যে সমস্ত যৌক্তিক সত্তা আমরা ধরিব সেগুলি বাস্তবিকই সত্তা হওয়া চাই, তাহা না হইলে সে রকম কোন অদলবদলে যুক্তি খাড়া করা অনাবশ্যক।

এই কথা প্রসঙ্গে আমরা আর একটা কথা উপনীত হইলাম যে কথাটি বড় গুরুতর। আমরা যখন কোনও যুক্তিপূর্ণ বাস্তবিক যুক্তিসিদ্ধ কিনা, consistent কিনা তাহা স্থির করিতে চাই তখন আমরা কাম্যাতঃ কি করিয়া থাকি? আমরা একটা বাস্তব দৃষ্টান্ত একটা concrete representation নিয়া থাকি যে দৃষ্টান্তটি আমাদের মূল সত্তাগুলি মানায় থাকে; তাবদ্বারা অন্যান্য দেখ যে আমাদের অন্তর্নিহিত সিদ্ধান্তগুলি তাহাদের পক্ষে খাটে কিনা; যদি খাটে তবে আমাদের সিদ্ধান্তকে বিশ্বস্ত মনে করি, যদি না খাটে তবে ইহাকে অশুদ্ধ মনে করিয়া থাকি। এই প্রকারে বাস্তব দৃষ্টান্তের উপমান ভিন্ন যুক্তির বিশ্বস্ততা স্থির করারবার কি উপায় আছে? এ সম্বন্ধে বিশ্বস্ত formal test of consistency কিছু বাতির হয় নাই। সুতরাং concrete representation যে একটা বাজে কার, একটা অবাস্তব বিষয়, একটা luxury তাহা নয়, ইহা যুক্তিশাস্ত্রের একটা অতি আসল জিনিস, একটা কঠোর necessity, যে formal consistencyর উপরে abstract বাদপন এতটা ভিত্তি ও আশ্রয় স্থাপন করেন, সেই consistencyই স্থির করিতে হইলে বাস্তবিক কেনিতে হইবে, ছাড়া অন্য দিকে চলিবে না। নিবাস্ত নিষ্পন্দ আকাশে কল্পনার ঘূড়িও উড়িবে না।

একথা আমরা অবশ্য স্বীকার করিতে বাধ্য এই abstract বাদপন, এত nominalist গণ গণিত রক্ষের গোড়ায় যে নাড়ু দিয়াছেন তাহাতে অনেক পরিমাণে উপকারই হইয়াছে; রক্ষের গোড়িতে সর্জন-সত্তা স্বতঃসিদ্ধ ও ধারণাগুলি যে পাবনা রচনা করিয়াছিল তাহা ভাঙিয়া গিয়া ভালই হইয়াছে; রক্ষের মূল এখন জীবন্ত প্রকৃতির সংস্পর্শে আসিয়া রক্ষকে অধিকতর সজীবতাই করিবে; কিন্তু পাষণ্ড ভাঙিতে বসিয়া যেন রক্ষকে শুদ্ধ উৎপাতিত উন্মূলিত না করিয়া বাস। সেই ভ্রম যদি আমরা না করি তাহা হইলে পাষণ্ডবিশুদ্ধ গণিতরক্ষ বাস্তবের সরস বক্ষ হইতে সরস গ্রহণ করিয়া ফলে ফলে পুতকে যুঞ্জরিত হইয়া আপনার অক্ষয় জীবনধারাকে আপনার বিপুল প্রাণ স্পন্দনে উচ্ছ্বসিত করিতে থাকিবে।

বাক্সালাসাহিত্যে সনেট।

(শ্রীনিবাস ঘোষ)

ইংরাজী সাহিত্যে যে সকল ক্ষুদ্র কাব্যতা সনেট নামে অভিহিত বাক্সালায় তাহাব প্রচলিত নাম 'চতুর্দশ পদী কবিতা', কিন্তু 'সনেট' নামের সহিত যে মাসুখা বিজড়িত

এই নামে হাজার সম্পর্গ অর্থাৎ। স্তবরাং এ কবিতাকে সনেট নামেই অভিহিত করা উচিত। সনেট বিদেশী সামগ্রী ইহা আমাদের দেশের উদ্ভব নহে। বিদেশের কবি হাজার জন্মদাতা : আমাদের কবি তাহাকে পোষাপুত্ররূপে গ্রহণ করিয়াছেন। পেট্রার্কের অঙ্কুরগণেই প্রায় সকল বিদেশী কবি সনেটের সাহায্যে মনের ভাব প্রকাশ করিয়াছিলেন। বাহা পেট্রার্কের বিক্ষুব্ধ হৃদয়ে শান্তি দান করিত, যে কবিতা দাস্তুর শোকসমস্ত্র হৃদয়ে ক্ষণে ক্ষণে আনন্দবিশি বিকীর্ণ করিত, বাহা স্পেন্সারের অঙ্কুরময় হৃদয় আলোকিত করিত, মিল্টন হাজার সাহায্যে অরুণস্বীর নিম্নাদ উথিত করিয়াছিলেন, তাহাই আমাদের নিকটে আসিয়া ধীরে ধীরে আমাদের হৃদয় আকর্ষণ করবার চেষ্টা করিতেছে।

যে ভারতীয় কবি প্রথমে বাণীর চরণে এই অপূর্ণ রত্নের উপহার দান করিয়াছিলেন বঙ্গবাসীর নিকট সেই 'দন্তকুলোদ্ভব কবি শ্রীমধুসূদন' অপরিচিত নহেন। গোড়জন হাজার মধুচক্রের মধুর আপাদন কখনও বিস্মৃত হইবেন না। তিনি হাজার প্রথম সনেটে সনেটের পারিচয় দিয়াছেন :-

ইতালী বিখ্যাত দেশ, কারাবার কানন,	...	A
বহুবিধ পিক যথা গায় মধুসূদন	...	B
সজ্জাত সুধার রস করি বারিষণ,	...	A
বসন্তে আমোদে মন পুরি নিবৃত্তরে ;	...	B
সে দেশে জনম পুণ্যে কারুল্য গ্রহণ	..	A
ফ্রান্সিস্কে পেট্রার্ক কবি, বাদেবীর বদে	..	B
বড়ই মশখী সামু কবি কুলদন	...	A
এমনা অমৃতসিক্ত, স্বর্ণবীণা করে।	..	B
কারাবার খনিতে পেয়ে এই ক্ষুদ্রমাণ,	..	C
স্বমন্দিরে প্রদানিবা বাণীর চরণে	..	D
কবীন্দ্র, প্রসন্নভাবে গ্রহিলা জগনী	..	C
(মনোমীত বর দিয়া) এ উপকরণে।	..	D
ভারতে ভারতী পদে উপযুক্ত গণি	...	C
উপভোগরূপে আজি অরপি রতনে।	...	D

প্রবাসে Versailles নগরে বসিয়া বাণীর চরণে এই উপহার তিনি দান করিয়াছিলেন। "জগনী আঙারে বিবিধ রতনরাজি" পরিত্যাগ করিয়া স্বক্ষেণে কি "কুক্ষেণে" তিনি পরদেশে "ভিক্ষারক্তি" আচরণ করিতে গিয়াছিলেন তাহা জানি না, কিন্তু পরদেশের পুষ্পে হাজার স্বস্তিতে গ্রথিত মালা যখন তিনি বঙ্গ-বাণীর চরণে উপহার দিয়াছিলেন, তখন তঁহার শোভা অতি অপূর্ণ হইয়াছিল।

মধুসূদন যখন বাঙ্গালা রচনার প্ররম্ভ হইয়াছিলেন, বাঙ্গালা ভাষায় তখন সংস্কৃত শব্দের প্রাধান্য অত্যন্ত অধিক। অপরদিকে আলালী ভাষা রসপ্রিয় লোকের ভাষা সাধন করিতেছিল। তখন পয়ারাদি প্রচলিত ছন্দে আদি রসায়ক রচনাষ্টে সুবিধাজনক ছিল। বাঙ্গালা ভাষার গতি তখন অত্যন্ত ক্ষীণ। এ ভাষায় যেনব নব ছন্দ প্রবর্তিত করা যায় এ ধারণা তখন কেহ করিতে পারিতেন না। মধুসূদন বাঙ্গালা ভাষার প্রবণতা বুঝিয়াছিলেন। তিনি এই সংস্কার কামো ব্রতী হইলেন। সাময়িক ভাবে প্রকাশে সনেটের উপযোগিতা উপলব্ধি করিয়া তিনি সনেট রচনায় প্ররম্ভ হইলেন : ইহার ছন্দোমাধুর্য্যে যে সৌন্দর্য্যের সৃষ্টি করে তাহা তিনি স্বয়ং উপলব্ধি করিয়াছিলেন।

তিনি ২৪টি সনেট রচনা করিয়াছিলেন। কিন্তু তিনি সকল স্থলে পেট্রার্কের প্রতিষ্ঠিত নিয়ম পালন করেন নাট। ইংরাজী সাহিত্যের সজ্জিত যিনি কিছুমান পরিশ্রম লাভ করিয়াছেন তিনিই সনেটের গঠন প্রণালী অবগত আছেন।

মধুসূদনের পরে ক্রমে ক্রমে অনেকেই সনেট রচনা করিয়াছেন। দেশপূজ্য রবীন্দ্রনাথ ও প্রমথনাথ চৌধুরীর নাম উল্লেখযোগ্য। অনেক আধুনিক নবীন বাঙ্গালী কবি সনেট রচনা করিতেছেন। একজন উদায়মান সাহিত্যিক ও কবি আমাদের পূজ্যপাদ আচার্য্য শ্রীরামেন্দ্রসুন্দর বিবেকীর অর্চনা করিয়াছেন :—

অষ্টক (octave)	লেখনীর বাদ্রম্পর্শে, হে সুখী তোমার,	A
	বৈজ্ঞানিক রহস্যের সূদূত বন্ধন,	B
	সৌরকরে হরে নখা তনয় আবরণ,	B
	“প্রকৃতি” খুলিয়া দেছে করে আপনার।	A
	তদশনের উদ্ব তাজ্জি জটিল আকার	A
ষষ্ঠক (sestet)	কারণ “জিজ্ঞাসা” করে সহজ কেনন,	B
	সমাজ-সমস্যা কত কঠিন ভীষণ	B
	থরেছে মোহন বেশ সরস ভাষার—	A
	অক্ষয় হৃদক সেই সুবর্ণ লেখনী !	C
	হে জ্ঞান-পিপাসু সিদ্ধ বাণী উপাসক	D
ষষ্ঠক (sestet)	তোমার দৃষ্টান্তে প্রীতা ভারত জননী ;	C
	ধন্য ‘পবিত্র’ যার তুমি সম্পাদক,	D
	প্রবুদ্ধ, সরল, শাস্ত, অধ্যাপকমাণ,	C
	ভারতের সেবা রত নিদ্বার্থ সধক !	D

‘হলোবিড়ালের প্রতি’ সনেট্

(শ্রীমঃ লাঃ রাঃ)

এস আমি ধানমগ্ন বহিও না আর-
পাকশালা নহে তব সাধনার স্থান ।
এস তুমি --- পুচ্ছ তব সুন্দর এমন
নাড়িয়া --- গাহিয়া তব চির স্নিগ্ধ গান ।

বড় ভয় করি আমি ওগো ব্যাঘ্র পিসে
যদি তোমা লোভ রিপু করে আক্রমণ--
অর্মান কি-দেবী তুলি সম্মার্জনীখানি
উষ্ণ মস্ত্রে তোমা, ঋষি ! করিবে বরণ ।

তুমি এস--শিষ্য আমি দাও উপদেশ
কিরূপে পাইব সিদ্ধি সাধনায়--হায় !
তুমি জান উঁকি বুঁকি কত শত রূপ--
পরীক্ষার রণ ভূতে তরাও আমায় !

হে গম্ভীরহন তুমি করি নমস্কার--
দাও বর--দাও সিদ্ধি অনন্ত অপার ।

কবিকঙ্কণের রচনার বিশেষত্ব ।

শ্রীচন্দ্রকান্ত দত্ত

প্রথম বার্ষিক প্রেগী (ক), রিপণ কলেজ ।

কবিকঙ্কণ চণ্ডী আমাদের বাঙ্গালী ঘরের ঝাঁটা সংসার চিত্রের একখানি অকৃত্রিম সুন্দর ছবি । ইহা বাঙ্গালীর উজ্জ্বল বসোরার গোলাপ গাছ বা বিলাত হইতে আনিত আইভি লতার কুঞ্জ নহে । বাঙ্গালী ঝাইতে, চলিতে, বসিতে, শুইতে, সাধারণতঃ যে সমস্ত নিয়ম পালন করিয়া চলে অমর কবি যুক্রন্দরাম সেই সাধারণ

উপাদান স্বকীয় প্রতিভার হিরণ্য কিরণে রঞ্জিত করিয়া আমাদের সম্মুখে ধরিয়াছেন ।

গদগু আমরা আমাদের নিত্যানুষ্ঠিত কাব্যাবলীর মধ্যে কোনও বিশেষত্ব দোষ না তথাপি যখন আমরা কবিকঙ্কণের বর্ণিত বিষয় পাঠ করিতে পাস তখন তাহার স্বাভাবিক খাঁটি চিত্রগুলি আমাদের নিকট বড়ই মনোহর, বড়ই হৃৎপ্রদ বলিয়া মনে হয়। মকুন্দদাম স্বাভাবিক কবি, তিনি কালের সৌরভ, চাঁদের জ্যোৎস্না বা মলয় পবন কল্পনার ঘূর্ত্তে ভাসিয়া, কোকিলের কুহরূপ সঙ্গ রায় নিঃসঙ্গ কারিয়া সেই অপূৰ্ব্ব খাদ্য পাঠকরূপকে উপহার প্রদান কারিয়া তাহাদের হৃৎপ্রদ সামন করিতে চেষ্টা করেন নাই। এই খানে কবিকঙ্কণের শ্রেষ্ঠ এই স্বাভাবিকতার জন্যই মাধব আচার্যের চণ্ডী হইতে কবিকঙ্কণের চণ্ডী লোক সমাজে অধিকতর আদর প্রাপ্ত হইয়াছে। কবিকঙ্কণের কবিত্ব-সৌন্দর্য্য যথামত বিশ্লেষণ করা এই ক্ষুদ্র প্রবন্ধে নিতান্ত দুঃসাধ্য, এজ্জল পাঠকরূপের নিকট সান্ত্বন্যে ক্ষমা প্রার্থনা করিতেছি।

কান দেবতাদেবের চারত্রয় সম্পূর্ণ মানবীয় ভাবে গঠন করিয়াছেন; মহাদেব সত্যকে দক্ষ-যজ্ঞে গাইতে নিয়োগ করিতেছেন, কিম্ব পিতৃ-গৃহের উৎসব সোমবার জন্ত সতী বড়ই ব্যাকুল হইয়া পড়িয়াছেন, তাই তিনি দেবাদিদেবের চরণ ধারণা আমাদের বঙ্গগৃহের বধূতার মত অন্তর্নিহিত চাহিতেছেন

“চরণ ধরিয়া সখি,
যাব পক্ষ দিবসের ভবে।
‘তবদিন আছে আল,
পড়িতে বাপের বাস,
নিবেদন করি যোড় কবে।।
এক ‘ভল কোথা গাই,
জুড়াংতে নাহি ঠাই,
বিধাতা ক’ল জন্ম দুঃখী।
পক্ষও কাননে বসি,
নাহি পান পান্দী,
সীমন্তে সিন্দূর দিতে সখী।।”

কিন্তু এই অগুরোধেও গাভ্রোষ ভুট্ট হইলেন না; তখন দেবী মহেশ্বরকে মনের প্রলোভন দেখাইলেন,

“পিত্তা মোর পুণ্যবান,
করিবিন অনেক দান,
কল্পাপণে দিবে ব্যবহাৰ,
বসন ভূষণ আদি,
পান নানা বস্তু বিবি,
ভেল বুদ্ধি নাহিক বাপাৰ।।”

পাড়িতে পাড়িতে মনে হয় যেন দেবী আমাদের দরিদ্র বঙ্গ গৃহের বধূটী

এক দিন মহাদেব প্রভাতে পুত্রবয়স কান্তিক গণেশকে ক্রোড়ে লইয়া ভগবতীকে ডাকিয়া বলিতেছেন, —“গত কল্যা ভিক্ষা করিয়া এক থামা খুদ পাইয়াছি, আজ একটু সকালে রান্না করিতে যাও, লাওয়া লাওয়া করিয়া আজ ঘরে বসিয়া একটু বিশ্রাম”

কার ... কবিকঙ্কণের মহাদেব বড়ই পেটুক, তিনি দেবীকে রন্ধনের করমাইস
করিতেছেন :

“নিম্নে সীমে বেগুণে রাজিয়া দিবে তত ॥
সুস্থতা শীতের কালে বড়ই মধুর ।
কমডাতে বাগানেতে গাছবে গুচর ॥
রাজিব ছোলায় দালি তখি দিবে খড় ।
আলস্য ঘুচায়া আল দিবে দুই দণ্ড ॥
বেশম মাখিয়া রাজ সন্নিহার শাক ।
কটু তৈলে বেথুয়া করিবে দ্রুত শাক ॥
ঘুতে ভাজ খর করি রাজিবে ফুল বাড়ি ॥
চোয়া চোয়া করি ভাজ পলতা কাকড়ি ॥
কুরুনীতে কুরিয়া আনবে নাবিকেল ।
পিঠালি মিশায়া তখি দিবে কিছু জল :
আপনি উদ্দেশ্য করি রাজ যদি পৌরী
ভোজনের শেষে খাব ইচ্ছা দুই কলী ॥”

নিশ্চিন্ত মনে পুত্র কোলে কারিয়া চেটাচের উপর বসিয়া স্বার প্রাত এইভাবে রন্ধনের
আদেশ প্রদানকারী মহাদেবকে বঙ্গীয় শাস্ত্রীতম পল্লীভাষা নিরাত রুসক বলিয়াই
মনে হয় ।

বাধপল্লী কল্পরা স্বামী কালকেতুর আদেশে চাউল উদ্ধার কারবার জন্য সখী
গৃহে উপস্থিত হইলে সখী প্রচলিত রীতি অনুসারে তাহার চুল আঁচড়াইয়া, তেল
সন্দূপরাইয়া খোঁপা বাঁধিয়া দিল ; তারপর কল্পরার দ্বারা তাহার মাথার “চচারিটা”
উকুন বাছাইয়া লইল.

“আইস পরানের সই কইস ভগিনী ।

মোব মাথাক গোটাচারি দেখহ উকুনী ॥”

ইহা সাধারণ গৃহস্থ বধূর একটা সাধারণ চিত্র. প্রান্তিতাবান্ কবির তুলিকাপাতে কেমন
সুন্দর কুটিয়া উঠিয়াছে ।

চণ্ডী কালোর ১ম খণ্ডের গল্পাংশের মধ্যে আমাদের নিকট একটা স্থান সর্বাপেক্ষা
সুন্দর. — অতি সুন্দর বাংলা মনে হয় । পড়িতে পড়িতে মনে হয় যেন বিশাল
মরুভূমিস্থ নয়নাভয়াম মরুদ্যানের ন্যায় সমস্ত প্রথম খণ্ডের গল্পাংশের
মধ্যে ‘উহাই সরস. ছন্দগ্রাহী ও মনোহর । কালকেতু মাংস বিক্রয়ার্থে
‘গোলাঘাটে’ গিয়াছে. কল্পরা সখীগৃহ হইতে প্রত্যাবর্তন করিয়া দোখল, তাহাদের
ভয়প্রায় কুটীর দ্বারে অপূর্ব সুন্দরী মোড়লী মূর্তি দাঁড়াইয়া, তাহার রূপচ্ছটায় ব্যাধের
ঈর্ষ কুটীর থান স্বর্গের শোভায় বলসিয়া উঠিতেছে । কল্পরা সেই দেবীমূর্তি দেখিয়া

বিশ্বয় ও ভক্তিনমিত্ত হৃদয়ে প্রণাম করিয়া জিজ্ঞাসা করিল। দেবী সন্মিত অধরে কোশলে পারচয় প্রদান করিলেন :—

“ইলাবৃত্তে ঘর মোর জাতিতে ব্রাহ্মণী।

শিশুকাল হইতে আমি ভ্রমি একাকিনী ॥

“ বন্দ্যবংশে জন্ম মোর বাপেরা খোখাল।

সান্তসত্য গৃহে মোর বিমম জঞ্জাল।

তুমি গো ফুল্লরা যদি দেহ অলুসতি।

এই স্থানে কিছুদিন কবিব বসতি ॥

ইহা “ব্যাকোক্তি” নামক কাব্যালঙ্কার বিশেষ। কবিবর ভারতচন্দ্র এই বিষয়ে যুকুন্দরামাপেক্ষা অধিক কুতিত্ব দেখাইয়াছেন। কিন্তু কবিকঙ্কণই তাহার গুরু। যাহা হউক, এসম্বন্ধে অধিক আলোচনা অপ্রাসঙ্গিক, কাজেই আলোচনায় নিরস্ত রহিলাম। পরিচয় শুনিয়া ফুল্লরা দেবীকে সাধারণ মানুষ বলিয়াই ধারয়া লইল। পক্ষান্তরে তাহার হৃদয়ে এক চিন্তার স্রোত বহিল। ফুল্লরা ভাবিল, এই ষোড়শী সুন্দরী হয়ত মন্দ অভিপ্রায়ে আসিয়াছেন, তিনি এখানে থাকিলে স্বামী হয়ত তাহারই রূপে মুগ্ধ হইয়া ফুল্লরাকে বিষ-নয়নে দেখিবে, তাহা হইলে তাহার সমস্ত সুখসন্তোগের অবসান হইবে। তাই ফুল্লরা ‘মুখে মধু হৃদয়ে বিষ’ লইয়া তাঁহাকে গৃহে করিয়া যাইবার জন্য অনুরোধ করিতে লাগিলেন

“ * * * * *

নাহি লখি তোমা কার বোলে বান্দা,

কি হেতু ছাড়িলে পতি।

কিসের কারণ, একাকী ভ্রমণ,

কেন কৈলে হেন মতি ॥

কিবা পতি দোষ, দেখি কৈলা রোষ,

স্বরূপ কইনা বারি।

তোর বিরহ আরে, স্বামী যদি মবে,

কোন্ ঘাটে পাবে পানি।

যা শুড়ী ননন্দ, কিবা কৈল মন্দ,

সত্য কহ কথা মোরে।

তোর সঙ্গে যাব, অনেক নিন্দিত,

বুঝাব নানা প্রকারে ॥”

ফুল্লরা স্বীয় স্মৃতির পথ নিষ্কণ্টক করিবার জন্য দেবীকে তাহার খাণ্ডুড়ীর নিকট পঁছাইয়া দিতে পর্য্যন্ত প্রস্তুত! রমণী চরিত্রে ইহা স্বাভাবিক। ভগবতী বড়ই রহস্যপ্রিয়া, তিনি কালকেতুকে পরিত্যাগ করিয়া যাইতে সম্মত নহেন বরং তাহাদের সুখস্বচ্ছন্দের জন্য অর্থ দিতে পর্য্যন্ত প্রস্তুত! দেবীর এমনবিধ ব্যবহারে ফুল্লরা তাহার প্রতি একটু

ক্রুদ্ধ হইল। সে দেবীকে প্রাণত্যাগীয়া পৃথিবী সতী রমণীদিগের কাহিনী বর্ণনা করিয়া অনেক উপদেশ দিল : কিয় দেবী তাহাতে কর্ণপাত না করিয়া উত্তর -

“তুমি যে বল মে বল আমি নীরে না ছাড়িব।”

সম্ভোপদেশ বাথ হইল দেখিয়া কল্লরা তাতার বারমাসের দুঃখ কাহিনী বিবৃত করিয়া দেবীর মনে দাবিদের গুহসুখের প্রতি একটা বিতর্ক জন্মাইয়া দিতে উচ্চা করিল, কিন্তু তাহাও ব্যর্থ হইল। দেবী উত্তর করিলেন,

“অধিক হৈতে মোর মনে আছে তোহ অংশ।”

এই বাক্য দ্বাধ্য বোধক। কল্লরা যোগ হয় উপহার অর্থ করিল যে দামুস্ত্য তিনি একা-
কিনী ভোগ করিবেন না, কল্লরাও সেই সুখের ভাগ লিখেন। কল্লরা এবার দুঃখ
কপে আশ্বাসে কাহিনী করিয়া যখন সে শুনিল, তাতার স্বামীই ইহাকে
ইহা আসসাছে, তখন আশ্বাসিতকল্প। কল্লরা স্বামীকে গজনা দিবার জন্য
কাহিনী কাহিনী শুন। একবারে গোলাঘাটে উপস্থিত হইল। কল্লরার মনে এই
বিদ্রোহ ভাবের সঞ্চার হওয়া দাব্যিক। প্রত্যেক রমণীই তাতার স্বামী-প্রেম
প্রাণত্যাগী দাখলে র মত দুঃখ, কপে, আশ্বাসে জলিয়া পুড়িয়া মরে।
কবিকল্প সেই প্রাণত্যাগী এইমতে এই সুন্দর - আশ্বাসের ছবি দান আঁকিয়াছেন।

মানব চরিত্রের বসন্তারীর গুহস্তারীর গুঁচিনাটি সামান্য সামান্য বিষয়গুলি
কবিকল্পের তালিকা কোশলে মানব মনুষ্যের সমক্ষে বেশ উজ্জলভাবে দৃষ্টিয়া উঠিয়াছে।
ভগবতী কালকেতুকে সাত কলসী ধন দিলেন, কালকেতু দুইবারে চারি কলসী
ধন বাড়ী রাখিয়া আসিল। অপর তিন কলসী তাতার পক্ষে একবারে লইয়া
গিয়া অসন্ত, সন্তের সরলপ্রাণ ব্যাপ কালকেতু দেবীকে এক ঘড়া ধন কাপে
করিল। তাতার বাড়ীতে বসিয়া দিয়া আসিতে অনুরোধ করিল। কেমন সুন্দর
মানব চরিত্রের স্বাভাবিক! ভগবতী এক কলসী ধন লইয়া কালকেতুদ পশ্চাৎ
পশ্চাৎ আসিতেছেন, কল্লরা—

“মনে মনে মহাবীর করেন কুতি।

ধন ঘড়া লইয়া পাছে পলায় পার্শ্বী।”

সাধারণ মানব চরিত্রের এইরূপ বিকাশ আমরা কবিকল্পের রচনার প্রায় সর্বত্রই
দেখিতে পাই। কালকেতুর মত মুরারীশীলের ব্যবহার, বাজারে ভাঁড়দস্ত, ধন-
পাতি পুষ্কিনীপাত বাড়ী শ্রবণে লজনার আশ্বাস ও ধনপাত কর্তৃক তাতার মানসজ্ঞান,
কল্লরা দামীর চরিত্র, সপত্নী দর্শনে স্ত্রীলীর খেদ, প্রভৃতি সাধারণ মানবীয় ভাবের
সুন্দর ও পূর্ণ বিকাশ আমরা অমর কবি মুকুন্দরামের রচনায় সেমন দেখিতে পাই অন্য
কোনো রচনা পাই না।

গৃহস্থালী ও বিবাহ প্রভৃতি ব্যাপারের বর্ণনায় কবি যে নিপুণতার পরিচয় দিয়াছেন তাহাতে মনে হয় যেন তিনি স্বয়ং একজন সুদক্ষ ও সর্ববিষয়ে পারদর্শিনী গৃহিণী। দেবী ভগবতীর গৃহস্থালী, ফুল্লরার গৃহণীপনা, ধনপতির বিবাহ, খুল্লনার রঞ্জন, খুল্লনার সাধভঞ্জন প্রভৃতি বিষয়গুলি গৃহস্থালীর বেশ সমৃদ্ধ ও পরিস্ফুট চিত্র।

করুণ কাহিনী বর্ণনায় মুকুন্দরাম বিশেষ দক্ষ ছিলেন। এ বিষয় তাহার প্রতিভা অন্যান্য বিষয় বর্ণনার ক্ষমতাপেক্ষা অনেক উচ্চে আসন পাইবার যোগ্য। সে সম্বন্ধায় করুণ কাহিনী পাঠ করিতে করিতে পাঠকের অশ্রু সঞ্চার করা সাধ্যাতীত।

“মাংসের পসরা লব্ধা ফিরি ঘরে ঘরে।

কিছু গুদ কুড়া পাই উঃ ন পুবে ॥

খাজান নাই, অঙ্গে পড়ে মাংস জল।

কত মাছি খায় অঙ্গে দেৱের কর্তৃক দল ॥

উভয় বসনে বেশ করয়ে বসিতা।

অকাগা ফুল্লরা করে উদরেব চিত্তা ॥”—ইত্যাদি

ফুল্লরার বাসমাসের দুঃখ-কাহিনী পাঠ করিলে, স্তম্বেষাধিপালিতা খুল্লরার সেই ছায়া-চারিণী বেশে রোদ্রে রুটিতে, বনে বনে, পল্লভে পল্লভে, জনশনে ভ্রমণ ও নীরবে সপত্নী লহনার কঠোর অত্যাচার সহ করিতে দেখিলে, সতীসাক্ষী খুল্লনার চরিত্রের পবিত্রতা পরীক্ষার জন্য আত্মীয়স্বজনগণ কর্তৃক তাহাকে উৎপীড়িত হইতে দেখিলে, সিংহলেম্বরের কারাগারে ধনপতির যন্ত্রণা পাঠ করিলে, বালক শ্রীমন্তের বধ্যভূমিতে কালসদৃশ ঘাতকের উত্তোলিত শাণিত খড়্গের নীচে বসিয়া পিতার জন্য মাতার জন্য অশ্রুপাত দর্শন করিলে কোন্ পাষণেব হৃদয় না দুঃখে ব্যাকুল হইয়া উঠে, কাহার নয়ন যুগল না অশ্রুভারাক্রান্ত হয়?

নায়ক নায়িকার রূপ বর্ণনায় কবিকঙ্কণ বেশ দক্ষতা দেখাইয়াছেন। দ্বাধ কালকেতুর—

“হুই চক্ষু জিনি নাটা, ঘুরে যেন কড়ি ভাঁটা

কানে শোভে ফটীক কুণ্ডল।

পরিধানে বীর খড়ি, গলায় জালের দড়ি

শিশু মাঝে যেমন মণ্ডল ॥ ইত্যাদি

বণিক বালক শ্রীমন্তের—

“জননী লোচন ফান্দ, বদন শারদ চান্দ,

লোচন যুগল ইন্দীবর।

কবাট বিশাল পাটা, সিংহ জিনি মাঝ ভটা,

অভিনব যেন শক্তিবর ॥”—ইত্যাদি।

দুই প্রকারের দুইটি বিভিন্ন জাতীয় রূপের দুইটি বিভিন্ন চিত্র যেন আমাদের নয়নের সম্মুখে ভাসিতেছে। দেবী ভগবতী যখন গোপিকা রূপিণী পরিভাগ করিয়া

সুন্দরী রমণী মূর্তি ধারণ করিলেন তখন কবি তাঁহার সেই দিব্য ছবি খানি আঁকিয়াছেন,—

“ভঞ্জে ছি’ড়িয়া দড়ি, পরিয়া গাটের শাড়ী,
বোল বৎসরের হৈল রায়া।

খপন পপন আঁখি, অকলঙ্ক শশিমুখী,
কেবা দিতে পারে রূপ মীমা॥

ঢটাক নিতম্ব সাজে, ঢরণ পঙ্কজ বাজে,
মণিময় কাঞ্চন ভূষণ।

বিমল অঞ্জের খাড়া, নানা অলঙ্কারে শোভা,
রবির কিরণ করে দূর ॥”—ইত্যাদি।

বাণীক! ধুল্লনার রূপ বর্ণনায় কবি লিখিয়াছেন,

“চাঁচর চিকুর চান্দে, কবরী টানিয়া বাধে,
বেড়ি নব মাগভীর ফুল।

সরস কানন ছাড়ি, এসয়ে কবরী বেড়ি,
মধুলোভে ভুলে অলিফুল ॥

যেন শিশু এবি ছটা, ললাটে সিন্দূর কোটা,
অধর জিনিয়া জবাফুল।

চুক চুই ধনুধর, নয়ন তারার শব,
রাঙ রবি শলী তার কোলে ॥”—ইত্যাদি।

মুকুন্দরামের “কমলে কামিনী” কবিত্ব ভাবের আকর। চণ্ডীকাব্যে এমন সুন্দর একখানি প্রাকৃতিক দৃশ্য আর নাই। সে কি সুন্দর দৃশ্য! অনন্ত অপার সুন্দর জলধি সুন্দর আকাশের সঙ্গে মিশিয়া গিয়াছে। সেই সাগরবক্ষে তরঙ্গাবলী যেত ফেনপুঞ্জ শিরে লইয়া নৃত্য করিয়া বেড়াইতেছে, অসীম জলরাশির বহুদূর ব্যাপিয়া এক রমণীয় পল্লবন, অগণিত রক্ত, নীল, পীত, যেত শতদল বিকশিত হইয়া ভাষাদের রূপ বিভাষ প্রকৃতিহীনবীকে অপরূপ রূপে ভূষিত করিতেছে। সমীরণ সেই শতদল সমূহকে ধীরে ধীরে নাচাইয়া চলিয়া যাইতেছে। মধুকরকুল গুঞ্জনগীতি গাঠিয়া ফুলে ফুলে বিচরণ করিয়া তৃপ্তপ্রাণে মধুপান করিতেছে। সেই বিস্তীর্ণ পল্লবকাননের এক প্রফুল্ল শতদলের উপর এক পরমাসুন্দরী ভুবনমোহিনী রমণীমূর্তি সমারুঢ়া। সেট ঈষদ্ভক্তি কমলদলের জায় অপরূপ রূপবতী নারী এক হস্তে মাতঙ্গ ধারণা গ্রাস করিতেছেন; তাহার ভারে গুণাল কম্পিত হইতেছে, কিন্তু ভূবিভেছে না। কি সুন্দর উচ্ছল আশ্চর্য্য দৃশ্য! এই ছবি কল্পনার নয়নে দর্শন করিয়া উপভোগ করিবার জিনিস বিশ্লেষণ করিয়া বুঝাটবার সামগ্রী নহে।

THE RIPON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol II.



MAY, 1917.

No 4.

College Notes and Observations.

We have been in the midst of great events. Progress has marched with its seven-leagued boots and a baby in the cradle has seen things which a octogenarian might well hanker after. The world is not today what it was three months before. Mighty barriers have tumbled down and the strong Bastilles of prejudice and superstition are levelled to the ground. Russian autocracy is gone and the Tsar of all Russias is but a poor prisoner today! An earthquake has passed over, yet how silently and with how little ado! Who ever thought that Russia, the stronghold of autocracy and serfdom whose tyranny and oppression were as old as human misery, would suddenly wake up one morning to find herself famous!

• The atmosphere is surcharged with greatness and the little things have hidden their heads. It is the day of the great, the noble, the majestic,—the day of sacrifice, honour and self-abandonment. India has her due share of glory, and the war has ushered forth a new era in Bengal. After an interval of more than three centuries Bengal has again got an opportunity of shedding her blood on the sacred field of battle. Let the world feel that our blood is still warm within us and that a Bengalee can fight as bravely as any other nation. The marching of the Double Company in the streets of Calcutta has sent a thrill into the heart of every son of Bengal, and the formation of the Bengali Regiment is soon going to be an accomplished fact. It is the sentiment that plays a great part in life. India has had her due share of honour also in the Imperial War

Conference. What the eloquence and agitation of half a century could not do, has been done by the touch of a magic wand. The time-spirit is too strong to be resisted.

Another great power has come into the arena. America has at last thrown her lot with the allies and the speech of President Wilson on that occasion is one of the sublimest philippics of modern times. Filled with the eternal ethical sentiments of international politics it bespeaks the noble enthusiasm of a great statesman in a noble cause. The hidden greatness of the world has suddenly come out and a future student of history might well say of this time, with Wordsworth

Bless was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven !



We once more wish the Second and Fourth Year students of our college success in their respective examinations. They had to suffer much and we wish that all their sufferings be crowned with glory. They leave us, it is true, but we again remind them that their relation with the College does not cease on that account, and that an invisible tie exists between them and their *alma mater* which it is the duty of every student to strengthen and perpetuate. We also extend our cordial welcome to the new-comers of the Third Year class, and like to ask them all that if they want to see their Magazine live they must supply it with proper nourishment.



We are rather late in coming out this time. The whole work of the college was completely dislocated by the holding of University examinations in the college premises and nothing could be done in time. While the other colleges of Calcutta practically got off scot-free Ripon College had to suffer a great deal on account of the carelessness of the University authorities. There was some dissatisfaction among the students, partly due to the dislocation of class work and partly to their pecuniary loss. The college had to be remained open up to the first week of May and those students who otherwise would have long gone home had to stay on in their hostels and messes by paying their dues for that month. The University alone is responsible for this additional seat-rent, and considering the hard lot of our students it ought to come forward with pecuniary-help.

Every one connected with the education of Bengal must have keenly felt the disgrace brought upon the University by the successive leakage of questions in the Matriculation, Intermediate and B. A. (Hons.) Examinations. It is the greatest scandal against the good name of the University, a reflection on the nation at large, and is not to be passed off slightly. But our journalists would have proved themselves more worthy of the position they occupy, if instead of clutching this opportunity for indulging in heartless chuckling and feeding fat their ancient grudge, they would have spent some time in sober reflection and devising plans. Captious criticism is of no avail. The shame is there : there is no whitewashing, no denying. It is a slur brought on the whole community by the mischievous and treacherous conduct of a few. What is necessary is, that that few should be properly dealt with.

But here we must say that the University has failed to do its duty. This is more unpardonable than the leakage itself. It is painful to conceive that the wise heads of those who formed the Enquiry Committee have failed to push their investigation to the very source. Is it after all so very difficult as is represented to be ? A member of the Senate thinks it not. The motion of Dr. Kedarnath Das carries with it a good deal of reason and weight and the Senate ought to have considered it with more deliberation. If it is possible to avert popular indignation and foreign criticism by sacrificing a guilty few, is it wise to make the whole community a victim to them ?

The holding of the Matriculation Examination in July has put the private Colleges into a good deal of difficulty. The Session could not be begun before September in the case of the First Year students, while the Third Year men will come in the usual time. This means that nothing could be finally settled before September and we are to be satisfied in the meantime with a tentative arrangement. Besides this there is the present financial loss.

The discussion on the Post Graduate Studies in the Calcutta University has attracted a good deal of popular attention. The sum and substance of this is that all the colleges should abandon their M. A. course which is to be the sole monopoly of the University. The sanity and wisdom of this measure can be properly judged only by the future generation. But why this exclusive right, this monopoly ? Monopoly has long gone out of existence in the field of trade and commerce, why reinstate it in the sphere of education ? The more the

merrier, the better for healthy competition. The resolution on this scheme was carried by a overwhelming majority, but those who opposed it were men worthy to be heard. The government might take this into consideration.



The meeting for the election of the representatives of the staff to the College Council came off in April, and Professors Gangadhar Mukherji, Pramathanath Mukherji and Surendramohon Sengupta were duly elected for the next term. We congratulate them heartily and hope they would fully justify our high expectation of them. The retiring representatives, Profs. Haranchandra Banerji and Bepin-vihari Gupta had laid the college under a deep debt of obligation for their faithful services in the Council, and deserve our best thanks. We are sure that though no longer in the Council they would take the same vital interest in the college affairs as they used to do before.



It is with extreme regret and surprise that we are going to part with seven of our colleagues. Parting is so frequent here and true meeting so rare that we cannot but look behind and after. The college should ever remain grateful to them for their services. We wish them all success in their new sphere of activity and hope they would remember a college which has witnessed their maiden efforts.



We congratulate Prof. N. N. De of our college on the brilliant success of his brother, Mr. B. De, B. sc., c. B. who has been appointed a lecturer in Engineering at the Technical College, West Hartlepool. He is a brilliant graduate of the Glasgow University and has obtained Certificate of Proficiency in Engineering. He is only 24.



Professors' Union—It must be confessed that the union has been less active this year than in the previous year. Against ten papers in the last year we have got only four this year. But though the quantity has been less the quality remains the same. We are very sorry to learn that we have been deprived of the pleasant company of Prof. Aswinikumar Ghose, M. A., B. L. one of the energetic secretaries of this Union, who spared no trouble to make it a success. The following is the full report of the workings of the Union for the term 1916—1917 :—

DATE.	LECTURER.	SUBJECT.	REMARKS
28 July 1916.	Principal Ramendrasundar Trivedi, M. A.	প্রাণময় জগৎ।	President: Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, D. Sc.—Published in the <i>Bharat-varsha</i> .
12 Aug. 1916.	Prof. Sukumar Dutt, M. A. B.L.	The Paribrajaka in Pre-Bhuddist India.	M. M. Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan, presided. Published in the <i>Dacca Review</i> .
17 Feb. 1917.	"	বঙ্গালী সাহিত্যে অশ্রুভাবিকতা ও কৃত্রিমতা।	Principal Trivedi presided. The paper was also read in the Calcutta University Institute under the presidency of Pandit Surendra Chandra Samajpati.
21 April 1917.	Prof. Mahitosh Roychowdhury M. A.	যশে বাইরে of Rabindranath	Principal Trivedi presided.

The Bengalee Regiment is soon going to be an accomplished fact, but the Indian Defence Force has not yet received the same amount of impetus and enthusiasm as the former has got. The task is lighter in the latter and the training lasts only for three months. We invite our students to enlist themselves as soon as possible. Bengal must soon raise her contribution to the Force, if she wants to keep up her prestige.

We are shocked to hear the premature death of Dr. Indumadhab Mullick, M. A., M. D., B. L. &c &c. He was a great friend of the students and always took a keen interest in their welfare. A man of wide culture and broad sympathy his loss would be deeply felt in Calcutta. We beg to offer our most sincere condolence to his bereaved family.

English Articles.

THE SCHOLAR'S MELANCHOLY.

By **Sukumar Dutt**, M. A., B. L.,

Professor of English Literature, Ripon College.

The title of the present article will no doubt recall a famous literary curiosity of early seventeenth century. Yet, however much the out-of-the-way theme of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* may set us wondering, let it not be forgotten that Burton lived in an age when 'young gentlemen,' as Shakespeare tells us, 'would be as sad as night only for wantonness,' and town-gallants, as Ben Jonson says, wanted 'a stool to be melancholy upon'. There was a revival of this melancholy fashion, as we all know, under the insidious influence of Byron's personality who himself had so much of the Titanic force and dash and objective outlook of the sixteenth century. But the time when young men 'practised at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip and the scowl of the brow' is happily over and gone. Melancholy is no longer a reigning fashion and can excite no such keen pathological interest as in the days of Demetrius Junior.

But I have no intention at all to intrude on that province, so remote from modern interest, which was staked out by Burton and filled with all that quaint classical learning so characteristic of his age. My title indeed hardly indicates my subject,— if I may be said to write on a subject at all when I intend merely to ramble along what Stevenson calls, 'the Commonplace Lane that leads to the Belvedere of Commonsense.' Yet my rambling manner may not be without justification of a sort, for has it not always been the inalienable privilege of an essayist to look 'glimpse-wise' at a matter, as Montaigne says, and not 'system-wise' like a philosopher?

There was a profound reason in medieval life and polity when society reserved for the scholar the artificial seclusion of the monastery. Within its grey lichened four walls, there was yet space and room for a life absorbed in quiet, contemplative studies. But with the dissolution of the medieval scheme of things, this necessary refuge of the scholar has also crumbled away and, like Adam turned out of the Paradise, he is now 'left homeless and derelict in a world where he is only alien.' The scholar's ideas are not the ideas of the practical

man, for the world moves fast with speed at any cost, and the most luminous ideas of the master-minds of old in which the scholar habitually lives and moves, are quickly rendered effete and obsolete by the constant mutations of all human things. "He gives directions," says Overbury, the prince of English character-writers, "for husbandry from Vergil's *Georgics* ; for cattle from his *Bucolics* ; for warlike stratagems from his *Aeneids* or Caesar's *Commentaries*. He orders all things and thrives in none ; skilful in all trades and thrives in none " And the secret of his unsuccess surely lies in this that the nineteen hundred years that have passed by, since Vergil and Caesar, have revolutionised the arts of peace and war.

The impracticality of the scholar is a cheap and hackneyed taunt. In a world all athrob with progress and social activities, the scholar in quaint habit and with old-world ideas makes a sorry and backward figure at his best. The contempt which the sense-wrapped men of the world feel for their opposite types is well illustrated by an anecdote of Pope and Kneller which Emerson quotes in his *Essay on Montaigne* : "Spence relates that Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew', said Sir Godfrey, 'You have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.' 'I don't know how great men you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'" Now in this world where muscles and bones are more prized than poetry and painting, the man of ideas stands little chance indeed. In the struggle for existence, power and prosperity, the history of such men has always been not unlike the mournful history of the Celtic tribes, as one of their own bards has sung,—"They always went forth to battle and they always fell !"

I am aware that the general proposition that scholars fail and are bound to fail in the practical affairs of the world will not be allowed to pass without a challenge. Scholarship is knowledge and knowledge is power. We find those who are distinguished for great intellect, wide knowledge and profound learning most often at the top of the social ladder. A successful engineer must also be a scientist ; a great lawyer also a jurist ; a leading statesman also a philosopher and economist. Between knowledge and learning and practical success we often observe a prodigiously close relation, though it is surely by no means necessary or inevitable, and this relation has often been conceived to be that of means and end or cause and effect. In this conception are grounded all the theories of education and learning

of which what Bacon says in the *Advancement of Learning* may be taken as the type: "For if men judge," says this 'philosopher of getting-on', "that learning should be referred to action, they judge well." The *reductio ad absurdum* of this time-honoured argument is to consider all researches on electricity as good only for turning the fan or running the tram-car, all historical writings for supplying maxims and lessons for the guidance of practical statesmen, all the science of political economy for enabling the financier to prepare his statistics and all philosophy and theology for defining men's ideas of good and evil. In this charmingly simple and easily popular argument, the true scholar detects not only a ludicrous disproportion between means and ends, but also a jarring note of Philistinism, as defined by Matthew Arnold. It was in protest against the Philistinism lurking in this argument that a Cambridge Professor genially said of his theory: "The best of it all is that it can never by any possibility be made of the slightest use to any body for any thing." This Cambridge Professor was the truest and purest type of a scholar.

The duality between the ideal of contemplation and the ideal of action may not be absolute, but the greater or less importance attached to either is the measure of the scholarly temper. To the man of action, taking thought is only second best, only the means to an end; but it is the supreme end-in-itself to the genuine scholar, who studies, to quote the words of Pater, 'the intangible perfection of those whose ideal is rather in *being*' than in *doing*.' The conception, in the words of the same Oxford scholar, 'that the end of life is not action but contemplation—*being* as distinct from *doing*—a certain disposition of the mind,' is in some respects crucial and stamps a true scholar. To such an one the argument that learning is valuable as *being* means to efficient action on the wholly one-sided principle that the end justifies the means has no appealing quality or convincing force at all. I remember reading the story of a certain Professor who had made a most useful invention of great promise and possibility. When the Professor had explained its mechanism to an American millionaire, the latter exclaimed, "Why, man, you could be as wealthy as myself if you would only take out a patent for it." Whereon the Professor replied with truly Socratic coolness, "I have no time to waste on making money." Was it not this sublime, philosophic pride that sustained Doctor Johnson when he was turned away by Lord Chesterfield who 'did not want his carpets to be soiled by his muddy boots'?

I am trying only to define what the characteristic temper of the scholar is. You find a blear-eyed bespectacled man slaving at his desk, piled high with books, beating out some uncouth point of ancient learning which moves the laughter and derision of others :

'How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.'

You take pity to observe his dingy dress, his squalid rags, his unkempt appearance and remind him good-naturedly, 'Dear sir, too much reading is weariness of the flesh and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth anxiety.' You quote Wordsworth to him in good humour :

'Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?'

You call upon him to act, act in the living present, to turn from his 'venerable toys' to world's realities, to direct his wasted energies into more fruitful channels, not of self-seeking, but of philanthropic endeavours. What if he turns sharply round on you and says, "On what compulsion must I act? How can you assume that your action is not more vain and wasted than my seemingly useless researches? Consider the stupendous prodigality of nature that is content to gather little or no fruit from the eager activities of generations! Remember what an Apologist for Idlers like myself has said, 'When nature is so careless of the single life, why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own life is of exceptional importance?' In the face of the gigantic prodigality and carelessness of nature, is there really much to choose between such scholastic triviality as ascertaining the shape of Aristotle's cap and such mighty action as Caesar's Gallic campaign? A more delicate sense of life's eternal values does not attach this exaggerated importance to individual action, whether it be making money for oneself or nursing lepers in Crete, feeding children at home or passing a Poor Law through Parliament. But you say, Life is a noble calling. Yet your adjustment of means to ends, your practical application of knowledge, your fever and fret, sick hurry and divided aims—are you quite sure that all these make up life and fulfil its calling? Are you not rather crushing and grinding life itself in the machine of your activities to turn out—what after all? Whatever it may be—'noble' 'epoch-making,' 'monumental,' whatever people may choose to call the out-turn of your

machine, remember what I said before of the vast wastefulness of Nature. Act in the living present ! Is that so necessary or even important for the individual, considering the vanity of all your action to the eternity of life on earth ?

"Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes !

Live now or never !"

He said, 'What's time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes,

Man has Forever !"

Back to his book then . deeper drooped his head :

Calculus racked him :

Leag'en before, his eyes grew dross of lead :

Thyrsis attacked him."

That is what Browning wrote about the grammarian, and he surely lived up to a higher ideal and on a more reasoned principle, though he sought merely to settle *Hoti's* business, properly base *Oun* and give the doctrine of the enclitic *De*, than the fussiest politician or the loudest demagogue." It is sobering to reflect on this standpoint from which the scholar may view his work, turning aside, like Pictor Ignotus, from noisy scenes of action that scare him

'Like revels through a door

Of some strange house of idols at its rites !'

To declare noble action to be the end of strenuous learning is thus observed to be only the cant doctrine of the busybodies of the world, 'strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage and then heard no more.' It was of them, the poor in spirit, that Pascal, another typical scholar, said that their endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder them from looking into themselves, which is a view they cannot bear. Do we not observe that all those whom the world recognises to be the torch-bearers of culture have sought relief from action and retirement into thought ? In some form or other, each of them has created for himself a sphere of his own, an intellectual seclusion, to wear away his life in. This is the only possible substitute for the seclusion of a monastery which is no longer available to the scholar or contemplative man. He moves among men, no doubt ; feeds his family, works at an office, answers the calls of social duty, goes through all the distracting pettinesses of life. But his mind is elsewhere, shut up in a laura of its own, where the noise and bustle of the work-a-day world can never reach.

The twilight of this intellectual laura is the melancholy of the scholar—of Bacon whose 'soul was long a sojourner,' of Pascal who 'searched with many sighs,' of Milton who mourned his withdrawal from 'the quiet atmosphere of delightful studies,' of Gray who palliatingly described his disposition as *Leucocholy*. Melancholy has been the badge of all their tribe.

THE LIVING WORLD—A REVIEW VII.

By Pramathanath Mukherjee, M. A.,

Professor of Philosophy, Ripon College.

In the last instalment of our review of Principal Trivedi's papers we promised, while discussing the fundamentals of Physical Science, to look more narrowly into such conceptions as unity, sameness and continuity which flow through the deeper strata of all science and render our elements of experience sufficiently plastic for the purposes of every constructive and comprehensive theory of the world. But we think it will be advisable to put off the consideration of this deeper question till a more opportune moment arrives: there will be time enough for metaphysics after we have finished the *physics* of our world of experience. Our essayist himself appears now and then in the role of a philosopher in the midst of his analytical labours; but so much seems to be necessary for a proper understanding of the results of analysis themselves; the dry details of analysis without the cement of a larger synthetic vision are abstractions devoid not merely of interest but meaning, and constitute in their loose totality the very reverse of a system,—an unending maze of speculative confusion and embarrassment. In the thinner altitudes of physico-mathematical analysis the tendency to split up things for the mere pleasure of the intellectual sport has already shown signs of developing into a morbid and chronic distemper, and it is time that the genius of the human race woke up and rubbed its eyes to shake off this blinding fog of a hyper-and-meta-geometric illusion. It is not that these high speculations are without any use and interest; on the contrary, as our essayist properly observes, mathematical analysis in these days has become a most powerful and trusted (and sometimes the only) instrument in every field of investi-

gation where the elements are measurable quantities ; but that these speculations are very often apt to attach themselves too loosely to the whole of fact from which their data have been abstracted on the plea of analysis, and yet be supposed as made in the image of the fact :— that, for example, differential equations may be presented not merely as summing up the relations of ds and dt , and so on and their co-efficients as they ought to, but as substitutes for an actual behaviour of the living and throbbing reality which will have none of our differentials and their co-efficients, and which flows as “real duration,” as Bergson would say. To quote Bergson : “*In short, the world the mathematician deals with is a world that dies and is reborn at every instant,—the world which Descartes was thinking of when he spoke of continued creation.*” (Creative Evolution, p. 23). However, we need not forestall the conclusion before the premises have been properly presented and fully discussed ; the mechanistic view, as we have been told already, believes in the unfettered applicability of the mathematical formulæ in the interpretation of the world ; it refuses to take the *method* itself as defective while the data and the formulæ remain incomplete and operate as a handicap to our investigation. But while it is not yet time perhaps to take sides definitely in this controversy between mechanism and finalism, one may pertinently sound a note of warning at present against letting our analytic faculty run into barren excesses for the mere sport of tearing and dissecting,—in short against this raging passion for the infinitely small in apparent ignorance of the infinitely great. No body fights *prave* valiantly this pretence of the nominal and symbolical and *vyāvahārika* posing as the real and perceptual and *prativāsika*, than Principal Trivedi ; and no body has a stouter courage of his philosophical convictions, a broader outlook upon life and existence in dealing with the methods and results of science than Principal Trivedi. We sincerely think that his essays which have all appeared in Bengali and which are widely recognised as a valued possession in that youthful literature, should be rendered into some of the European languages so as to be accessible to the virile, enquiring mind of the West, and thus serving as an incentive to some of its serenest inspirations and ministering to the needs of some of its most melancholy distempers. The soul of European Science seems to have lost its way in a bog of unritical empiricism and *ignoramus* ; a reader of Mach, Poincare and other savants to whom we have occasionally referred can hardly fail to note the signs of this unhappy plight. While our theory of knowledge is emerging from the wrecks

of Humism, Kantianism and Hegelianism and is already tending towards spiritual intuition as its goal, most of scientific thinkers are still buried in those historical wrecks and are dealing out to us an account of experience in terms of "mind-stuff" or "complexus of sensations" or "association of ideas"; and the clarion-note of ancient Vēdānta sounded by Principal Trivedi, who is no visionary but a man of science himself, might be expected to bring round these benighted savants.

For the present, however, our essayist is content with mainly examining the facts in their true marks and bearings. The philosophical standpoint has not been withheld from us; yet we are invited to attend mainly to what science has got to say on the matter first. This seems to be the most judicious procedure: and we shall do well to bear him company. He begins by taking the term 'life' in its common acceptation without yet troubling himself with the deeper sense in which it has been taken by some modern thinkers—notably Eucken and Bergson. In the old Vedantic literature also the term *prāṇa* ranges over a whole gamut of meanings, from the deep bass of mystic *Brahman* to the clear pitch of popular vital breath; it is a term that has been made to serve more offices and cover more sins than almost any other term in the history of thought. But it is always best to begin with something that may strike even him who runs: premature and ill-devised mysticism at the outset of an investigation creates more muddle than cut-and-dried and fairly well-worn commonplaces. But commonplaces must be adopted only as the first rung of the logical ladder; for if mysticism muddles by its forbidding obtuseness and uninviting nebulosity, commonplaces, unwashed and undressed, vitiate by begging involved questions and stereotyping mobile distinctions. We should therefore be on our guard in using these tools, always ready within our reach, bearing in mind the remark of Huxley about the thinness of the line that may often divide common sense from common nonsense. Let us, however, start with the biological meaning of Life based upon certain broad marks which distinguish the organised from the unorganised bodies—a distinction, which, however readily made by common experience and sanctioned by science, need not pass as an absolute cleavage in the natural order of things. Let us with Huxley too regard protoplasm as 'the physical basis of life.' The ordinary distinction between the flora and the fauna may be allowed to remain unchallenged with the acknowledged biological fact that while the vegetable cell can transform mineral matter into its own substance

and is therefore the direct manufacturer of protoplasm, the animal cell has to depend upon the former for its nourishment and is denied the power with which the vegetable has been gifted. There are also certain outstanding facts at the doorway of the science of Biology which every aspiring theory of life will have to reckon with. A chemical analysis of the protoplasm has indeed been possible, but the process cannot yet be reversed : there is no synthesis of the protoplasmic substance, so that what the crudest vegetable cell can do as a matter of course baffles the ingenuity of the greatest of present-day magicians. But which the protoplasm itself has not yielded, many avowedly organic substances have, e.g. sugar and bile. Can we not then hope for an ultimate capture of this last citadel of the miraculous on some future lucky day ? What is said of organic things may be said also about organic processes. Many functions of the living body which were supposed to call for a special vital principle as their possible explanation can without much limitation of the data be explained mechanically, e.g., the process of circulation. On the other hand many still defy mechanistic explanation, particularly the fundamental attributes of the living cell such as adaptation, metabolism and reproduction ; but science is far from throwing up the business in despair. Adaptation may yet be found to be amenable to the rigid discipline of dynamics, metabolism may after all find a corner of its own in the chemistry of the carbo-hydrates, and cell division which is the most important factor in reproduction may be only a question of maintaining the ratio of the nutritive area of the cell to its mass as suggested by Weismann. To Leibnitz science owes her most powerful instrument of research as well as the secret of her stoutest optimism : the former is the notation and method of the Calculus, and the latter is the Principle of Continuity. The outlook of science may thus be defined in accordance with this principle : science has successfully invaded the domain of the miraculous vital principle to an enormous extent, but the citadel still remains untaken, though many of the outer works have fallen and *are* falling under our eyes. Is it given to her to *continue* her triumphant march till the whole choir of the heaven and furniture of the earth have been brought to mechanistic account, till miracle has been chased out of the caves of old-world idols, and mystery has melted away like a mist in the calm splendour and serene sunshine of positive truth ?

Whatever may be the secret and justification of such scientific optimism, these are some of the facts and hopes which meet us at the doorway of our enquiry, and Principal Trivedi has delineated

them with that happy art of which he is an acknowledged master. After this he proceeds to the memorable controversy between what, after Bergson, we may call the mechanistic and the finalistic views regarding life and its evolution. The most suggestive discussion of this controversy is undoubtedly to be found in the pages of *Creative Evolution* of that most remarkable thinker to whom we have just alluded—pages which, in the happy words of the late Professor James, 'have the freshness of the dawn' and 'open new horizons' to us. Bergson discards both radical mechanism and radical finalism, and takes up a position that is strikingly original in philosophy. Principal Trivedi in his present instalment has carefully avoided taking sides in this controversy, and has confined himself to a fair and luminous exposition of both the views; but he promises to do what he has left undone in his next paper. In this last paragraph of our review we shall not attempt to follow him in his exposition; we reserve our comments for a future occasion. Meanwhile we shall only invite our readers to drink at the original source undefiled if they have not done it already, for it is undoubtedly a source of new inspiration, being an essay to conquer the stronghold of scientific atomism and nominalism by the innermost spirit of the Vedantic cult, and that by methods and instruments which science herself has devised and adores.

TWO POEMS—THE PALACE OF ART AND ALASTOR.

By Nanimadhab Chaudhuri,

Third Year Class, Ripon College.

Shelley first published his poem in 1816 and Tennyson in 1832. There is no reference, however, of one's borrowing the whole or any part of his conception from the other. But if we study both the poems we shall find a certain affinity between them as regards the idea, and at the same time understand the difference of treatment.

In the preface to this poem Tennyson says that it is a sort of allegory of a soul who loved beauty and knowledge for their own sake and shut out love from his consideration. But God made man with another purpose. So "he that shuts love out, shall be shut out from love and on her threshold lie howling in utter darkness." Shelley in his preface to *Alastor* also says that the poem

is an allegory of one of the most interesting situations of human mind. "It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of *knowledge*, and is still insatiate." The beauties of the external world afford him unbounded enjoyment and fill his whole mind. But this is just what brings his ruin as is also the case with the soul in the *Palace of Art*. Mrs. Shelley in her note on the poem says that it ought to be considered didactic rather than narrative, and Shelley also declares that "it is not barren of instruction to actual men." The instruction it imparts is precisely what the *Palace* does,—“those who keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy, nor mourning with human grief, these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead.” (Shelley.)

But apart from the similarity of this main idea what a world of difference in other points! Starting with the same object the two poets traverse roads as distant from each other as possible and arrive at different conclusions. Tennyson's soul receives chastisement, expiates and is pardoned. He learns that the fruits of culture must not be enjoyed alone, but must be shared with our fellowmen. He is, in reality, a typical illustration of a morbid system of philosophy. He is artistic in habiliments and humanitarian in spirit and soul. Shelley's hero, whom he calls a poet, is also thoroughly poetic. But he is an individual, not an exemplification of a system of philosophy. He is meant for a lesson, just as the life of any actual man may be seized for such a purpose, but himself he preaches no morality. He follows his own fancies and atones for his fault by solitary and despairing death. His passion for and pursuit of the vision symbolise nothing didactic; they are the expressions of real feelings,—of Shelley himself. Shelley's treatment in short is subjective and poetic, while Tennyson's is objective and didactic. Let us now see how the two poems proceed.

In the *Palace of Art*, the soul builds the lordly pleasure-house and determines to dwell there at ease and self-complacency. He has no sympathy with the daily lot of common men of whom he says, "In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin, They graze and wallow, breed and sleep." In his palace which he decorates with the master-pieces of art and allegorical representations of human history, the picture of the lot of the common people finds a place not on the

walls but on the pavement under the feet. He cares nothing for the vulgar and uncultured portion of humanity and lives in company of the best and fairest only. "Let the world have peace or wars, it is one to me." He knows no God except the master-spirits of mankind, whom he addresses, "O silent faces of the great and wise, My Gods, with whom I dwell !" He is great in intellect, and by this right alone claims to be supreme over all.

"I take possession of man's mind and deed.

I care not what the sects may brawl.

I sit as God holding no form of creed,

But contemplating all."

For three years he thrived and prospered and then fell. His strong self-assurance and equanimity gave way to distrust and unrest. The solitude which was once his pride now became a source of keen agony and despair. He clearly realised the wrong he had done himself by severing his relation with his fellow men. What aim had he in life ? What significance had life for him ? It was—"A spot of dull stagnation, without light or power of movement, *'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite Making for one sure goal.'*" O misery ! It was dark before and behind. Life meant torment and death a dark void,—a dreadful uncertainty. Where could he go ? Where was escape ? But God is kind. He found that the soul had been humbled and chastened. He showed him the way to salvation which was to share the sufferings of our fellowmen and strive with them in love and sympathy for the bettering of their condition. It is not a sin to enjoy the fruits of culture, but the selfish enjoyment of them is what is sinful and leads to misery and punishment.

By the side of the sober and moderate stanzas of the *Palace of Art*, the passionate and magnificent lines of *Alastor* have got a hypnotising power. It is seldom that a sympathetic reader can maintain his hold over himself and not yield to the hurrying torrentuous movement of the verse, the subtle Paxitelean touches of natural description (which are more to be felt than understood,) and to, what Shelley himself calls elsewhere, 'the dædal harmony' of the exquisitely modulated music which pervades through out the poem. Tennyson's stanzas, let it be repeated, are thin and flat beside the lines of Shelley ; but perhaps the critics of Matthew Arnold's school will find more criticism of life in Tennyson's stanzas than in the lines of Shelley and put the label of greater poetic value on them.

Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude begins with an invocation in which the poet speaks of the resignation and serenity with which he

is prepared to meet death.* Then he speaks of a poet, a lovely youth who lived, sang and died in solitude. His infancy was nurtured in solemn vision and bright silver dream. In early youth he left his *alienated* home and began to travel in search of unknown truths. He went through dark and lonely wildernesses and visited the old ruins where he learnt the history of the world's youth. The beauties of nature filled his heart, and heedless of the loving looks of maidens he wandered on. Passing through the Arabic, Persian and the wild Carmanian waste he reached the vale of Cashmier. Weary and dejected he came to a natural bower among the rocks and fell asleep. In sleep he saw a vision,—a veiled maid supremely beautiful and lovely. Human love, so long neglected by him now overflowed his heart and when he awoke he was another man. The beauties of the external world had fled from him. Ah! whither have fled the hues of heaven that canopied his bower of yesternight? The sound that soothed his sleep, the mystery and the majesty of Earth, the joy, the exultation? His wan eyes gaze on the empty scene as vacantly as ocean's moon looks on the moon of heaven! And why, why this sudden change? Because "the spirit of sweet human love has sent a vision to the sleep of him who spurned her choicest gifts." A slave to passion he found everything detestable. Wounded in heart, he fled into the darkness of wild woods, through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dell night and day. His cheeks grew pale, his body wasted and his scattered hair 'sang dirges in the wind.' His dark eyes alone shone bright with the lustre of the fire that consumed his soul. He fled on and on and came to the Chorasmian shore—a melancholy waste of putrid marshes. There was a rickety shallop floating near the shore and urged by a restless impulse he embarked on it and spread his cloak on the bare mast. The boat fled like a torn cloud before the hurricane, gliding safely over high waves and eddying whirlpools, passing through the dangerous chasm in the base of the Caucasus and still went on with unrelaxing speed. "Vision and love!" the poet cried aloud, "I have beheld the path of thy departure. Sleep and Death shall not divide us long!" The boat entered a river with smooth sloping banks and he alighted. Over rocks and through wildernesses he continued his weary steps and arrived at last at the mossy flowery sides of a beautiful rivulet where he stretched out his emaciated limbs and

* At the time of the composition of the poem Shelley believed that he was dying of consumption.

waited for death, calm, resigned and exhausted, leaning against the ivy-clad trunk of a pine. And thus he lay there till death took away his feeble life.

This is the bare skeleton of the narrative portion of the poem. The beautiful vision which captivates the heart of the poet, is the spirit of human love which he had neglected. Enamoured of the beauties of Nature and of unending knowledge he roved on the face of the earth communing with his own and the spirit of Nature. But the day came when love asserted its claim and sent him the vision,—an embodiment of his own hopes and aspirations. It was the ideal prototype of his love. His passionate search was to find out a human prototype of his conception. But the intensity of his passion is too strong to be borne by a frail body; and consumed by the care of his heart he finds relief in death. Shelley accounts for the singular fate of his hero in the following terms: "Among these who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit makes itself suddenly felt."

The interest of Shelley's poem is apt to be less general than Tennyson's. The reason is that though both the poems start with a theme of general interest, Shelley pours into his poem a great deal of his own sentiments, and these of a particular phase of mind. As Mrs. Selley said "None of Shelley's poems is more characteristic than this." The imagery of *Alastor* is as magnificent, beautiful, and luxurious as perhaps Shelley's imagery alone could be; and the music is, to say the least, wonderful. The allegory is partial and its treatment occupies a small portion of the poem. The study, however, of *Alastor* is a rare treat; and if the *Palace of Art* is read by many, it would be read once; *Alastor*, if by a few, would be read ten times with unbating joy and interest.

THE STUDY OF WEATHER.

By Saratchandra Bagchi,

Fourth Year (B. Sc.) Class, Ripon College.

When we think of the continual changes in the weather day after day it seems a most difficult task to tell what it is going to be to-morrow; yet every morning in the newspaper we read a forecast of what will happen during the day. Though we cannot all have the costly instruments with which the scientists foretell the weather, it is possible to construct a few devices with very little trouble. In order to find out the kind of weather which is coming it is necessary to discover whether air around us is damp or dry. If there is a great deal of moisture in the atmosphere, clouds made of countless particles of moisture are readily formed and rain is likely to result. Another important matter is the weight of the atmosphere. Over every object in the world there is a great column of atmosphere, so to speak, miles in height. Now the weight of air varies from time to time; when the atmosphere is moist it is lighter, when dry it is heavier. On this account it is necessary that we should know the changes in the pressure of the air. The barometer which we see in our laboratories and other important places is the instrument by which this pressure is measured. It is an expensive instrument but there are methods by which we can make very simple apparatus to register the condition of the atmosphere.

I. Floral-barometer.

We all know how to make artificial flowers. Make a bouquet of paper flowers of pink and blue colours and that will tell us what the weather is going to be. Purchase from a chemist some cobalt-chloride and dissolve it in water; then dip the flowers in the solution and hang them up to dry. That is all we need. When the weather is going to be damp, flowers made of pink paper will remain pink but when it is going to be dry they change into purple colour. Further, the flowers made of blue papers will remain blue when the weather is going to be wet, but when it is going to be dry they will turn to green. This floral-barometer is fairly reliable and is often more reliable than many of the expensive instruments to foretell the weather.

II. Weather-glass.

Perhaps most of us have not seen a weather-glass. It is a simple instrument by which we can foretell the condition

of the weather. First we require a glass tube ten inches long and say, one inch in diameter. We can fasten it to a flat piece of wood if we wish to hang it to the wall. When we have done this we are to buy the following ingredients from a chemist and mix them in the following proportion :—

Camphor—two drams, *Potassium-nitrate*—half dram, *Ammonium chloride*—half dram, *Absolute alcohol*—two ounces, *Pure water*—2 ounces.

If the solid ingredients do not dissolve readily they may be assisted by shaking the bottle and even by putting the bottle in a little warm water, taking care that more water is not allowed to get into the bottle. When the mixture is properly dissolved it should be poured into the weather glass tube that we have already prepared. Cork up the tube and the weather glass is ready for work. We should hang it up in a shady place where it cannot get direct rays of the sun. The appearance of the liquid will change with the change of the weather. Here are the indications :—

Clear liquid—bright weather.

Crystals at bottom—Thick air, frost in winter.

Dim liquid—Rain.

Dim liquid with small stars—Thunder.

Large flakes—Heavy air, overcast sky, snow in winter.

Threads in upper part—Windy weather.

Small dots—Damp weather, fog.

Rising flakes which remain high—Wind in upper air.

SOHRUB AND RUSTUM.

By Barodaprosad Pramanick, B. A.,

Ex-Student, Ripon College.

To understand a great poetic product two things are necessary, first, to be at home with the poet's views and peculiarities and secondly, the imaginative faculty of putting oneself as much as possible in the mental attitude and poetic atmosphere of the author. It will not be out of place, therefore, to take a bird's eye view of the characteristics of our poet as a preparation for our main subject.

It is necessary to bear in mind, that Matthew Arnold is the most classical of all English poets after Milton. He was too saturated

with the spirit of the Greeks to let his inner romanticism find full play in his poetry. Unlike the romantic poet he is moderate in his expression of emotion and diligent in chiselling out his poetic gems, most of which are seriously reflective, intensely sincere, severely classical and invariably lofty in tone and conception. But the halting note of sadness, and 'the elaborate assumption of the singing robe,' as Saintsbury very felicitously puts it, mars the interest of his poems and makes them mere academical.

His poems are, however, a clear manifesto of his theory of poetry, that it is "the criticism of life." He means that the poet holds forth an impassionate interpretation of life through his imagination and teaches "how to live;" he unfolds what is loftiest, noblest and most beautiful in man and nature and thus in an indirect way interprets life for others. In order that poetry may serve this noble purpose, its themes must be worthy of poetic treatment and they must be worthily treated. The poet should take up excellent actions, for these alone appeal to the great primary human affections.

To appeal to the nobler side of human nature, therefore, is the primary object of a true poet. This he cannot do unless he embodies in his poetry not only the eternal truths, but also the floating ideas and opinions of the day in a charming attractive garb. He must be a man of his time and his poems must be complete expressions of the spirit of the age. Arnold was, to some extent, a representative poet, in as much as his poems enshrine the doubts and fears of the day, the searching questionings of the human heart and above all the intellectual unrest of the man of his time struggling to realise the receding ideal of the Victorian Era. He perceives everywhere 'the decay and death' of the age and a vein of reflection obtrudes itself in all his writings. "No one," says Hutton, "no one has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weakness, its craving for a passion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith that it will not share, its aspiration for a peace that it does not know."^{*}

These considerations have cast a settled speculative melan-

* Cp. We would have inward peace

Yet we'll not look within.

We would have misery cease

Yet will not cease from sin ;

We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means.

—*Empedocles on Etna.*

choly on his soul, and as poetry is the outcome of the whole man, a deep note of sadness has consequently come to pervade his poetry. The mood of plaintive reflection exactly suits him and his poems breathe the strains and weariness of life. His times are out of joint, but he has not the energy and hopefulness which could make him try to set them right. As Stopford Brooke says "He had insight into the evils, the dullness, the follies, the decay and death of the time at which he wrote; but he had little insight into its good, into the hopes and ideas which were arising in its darkness or the life which was collecting itself together under its decay. His temper therefore was not joyous nor was it in sympathy with the temper of the whirling but formative time in which he began and continued to write poetry." This criticism shows that Arnold was only partially a representative poet.

Let us, however, see what effect has this *Il Penseroso* attitude of the poet's mind had on his poetry. He has become something like a stoic and his attitude towards life and its problems has become like that of the stoics. But he is too human to be a finished stoic, and his stoicism now and then breaks down into sadness for himself and for the world. "This Virgilian cry" has sought expression in his poetry, and has become one of its greatest charms. His weakness, therefore, as a stoic is a strength to his poetry.

But the poet finds an anodyne in nature for the sadness of his heart. Weary of himself, wearier of life, 'with its sick hurry and divided aims' he appeals to sea and stars to calm and compose him; and nature like a benign mother takes her child in her arms. His love and worship of nature is spontaneous. He is a close observer of nature, and there is a truth and completeness about his pictures which can hardly be surpassed. He is impressed most by the peace and quiet working of nature, subdued objects are his favourites,—mist rather than brightness, moonlight rather than sunlight. As to sounds also, he loves the quiet murmur rather than the roar of tempest. About Arnold's nature-poetry Stopford Brooke says, "He describes the things he sees exactly as they are without humanising them, without veiling them with any sentiment of their own, without having concerned them with any philosophy that spiritualise. Nature to Arnold is frequently the nature that modern science has revealed to us."

It has become customary to compare Arnold with Wordsworth, his poetical father, so to say. Our poet frankly acknowledges that he is a Wordsworthian; he admires the elder poet's calm and his power 'to

possess his soul. But, all the same, his attitude towards nature is a little different from that of Wordsworth, and his nature-poetry is not an echo of Wordsworth, but a real voice. His descriptions are picturesque no doubt, but there is no humanising faculty of transfiguring the scenes like that of Wordsworth, and we fail to hear in them "the still sad music of humanity," that we find in his master. Unlike Wordsworth he sees the loveliness as well as the dreadfulness of nature, but some allowance must be made for the difference of the spirit of the times in which they lived.

After this brief survey of the characteristics of our poet, and before we approach our subject, it will be worth while to pause for a moment to consider what epic poetry is like, and what its distinguishing features are. We know that the great national poems, the Mahabharata, The Iliad, The Paradise Lost, for instance, are called Epics, but why? They are all long narrative poems, bristling with vivid character-sketches, charming and majestic descriptions of nature and object-lessons of morality; and they deal with one great event including within it many subordinate incidents called episodes, all leading on to one main result. But the Oriental and the Occidental Epics differ in other respects; The Sanskrit and the Persian epics are of a different type. Firdausi's Shahnamah, for instance, deals with the successive kings of Persia, the real hero being Rustum, and the subject-matter of our poem forms an episode in this great 'epic of kings.'

Arnold was charmed with the poetic possibilities of this small episode of Sohrub and Rustum; his imagination was fired by the feelings of the situations, and by the action befitting epic treatment. Apart from the merit of the subject-matter itself, our poet brought to bear upon it all the qualities of an epic poet to make it really classical. Arnold treated this excellent theme sympathetically in what may be called "the grand style." The unities of Grecian epics are fully observed, and both the action and atmosphere are entirely adequate, and the pathos is most poignantly realised. But there is a rift in the lyre, and Sohrub and Rustum is not a true epic for the following reasons. The subject matter is not national but alien and is episodic in character. It does not possess the abandon and lilt of the epic and the rapidity and free flow of action is hindered by the poet's subjectivity. It is too imitative, the spirit pervading this poem is Greek and not Persian as it ought to be. His similes are modelled on Homer, even some of them have been bodily taken from him. The pathos, irony and fatalism of Sophocles are also met with;

Sohrub admits like a fatalist before his death that he is killed by Heaven's unconscious hand. Our author must have taken Milton as his model for stately blank verse, easy flow, and the haunting suggestiveness of his poetry. His magical use of proper names is as impressive as that of Milton, and there are a few similes, that of the Hyacinth and the bee-hive especially, that must have been taken from Milton.

But the human interest with which the poem is filled is the author's own. It is full of terrible pity and natural horror capable of passionate treatment. It leaves in our mind a sympathy with the fate of man which softens and heals the heart. Arnold made the most of his theme and treated it as demanded. The brave lonely tender-hearted youth is well contrasted with the worn, haughty and austere warrior; and the pathos swells from point to point, deepened by memorial allusions and descriptions, till it culminates in the discovery that the father has killed the son. It is this intense pathos of the story that must have attracted Arnold to render it in poetry. The spirit running through the poem is a noble one. The horrors of war are drowned by the free flow of heart and effusions of affections. Another characteristic note is also struck in this poem, that of the longing for peace and rest in the midst of the conflict.

Apart from this human interest, there is a further interest created by the local colouring of the poem, and by local colour is meant such touches and references as bring about the realism and truth of the descriptions. The poet gives the geography of the place and uses the names well. He describes fully the Tartar and the Persian dresses and their manners and even uses some of the similes of the east. But some critics find fault with this combination of Greek manner with the oriental atmosphere, and are of opinion, "either have no local colour, or keep it pure."

As to the story of the poem itself, the poet has made some important deviations to the best advantage. Sohrub and Rustum met in the field on three different occasions, but Arnold, in order to preserve unity, compresses these events together, and makes them meet on one supreme and fatal occasion only. In the original story it is Sohrub and not Peran Wisa that challenges the Persians. There are some anachronisms too. The reigning king of Persia was Kai-Kaus and not his grandson Kai Khusrū. The poet has also skilfully invested some redeeming traits in the character of Rustum and has improved it to great extent. The net result of these divergences, however, has been immense. The epic purpose has been fully satis-

fied and the three unities have been preserved. In short, the poet, through the medium of local colour, the oriental atmosphere and the absorbing human interest of the piece, has infused life into the dead bones of history and has made the characters live and move among us, sharing alike the sweets and bitters of life. Herein lies the poet's title to originality. No doubt, he has taken hints and suggestions from others; but no matter, the poem, as it stands, is an organic whole and as such is an original artistic production. The story is indeed taken from the *Shahnama*, but it may be urged, that an architect is not bound to create his own bricks, nor a painter his models.

A few words ought to be said about the style of this poem, but what is style? In Arnold's sense of the word it is "a peculiar recasting and heightening under a certain spiritual excitement, a certain pressure of emotion of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it;" and 'the grand style,' according to our author, arises when a noble nature poetically gifted treats with simplicity and severity a serious subject. In simple words it is the expression of the best thoughts in the best and most beautiful language and with the most appropriate melody of rhythm. Now, the style of the poem has a distinction and dignity peculiar to it and is in the manner of the ancient masters like Milton and a few others, who wrote in the grand style. The poem furnishes an example of the classical spirit in English literature and as such is always measured and restrained. He detested 'haste, half work and disarray' and certainly his own example tended to discourage them. His style possesses lucidity, sapidity, simplicity and perfection in an eminent degree and is full of a charming music, haunting suggestion, picturesque imagery and a flow and directness which are to be met with only in the great masters of style.

Another characteristic excellence of this poem is its magnificent similes. Now in a simile one thing is compared to another on account of some similarities, supposed or real, either to make the point clear or to heighten the effect of the description. Hence similes are either decorative or interpretative. The former type makes a scene vivid, impressive or picturesque, while the latter attempts at a luminous explanation. Similes are further divided into epic and romantic. Romantic similes are neither elaborate nor formal; they are very short and may be huddled together as in Shelley. They go to increase the total effect by the introduction of accessory ideas. While the epic similes are elaborate and formal, and in them the details of an incident

are compared to those of another, quite extraneous to it. They give complete pictures which possess an independent beauty and charm and keep the reader in suspense for the while. Moreover epic similes are either Homeric or Virgilian. The former are generally drawn from nature, such as the life of birds, beasts etc, while the latter are full of learned lore and are all the more appreciated by the scholars of classical literature. As to the similes of this poem Stopford Brooke says, "Arnold seems like Homeric writers to fetch the similes from other poems and fit them unfitly. He introduces far too many of them and sometimes excellent, sometimes too far apart from the thing they are supposed to illustrate, sometimes hopelessly wrong in the place they occupy, sometimes contradictory in detail, they weaken the passion of the poem and delay the movement. In this, Arnold does not show the moderation he was so fond of preaching. Then again the just simile should only be introduced when the action or the emotion is heightened, when the moment is worthy and when as it were, in a pause men draw their breath to think what may happen next, for the moment he has reached intensity. The simile fills that pause and allows men time to breathe. But Arnold introduces his similes often lightly about unimportant matters when the action should not pause but be rapid. This is artistic frivolity." But this is an extreme view, and it will be unjust to make such a sweeping charge against the similes of the poem, to which, indeed, some beauty and charm must be conceded by any unbiassed admirer.

In conclusion, it ought to be said that the poem is a grand success. The lofty tone, the pathetic story and the noble manner, all contribute to make it unique. There is not a line that is superfluous, not a word that can be substituted by a better one, and not a thought that can be improved upon. All is as it should be within the compass of this miniature epic. The high seriousness, which in the opinion of our poet is the true test of genuine poetry, pervades the piece. The poem is Homeric to the core, and English readers find in it a taste of what the classical literature is like.

STUDENTS' FUND.

(*Ripon College*)

The Students' Fund of this College, which was first established to help the poor students of our institution, is doing its work admirably well within its own limited scale. Every year we feel more and more the importance of such Funds, and the useful work they can do. Poverty of our students is a well-known fact, and any help, however small, is always welcome to them. There is a *Students' Fund* in the Calcutta University Institute, but we are sorry to say that of late it has been showing symptoms of want of system and organisation in the discharge of its noble function. Some of the students who used to get help now suffer. We like to see the opening of such Funds in every college.

There were eighteen applications this session and we are glad to announce that all of them were properly considered. We submit below the accounts of the session 1916—1917 :—

Income	Names	Class	Purpose	Amount paid		
Rs. 232-6-0	Surendra Nath Chakravarti	4th. Yr.	Exam. Fee.	15	0	0
	Narendra Nath Chatterjee	"	"	12	0	0
	Joytish Chandra Kayal	"	"	10	0	0
	Bibhuti Bhushan Banerjee	"	"	12	0	0
	Haripada Bhattacharji	"	"	12	0	0
	Ashutosh De	"	"	10	0	0
	Mahendra Kumar Ghose	"	"	12	0	0
	Manmatha Nath Sarkar	"	"	12	0	0
	Md. Abdul Gofur Khan	"	"	10	0	0
	Srinibash Bhattacharji	2nd Yr.	"	15	0	0
	Umapada Chakravarti	"	"	12	0	0
	Jogesh Chandra Banerjee	"	"	12	0	0
	Nagendra Nath Ghosh	"	"	12	0	0
	Amulya Charan Bhattacharji	"	"	12	0	0
	Jyotish Chandra Chakravarti	"	"	12	3	0
	Hem Chandra Sen Gupta	"	"	10	0	0
	Golamar Rahman	"	"	12	0	0
	Abani Nath Banerjee	Ex-student	"	5	0	0
Total				207	0	0
Balance in hand—Rs.				25	6	0

বাঙ্গালা রচনা

বঙ্গসাহিত্যে দামোদর ।

শ্রীপাচগোপাল চক্রবর্তী, তৃতীয় বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

কর্মবিকাশ জগতের নিয়ম। জগতের সাহিত্যের দ্বারা আলোচনা করিলে দেখা যায় যে খণ্ডতাই ক্রমশঃ পূর্ণতার জন্য আসন রাগিয়া দেয়। ইংলণ্ডের Renaissance তাহার প্রকৃষ্ট প্রমাণ। ফরাসী ও জার্মান সাহিত্যেও তাই। বাঙ্গালা সাহিত্যের দিকে দৃষ্টিপাত করিলে দেখা যায় যে আমাদের ঝাঁট সাহিত্যের অভ্যুত্থানযুগ শ্রীচৈতন্যদেবের কিছু পূর্বে হইতে। সেই যুগ Lyric এর ভিতর দিয়া এদেশে এক অনির্বচনীয় নূতন ভাবের বন্যা আনিয়া দিয়াছিল। যেমন ভিন্ন ভিন্ন স্রোতস্বিনীর উৎপত্তি-স্থান খুঁজিলে একই গিরিরাজকে দেখা যায় সেইরূপ কাব্য, উপন্যাস এবং দৃশ্যকাব্য সকলেরই অন্তরালে চরম উদ্দেশ্য এক। চরিত্র সৃষ্টি এবং সমতারক্ষণ-নিয়ম সকলেরই উদ্দেশ্য, তবে অবস্থা বিশেষে পৃথক হয়। কাব্যে সেই ভাবটা যতটা পরিস্ফুট হয় উপন্যাসে তাহার অধিক এবং দৃশ্যকাব্যে বা Drama তে ততোধিক। কারণ কাব্যে কবিকে অনেকটা কল্পনার উপর তুলি দ্বারা রং ফলাইয়া আঁকিতে হয়; কিন্তু উপন্যাসে যদিও Fiction আছে তাহা হইলেও তাহা বাস্তবতাকে বেশী আদরের সহিত বরণ করিয়া লয়। তাহার কাজই হচ্ছে আমাদের বিস্তৃত মানবজীবনের দৈনন্দিন স্বাভাবিক ঘটনা সমূহ লইয়া। সেই উদ্দেশ্য সাধনের নিমিত্ত যিনি আপনাকে যতটা হারাওয়া ফেলেন Art হিসাবে তিনি ততই শ্রেষ্ঠ। আর সেই হিসাবেই বঙ্কিমচন্দ্রের স্থান এত উচ্চে, এবং তৎপরে দামোদর ।

উপন্যাসের মূলে প্রায়ই একটা উদ্দেশ্য নিহিত থাকে, আমাদের দেশে সেটা হয় সামাজিক নয় নৈতিক। দামোদর বাবুর সম্বন্ধে আলোচনা করিলে এই কথা প্রথমই আমাদের মনে উদয় হয় যে তিনি উপন্যাস লেখক হিসাবে উচ্চ দরের হইলেও সমাজ-রক্ষণ সম্বন্ধে কি করিয়াছেন। তাঁহার ‘কমলাকান্ত’ ‘লোকরহস্য’ বা ‘বিবিধপ্রবন্ধ’ নাই, তিনি ‘দীনবন্ধু’ বা ‘রামনারায়ণের’ ন্যায় তীব্র ভাষায় সমাজকে শাসন করেন নাই সত্য, কিন্তু বোধ হয় এইখানেই তাঁহার বিদ্রোহ। তিনি যদিও কোন রকম satire লেখেন নাই এবং হয়ত উপরোক্ত মহাপুরুষদের ন্যায় রুতকার্য্য হইতে পারিতেন না, তথাপি তিনি সমাজের অভ্যন্তরীন নষ্টা যেমন করিয়া আমাদের চোখের

সামনে ধরিয়া দিয়াছেন তাহা বস্তুতঃই উপভোগ্য; শুধু উপভোগ্য নহে তাহাতে আমাদের মনে এ ধারণাটা বেশ আনিয়া দেয় যে সমাজসংস্কার করিতে হইলে একজন উপযুক্ত আদর্শ ব্যক্তির দরকার,—শুধু অর্থপতি হইলেই হয় না, আর শুধু দলাদলি বা বেষারেষতেই সমাজে সন্ত্রাস বর্ধিত হয় তাহা নহে। এটা অতি নেহাৎ পুরোণো কথা কিন্তু এই পুরাতন সত্যটাই দামোদর বাবু আমাদের চোখে সামনে নূতন করিয়া আঁকিয়া দিয়াছেন। এই ভাবটা প্রায় তাঁর সকল গ্রন্থেই পাওয়া যায়।

শ্রেষ্ঠ গ্রন্থকারের লক্ষণ হচ্ছে যে কতগুলি অসামঞ্জস্য এলোমেলো বিবৃদ্ধ ঘটনাকে শৃঙ্খলতার কেন্দ্রে আনিয়া তাহা হইতে কোন একটা আদর্শ বা ধর্মভাব-প্রাধান্যের ছবি আঁকা। সে হিমায়ে তাঁহার ‘মোগেশ্বরী’, ‘অন্নপূর্ণা’, ‘শান্তি’, ‘মা ও মেয়ে’ বঙ্গভাষার অতুল্য সামগ্রী। আমরা সময়ে সময়ে এইরূপ গানিত হইয়া পড়ি যে আমাদের অপেক্ষা নিম্ন অবস্থার ব্যক্তিবর্গের দিকে একবারও তাকাই না। যুরোপে একজন ধনা ব্যক্তি বলিয়াছিলেন দরিদ্র ব্যক্তির জীবনের মূল্য কি? সে ত ধনীদেব সেবা করিবার জন্যই নিয়োজিত। এই অপরূপ ভাব ধ্বংসের জন্য Hugo, Bernard Shaw প্রভৃতি তাঁহাদের কলম ধরিলেন। আর সময়ে সময়ে আমরা এটাও ভুলিয়া যাই যে ভালবাসিলে কত হীন অবস্থার লোকের নিকট হইতে প্রভূত সাহায্য পাওয়া যায়। তাই আজকাল প্রভীচো সাধারণ লোকেরাই Builders of the state নামে অভিহিত হয়। এই যে Universal brotherhood, আমরা তাহা দামোদর বাবুর ‘শঙ্করাম’ ‘সোণার কমল’ ‘কঙ্কণের’ প্রভৃতিতে দেখিতে পাই। তাঁহার সমস্ত পুস্তকের সমস্ত চরিত্রের পুঙ্খানুপুঙ্খরূপে আশোচনা হইলে একটা বৃহৎ গ্রন্থ হইয়া দাঁড়ায়।

দামোদর বাবুর কৃতিত্ব তাঁহার উচ্চ লিখন-ভঙ্গীতে বা style এ। এমন সহজ সরল ভাষায় এত ছোট ছোট হালকা কথায় আমাদের প্রাণস্পর্শ বুঝি কেহই করেন নাই; কিংবা বোধ হয় খুব কমই করিয়াছেন, বঙ্কিমচন্দ্র তাঁহাদের অন্যতম। তাঁহার ভাষা পূত সলিলা জাহ্নবীর একটানা স্রোতের ন্যায় আবেগময়ী কিন্তু আপন গরবে গরবিনী। তাঁহার ভাষা নিস্তব্ধ নিশীথে স্তূর বরণার বর্ষ বর্ষ শব্দের ন্যায় আমাদের কাণের কাছে সঙ্গীতের হিল্লোল আনিয়া দেয়। তাঁহার প্রত্যেক পুস্তকের মধ্যেই আমরা শোকদগ্ধ বাঙ্গালী সংসারের নিখুঁত ছবি দেখিতে পাই। এই জীবন-সংগ্রাম-ক্লিষ্ট বাঙ্গালী জীবনের প্রাত্যহিক ঘটনাগুলি আমাদের চোখের সামনে ভাসিতে থাকে। সেই গ্রামের ছোট নদী, সেই ছোট ছোট বালিকার সাক্ষ্যদীপ জ্বালান, গৃহে গৃহে কুলাঙ্গনার শঙ্খধ্বনি, চণ্ডীমণ্ডপে হরিনাম সংকীর্্তন—এ সকলই আমাদের প্রাণে যুগপৎ আনন্দ ও অতীতের গরিমা আনিয়া দেয়। বাহুল্য ভয়ে তাঁহার ভাষা উদ্ধৃত করা হইল না।

তাহার সৌন্দর্যমুভূতি প্রতি পুষ্পকের ছায়ে ছায়ে প্রায় পরিগম্য হয়।
মানুষ যখন আপনি পুড়িয়া খাটী হয়—অন্তর হইতে কে যেন চীৎকার করিয়া বলিয়া
উঠে আমি শুদ্ধ, তখন সেই চিরন্তনদের উপাসনা যে অবাক্ত সৌন্দর্য যথেষ্ট
উপর কুটিয়া উঠে তাহারই অমুভূতি দামোদর বাবু প্রতি পদে পদে কল্পিয়াছেন।

এই প্রলোভনপূর্ণ মানুষ্যের প্রতি পদে পদাঙ্কলন হওয়ার সম্ভাবনা, কিন্তু যিনি একবার পদভ্রষ্ট হইয়া গভীর আনন্ডে পাড়িয়া যুক্তকরে দয়াল দীনবন্ধুকে ডাকিতে থাকেন,—আর তিনিও যে বিপন্ন ব্যক্তির ডাক শুনিয়া বলেন ‘আয়রে আয়’—এই যে মর্মান্তিকতার ভাব আমরা তাঁহার ‘সপত্নী’ মনীষা, ‘মলিতমোহনের’ প্রতি পত্রে অঙ্কিত আছে দেখিতে পাই। তাঁহার এই নিজেরটুকু শুধু যেন, তাঁহারই বলিয়া বোধ হয়। যদি Longfellowর মত কবি আমাদের মনোবাজের একজন ঐতিহাসিক হন, সে হিসাবে দামোদর বাবুকে শ্রেষ্ঠতার আসন দেওয়া যাইতে পারে। বাহাই হোক দামোদর বাবীর পাদপদ্মে যে পূজার্য্য দিয়াছিলেন তাহার প্রত্যেক পুষ্পের পাপড়ীর মধ্যে একটা অজানা সৌরভ, এক স্বর্ণীয় সৌন্দর্য্য ও মধুর পবিত্রতা নিহিত আছে। তাঁহার প্রত্যেক গ্রন্থের প্রত্যেক চরিত্রের সহই আলোচনা হইবে ততই আমাদের কাছে এক সুদূর ‘বৃহত্তর’ দিকে টানিয়া লইয়া যাইবে এবং ইহাতে যে বঙ্গভাষার ত্রীরুদ্রি সাধিত হইবে তাহা বলা বাহুল্য।

নেতা ।

শ্রীযতীশচন্দ্র বাগচী, প্রথম বার্ষিক শ্রেণী ।

ক্রমাগত ফেলের শঠলায় অধীর হলে প্রাণটা
একদিন এসে গুরুদেব ধরে দখিণ কাণটা
বলেন হেঁকে, ‘রে পাজি, শূয়ার, হস্তী-মুখ’!
হবে না তোর লেখা-পড়া, নিশ্চয় পাবি হুঃখ
‘ভাবলিনে, কলম-কাণে চাকরী কিছু করতে
পারবি না কো, অন্যভাবে হবে রে ঠায় মরতে!’
রেগে আমি ভাবলাম দেশ হয়নি আজো সভ্য,
গুরুমশাই বন-বুয়, বুদ্ধিও বেশ গুব্য!
পিতৃদেব রক্ত চক্ষু, “ওরে ও কুম্ভাণ্ড,
গাধা, ছঁচো, শেয়াল, কুকুর, অর্কাটীন, ভণ্ড!

ফেলে ও সব জামা-জুতো বেঁধে যা এই দণ্ডে !”

এই বলে প্রচণ্ড এক গুপড় পড়ে গেল।

ভাবি মনে, হা ভগবন্, হয় নি আজও নবা

পিতাগুলোর কুমারী সেই বুদ্ধিটা অসত্য।

শেষে চারিদিকে গুলো ছেয়ে হলো হঠাৎ ভক্তি
দেশের পরে, ঢেলে দিলাম তম্বু-মনের শক্তি
স্বদেশের কাজের তরে, সাহেব-মারা সাম্‌লায়
ফোঁসাতে পড়ে গেলাম,—শেষে স্বস্তুর সাম্‌লায় ;
ভাবলাম মনে, হা কপাল, হয় কি কভু সভ্য
দারোগা, এম্পাহারয়ালার বুদ্ধি, চির গব্য !

বঙ্গভূমির তরে, (অর্থাৎ করতে জাহির
নামটা নিজের), এক কাগজ করলাম বাহির,
কলম নিয়ে যুদ্ধ করে সরকারের সঙ্গে
তুমুল একটা হৈ রৈ ব্যাপার পড়ে গেল বঙ্গে ;
চলছিল বেশ খরবেগে হঠাৎ গেল থমকে,
আষ্টে-পৃষ্ঠে বেঁধে পরে পুলিশ দিল থমকে ।
চমকে উঠে ভাবলাম, হয় নি আজও সভ্য
সরকারী-বুদ্ধি ভারত-ঘূত পুষ্ট, গব্য !

এক “পণ-প্রথা নিবারণী” সভায় গিয়ে শেষটা
সভ্য হলাম। হাঁকলাম জোরে, গেল ভেসে দেশটা
মেয়ে ম’রে কেরোসিন তেল হচ্ছে ক্রমে মাগ্‌গি ।
কিন্তু দেখি হায় রে আমার উষর ঝরু-ভাগি !
নিজের মেয়ের বর জোটে না, এমনি অসত্য
বাংলা দেশে বর-কর্তা, কভু হলোনা নবা !

Recruit সংগ্রহতে এখন দিছি সঁপে চেষ্টা
রাতারাতিই রাজপুতানা করে ফেলব দেশটা ;
করছি এত ভাবছি মনে কতই আশা উচ্চ,—
লোকে বলে, “খেতাব কিনতে, লাগাতে চায় পুচ্ছ
ধিন্ন মনে ভাবি, আঁজো হয় নি এ দেশ সভ্য ।
বুদ্ধিখানা রয়েছে গেছে ত্রেতা যুগের গব্য !

